April 27, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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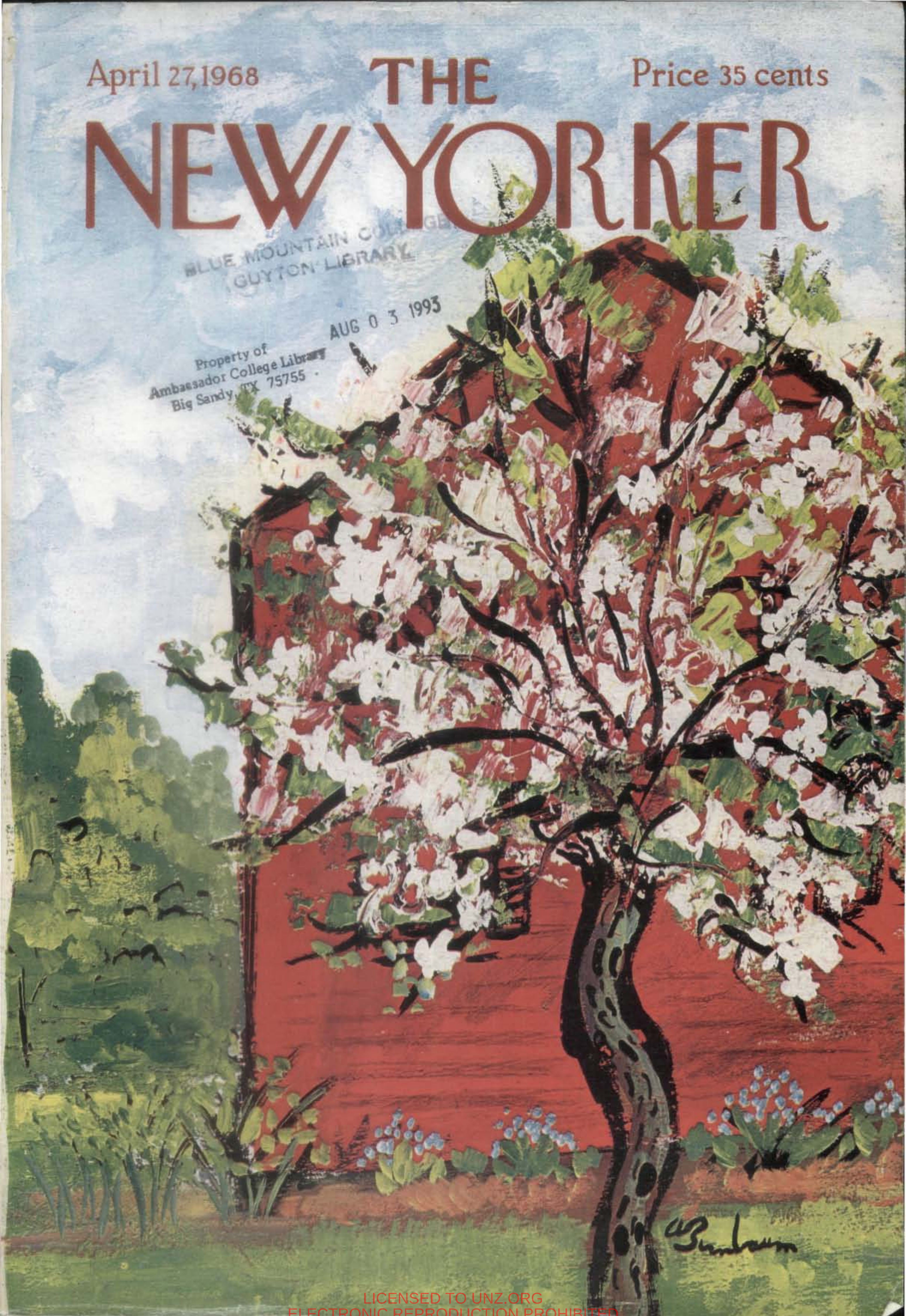

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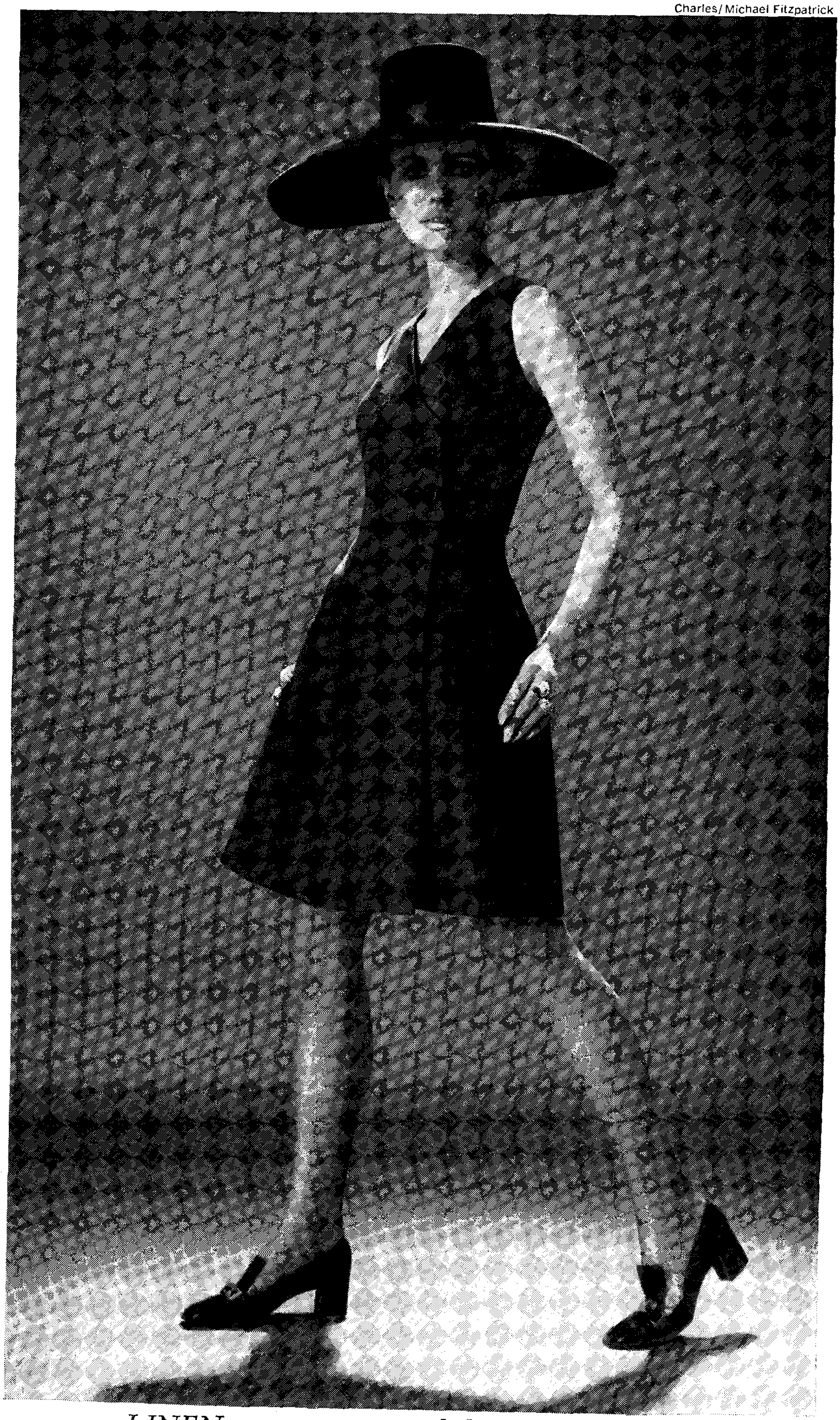

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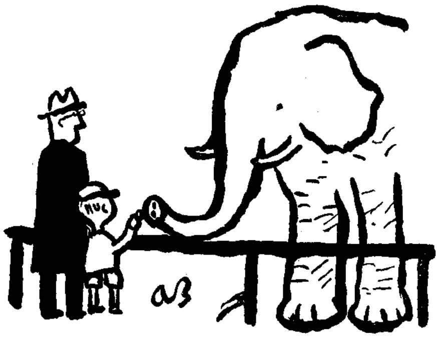

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—George Kelly's THE SHOW-OFF: Thursday and Friday, April 25-26, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 27, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Chekhov's THE CHERRY ORCHARD: Monday and Tuesday, April 29-30, and Friday, May 3, all at 8:30, and Saturday, May 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Ionesco's EXIT THE KING: Wednesday, May 1, at 2 and 8:30, and Thursday, May 2, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ed Bullins' Plays—Mr. Bullins is resident playwright of the New Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, now being rebuilt. These three plays, dealing with one aspect or another of Negro life, are sad, funny, harsh, and horrifying, often simultaneously, and in each of them Mr. Bullins has been able to get exactly the effect he is after. The actors, under Robert Macbeth's direction, perform very well indeed. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—Rostand's play, in a new English version by James Forsyth and with Robert Symonds in the title role, will be the final production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. Opens Thursday, April 25, and will run through Saturday, June 1. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Endecott and the Red Cross—Kenneth Haigh in a play by Robert Lowell. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8, and Fridays at 9. Matinées Fridays at 5 and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

The Exercise—Anne Jackson and Stephen Joyce serve as the whole cast in Lewis John Carlino's play, directed by Alfred Ryder. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Hawk—A sordid work, performed in ritualistic fashion, about the murder of four women drug addicts by an insane pusher. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Never Sang for My Father—A wan tale of family misery, in Robert Anderson's characteristic vein. With Hal Holbrook, Alan Webb, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Jane White is the Queen in Michael Cacoyannis's production of the Euripides tragedy. Jenny Leigh is very touching as the Greek princess who allows herself to be sacrificed for the sake of her father, Agamemnon, and his army, about to embark for Troy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—A self-pitying English schoolteacher and his loving wife threaten to destroy their lives by their devotion to a spastic child. The playwright, Peter Nichols, has somehow found the means of making much of this sad story comic. Donal Donnelly and Zena Walker play the couple. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Kongi's Harvest—A political satire by the Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka that is set in an African country ruled by a military dictator. The production, by the Negro Ensemble Company, does not always make clear the many complexities of the plot or the author's ironic intent, but there are a number of good performances all the same. With Moses Gunn, Afolabi Ajayi, Robert Hooks, and Rosalind Cash. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

The Memorandum—A play by Vaclav Havel, translated by Vera Blackwell. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and Harold Gary is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Red Cross and Muzeeka—The first play of this double bill is by Sam Shepard and the second by John Guare. Previews Thursday and Friday, April 25-26. Opens officially on Saturday, April 27, at 7. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A first-rate invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are superlative as the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Soldiers—John Colicos in a play by Rolf Hochhuth, translated from the German by Robert D. MacDonald and directed by Clifford Williams. Previews Monday and Tuesday, April 29-30. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 1, at 6:45. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Spofford—Herman Shumlin's dramatization of Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben" is a jolly business dealing with a chicken farmer who sets out to do a sociological study of the commuters invading his homeland. Melvyn Douglas is triumphant in the title role, and the rest of the cast is excellent. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and

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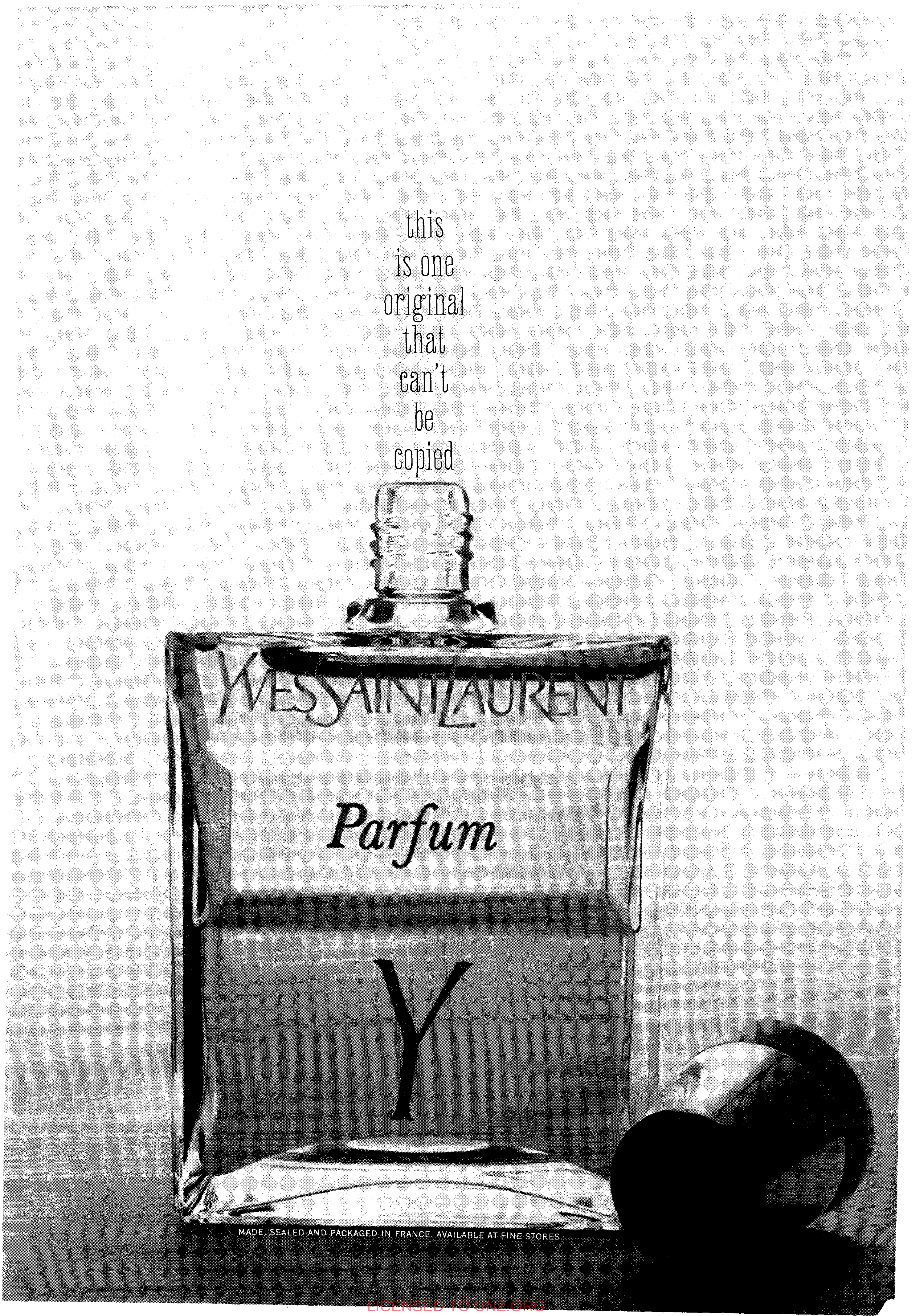
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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28	29	30	1	2	3	4

Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Le Tartuffe and **En Attendant Godot**—A four-week engagement of the Molière and Beckett plays, performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris. **LE TARTUFFE:** Thursday, April 25, at 8:30; Friday, April 26, at 4 and 8:30; Saturday, April 27, at 11, 3, and 8:30; Sunday, April 28, at 3 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 29-30, at 2; Wednesday, May 1, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, May 2-3, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 4, at 3 and 8:30. . . . **EN ATTENDANT GODOT:** Monday and Tuesday, April 29-30, at 8:30. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 249-3074, from 1 to 9. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Gig Young performs worthily as a middle-aged womanizer in this one, but, alas, there is not much to be said for his supporting cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMERICA HURRAH:** A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, May 19. **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Thursday, April 25, at 7:45; Friday, April 26, at 8:15; and Saturday, April 27, at 2:15. . . . **H.M.S. PINAFORE:** Saturday, April 27, at 8:15; Sunday, April 28, at 1:15 and 7:15; Friday, May 3, at 8:15; and Saturday, May 4, at 2:15. . . . **THE MIKADO:** Wednesday and Thursday, May 1-2, and Saturday, May 4, all at 8:15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N—A highly synthetic rendering of the look and sound of lower East Side life shortly after the First World War. Tom Bosley is the star. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

George M!—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—This musical about tousled hopheads has now made its way to Broadway, where it is coming in like a brand-new show. Previews through Sunday, April 28. Opens officially on Monday, April 29, at 7. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sunday, April 28, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Happy Time—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How Now, Dow Jones—Cutting up in the financial district. The book, by Max Shulman, and the music, by Elmer Bernstein, are not very sparkling, but Carolyn Leigh's lyrics are often sprightly, and the performers, under the direction of George Abbot, are a lively lot. Conspicuous among them are Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I'm Solomon—A musical based on an Israeli play by Sammy Gronemann. Anne Croswell and Dan Almagor wrote the book, Miss Croswell did the lyrics, Ernest Gold composed the score, and the cast is headed by Dick Shawn, Carmen Mathews, Karen Morrow, and Salome Jens. Michael Benthall directed. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

New Faces of '68—Leonard Sillman's revue, with music and lyrics by Ronny Graham, June Carroll, Clark Gesner, Murray Grand, and others; sketches by Mr. Graham, Peter De Vries, and others; and a company that includes Madeline Kahn, Robert Klein, and George Ormiston. Staged by Mr. Sillman. Previews through Wednesday, May 1. Opens officially on Thursday, May 2. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

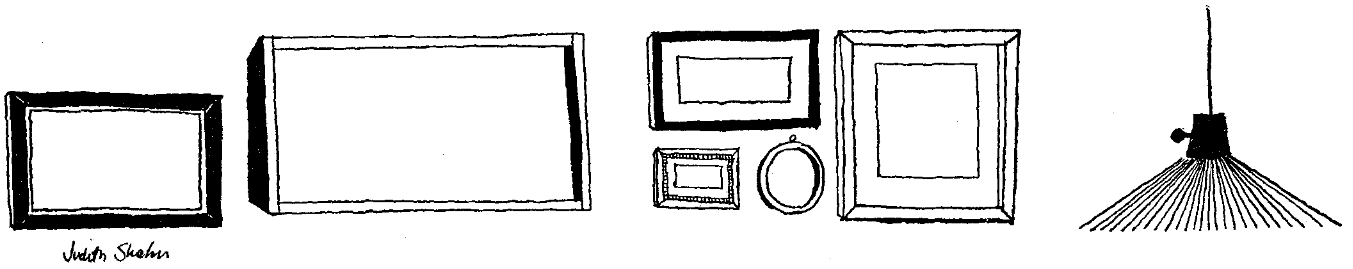
Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The sum of the squares of the two other sides. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **I DO! I DO!:** A highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage, with Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** Janis Paige plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, April 25, at 8:15: "Jewels." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 3-7947.). . . ¶ Friday, April 26, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "The Cage," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 2:15: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," and "La Sonnambula.". . . ¶ Sunday, April 28, at 1:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Glinkiana," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Sunday, April 28, at 7:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Glinkiana," "Tarantella," and "Agon.". . . ¶ Tuesday, April 30, at 9: "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" (preview) and two other ballets to be announced. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call JU 6-7902.). . . ¶ Wednesday, May 1, at 8:15: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 2, at 8:15: "Bugaku," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Friday, May 3, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 4, at 2:15: "Glinkiana," "Narkissos," and "Apollo.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 4, at 8:15: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 16.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday evening, April 25:



Judith Shahn

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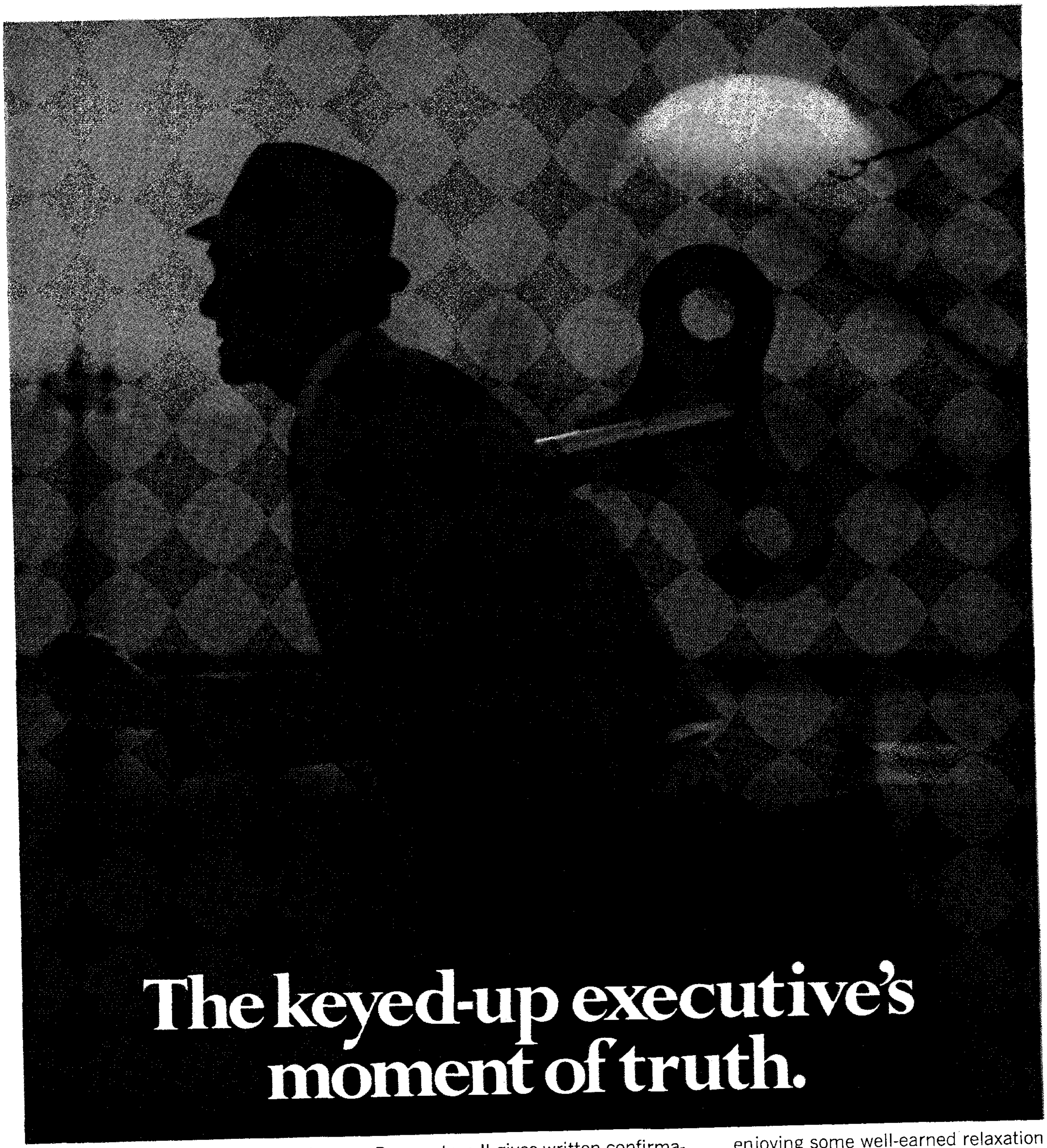
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 26, and Saturday matinée and evening, April 27: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, April 28: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 30: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 1-2: A new production of "Sylvia," "Symphonic Variations," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Marguerite and Armand." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 3: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 4: "Sylvia," "Symphonic Variations," and "La Bayadère." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, May 19.)

MANHATTAN FESTIVAL BALLET—"Arena," "Dance for Three People," "Variations on a Rococo Theme Pas de Deux" (première), and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Monday, April 29, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Need anything more be said? (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 12. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Lori Burton sings blues, David Steinberg delivers his idiosyncratic satire, and Joe & Lydia play and sing rock. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

GENERATION, 54 W. 8th St. (533-8500)—When the kids go out at night, this is where they might go out to, where they can listen to some pretty hard sounds over a good loud system. Harmless drinks and some piquant food are served, while Buddy Guy and Lothar & the Hand People sing and play. You don't dance, you just dig. Closed Mondays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's about the only thing that's happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, and Jake Hanna's quartet, with Richie Kamuca on tenor, playing what people used to call cool jazz, nightly except Monday. The jukebox has a soul.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Conrad Janis—is forthright. Eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

NASHVILLE ROOM, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—The story of how a little girl from a bluegrass town in the South finds happiness in a great Northern city. The Chapparail Brothers lead a country-music show at nine and again at midnight. Starting Tuesday, April 30, Tommy Collins will lead the show. Scanty dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. On Sunday, April 28, from five to nine, Jazz Interactions, which specializes in new groups, will subvert the period setting by bringing in the Sonny Red quintet.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and contagious risibility. A fine how-do-you-do.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Dim, shadowy, nondescript, it's sort of basic. Jazz every night from nine until closing by Archie Shepp's quintet. On Tuesday, April 30, Jackie McLean's quintet will take over. Some early-evening sessions (from five to nine): Saturday, April 27, the Walter Bishop, Jr., quartet; Sunday, April 28, Frank Foster's Concert Ensemble; Saturday, May 4, the Jimmy Owens quartet. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, Teddy Wilson's dependable trio alternates with Toshiko's refulgent piano nightly, except Mondays. The dinners are grilled. . . . ¶ Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, April 26-27, Dick Gregory will be talking and talking, and Carmen McRae will be singing strongly and—oh, you know. On Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, the incisive Nina Simone will sing it like it is.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz goes pretty far out. Kenny Burrell's quartet exchanges sets with the Elvin Jones trio, which is practically out of sight. On Sunday, April 28, they'll play a five-to-seven-thirty job as well as the evening session. Monday, April 29, will be reserved for the goblet-cracking sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. On Tuesday, April 30, Jeremy Steig & the Satyrs will arrive.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right—it's practically in the North River. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Earl Blake and John Latham (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, things start vibrating at four-thirty and keep going till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Glossy folk well schooled in imagery glide inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The sound of the Fuzzy Bunnies alternates with the sound of loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. On Tuesday, April 30, another group will replace the Bunnies. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

CHEETAH, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—It's beginning to swing. The faithful have found their way from the old location and are dancing hard on stainless steel and Plexiglas, their garments glowing like so much ectoplasm. On the big stage, the Initial Shock and the Brooklyn Bridge make big sounds while lights form moving patterns that run from sun to shade. So far, only the main level is open, and only soft drinks can be had. It will be some time before the upstairs opens, with alcohol, for people over twenty-one. On Thursday, May 2, the Bagatelle and Clear Light will replace the I.S. and the B. B. Dancing from eight to three every night but Monday.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. The Miller Fillmore String Quartet—a straight-sounding group despite its name—alternates with records over a good system for dancing from nine to three or four. On Monday, April 29, Cat Mother & the All-Night Newsboys will take over from the Quartet. Alcohol? No.

THE FRAMMIS, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—The dancing is fundamental. The music is vital. The drinks are average. Rock records from ten to three or four every night except Monday.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

SALVATION, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—From time to time in the affairs of mankind, a night spot becomes *the* place to go—for a season, anyway. This is alleged to be this season's. The music sounds as though it's being played through a Purolator, and the waiters look faintly Venusian. Well, it's just terribly chic (Oh, Igor, *look!*), and if you don't wear something fashionable, you might as well stay home. Dancing from eight-thirty till closing. Light dining. Lots of chuckles.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, Maxine Brown and the Marvin Alston quartet put on a polished, rock-oriented show. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd has been around a discothèque floor before, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble does. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a groove. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Ruby Tuesday," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): The quintet of George Shearing brings to an end its rather deft blending of suavity and savagery on Saturday, April 27, and on Monday, April 29, Ella Fitzgerald's voice will usher in a season of true spring weather—sometimes showery, sometimes thunderhead, but always cool and invigorating. Phil Wayne's crew, which starts the music off at seven, will remain aboard; Miss F.

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will show at dinner and supper through the week, and thrice on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): As is the custom at many other Ivy League athletic events, there are two marching (or dancing) bands in the Café Pierre—John Mince's on Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's the five other days. Little Miss Ellen Harwicke, who accompanies her own songs with her own piano, and neatly, has Mondays off. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The parquet floor and the music in the restaurant are built for comfort, not for speed. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL MOROCCO**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The archeologists' picks and shovels uncover but minute evidences of the Arcadian life that once existed in this vanished city-state. Anyone who wants to help should show up between eight and three-thirty every night but Sunday. Collations for the toilers are offered by Lester Lanin and his band. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): As before, there is a reasonably slender Billy Reed to lean on as he patrols his refectory and (from nine until two every evening but Sunday and Monday) *palais de danse*, in which a minuscule band does the music. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444): The Decibel Decade is now represented on the quarterdeck of the old night boat by Doc Severinsen's band, taking a respite from air time. Clark Terry is the chief rumbler. Another band begins as early as six; curfew arrives at two; Sunday nights are silent. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): People may walk on the grass as much as they like, and cut capers, too, as long as they break into nothing more violent than a dog trot, or—of course—a fox trot. The setting is plain but painstaking, the menu is token. Three ceaseless bands, one of them very Latin (Argueso's) and two of them very local, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week (Wednesdays, though, at six-thirty) and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The alarums and excursions of Joan Rivers are powerful arguments for the thesis that psychiatry is America's No. 1 killer. She starts around ten, or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. On Thursday, May 2, Jane Harvey, a soprano who has been a long-term absentee, will be added to the cast. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Home on the range in Israel, where never is heard a discouraging word, and the musicians and jesters make the evening more a private party than a public affair. It's a nightly operation, and the dining is native without being naïve. Closed Mondays.

EUGENE'S, 1034 Second Ave., at 54th St. (758-7620)—Not at all by chance, the old Garrison now bears the name of a senator who would be President. His adherents in the social sciences, the literary and the lively arts, and environs gather at eleven, every night but Sunday, for a spur-of-the-moment floor show. *Par exemple*, jazz by Mary Lou Williams, Gerry Mulligan, and Blossom Dearie on Friday, April 26; "Second City" humorists every Saturday; James Dickey reading poetry on Monday, April 29. Bar, grill, open at eight, shut very late.

LIVING ROOM, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262)—It's hardly Kew in lilac time, or even in midwinter, but it does offer in compensation Bobby Short, an anchor man in what is left of the worldling night shift. His words and music about that shift are, in a sense, social critiques, and these Shortcomings happen after ten every night of the week.

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—Boys and girls come out to play, the moon doth shine as bright as day. The boys are Dennis Allen, Alex Wipf; the girls are Terry O'Mara, Mary Jo Gillis, and the arcane Liz Sheridan; the bright-as-day is the libretto of Julius Monk's annual revue, "Four in Hand," at the sound of which many a political head, crowned or uncrowned, rests uneasy. The orchestra is the dashing double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the opulent intermission piano comes from Baldwin Bergersen. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish" is the newest of the portmanteau revues to inhabit this coign. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

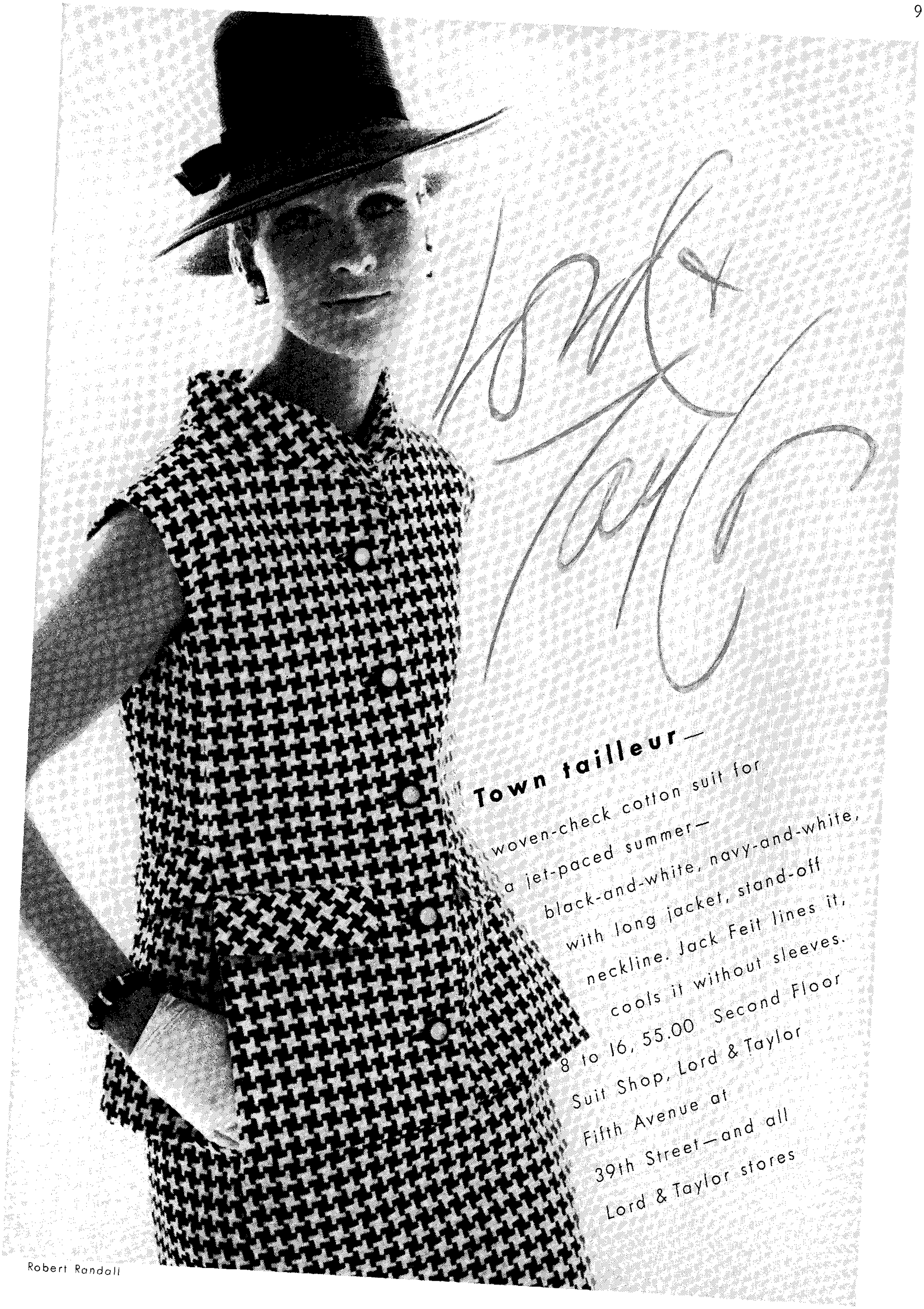
AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Watching Edie Adams talking and singing onstage in the Royal Box is sort of like Academy Awards Night every night, so suit yourself. She appears at dinner and supper; the orchestra of Lee Evans, a sound investment, is there all the time. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—The new pad of this ancient and honorable institution is handsome, and it is also far-reaching, so study with care the sightlines before choosing a table. Los Chavales de España, the boys from back home in Barcelona, are as down-to-earth amiable and articulate as ever; the Rosario Galán flamenco crew is as ardently despondent about unrequited love as ever; the dance music is as compelling as ever. The showfolk erupt during dinner and supper every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre in the round, mauresque guitar begins at five, flamenco chanting begins at nine-thirty, and all hands stay late, and every night, too. Even the bar-and-lounge gets guitar, as early as five, night after night.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—Sock and buskin is old Louis Armstrong, but, naturally, more sock than b. The "Women's World" in which he and his band are immersed is big and bouncy and girly. On Wednesday, May 1, the Armstrongs will be replaced by Georgie Kaye, whose talk persuades one that he must be some kind of a nut, and by the Doodletown Pipers, whose name implies all.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—John Davidson, the tenor of whose ways has carried him onto film and onto air, is now being a pleasing in-person singer during dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The Burt Farber orchestra and the band run by Mark Monte are the house bumblebees. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette goes its urban and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urbane way with a brace of dance bands that never pause for refreshment, and Jack Cassidy whiles away dinner and supper with the lively voice that has served him well in the Broadway musicals. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—It is impossible not to like a man who takes his time, and his timing, as wittily as Jack Benny, the calm, persuasive lord and master of the Empire Room. Ten is his hour during the week, dinner and supper are his occasions on Fridays and Saturdays. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo makes the music.... ¶ Something is sounding off, if mildly, all week long in the manifold Peacock Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper—piano Monday through Friday from four to ten, and Horace Diaz's trio for dancing from eight until one Wednesday through Saturday, from five to ten Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends well met, and younger ones, too, in a trophy room that likewise serves as restaurant, bar, and music conservatory. In the absence of Louis Golson Hawkins, prop. and pianist-in-chief, who returns on Friday, April 26, his classmates, Wayne Sanders and Sam Anderson, are walking the keyboards, which are in service from cocktails to cockcrow, every evening but Sunday.... **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica ginger in the seasoning is inserted by a troubadour of calypso antecedents. His beat is dinner until after the theatre. No music Mondays and Tuesdays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. Unhurried dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though not in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Not quite tempest in a teapot is the corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, but the animation in this Village snug can be ample. Here Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man-jack of the staff. Closed Mondays.... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner, the voice and piano of Scott Reed ramble along from six until two. Closed Sundays.... **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A noticeable amount of jump enlivens this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals, and Marian McPartland's trio produces music that is by turn ruminative and rumbustious. They are all off on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

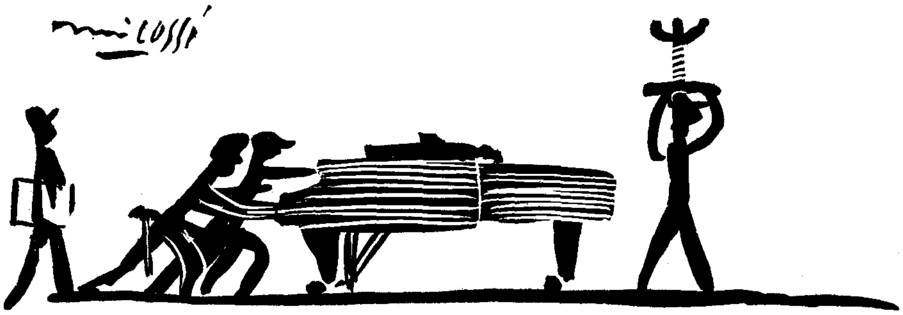
DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. ... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is well-behaved piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to one, except for Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night.... **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy is applying himself to the mannerly piano beside the bar in the grand salon-restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. He is not a Sunday or Monday visitor.... **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The Almanach by which one foretells the future here is not the Farmer's but de Gotha. The background music is piano, from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. ... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, that well-kept indoor plaisance, Bob Kail applies a light touch to his piano between six-thirty and one, Sundays and Mondays excepted.

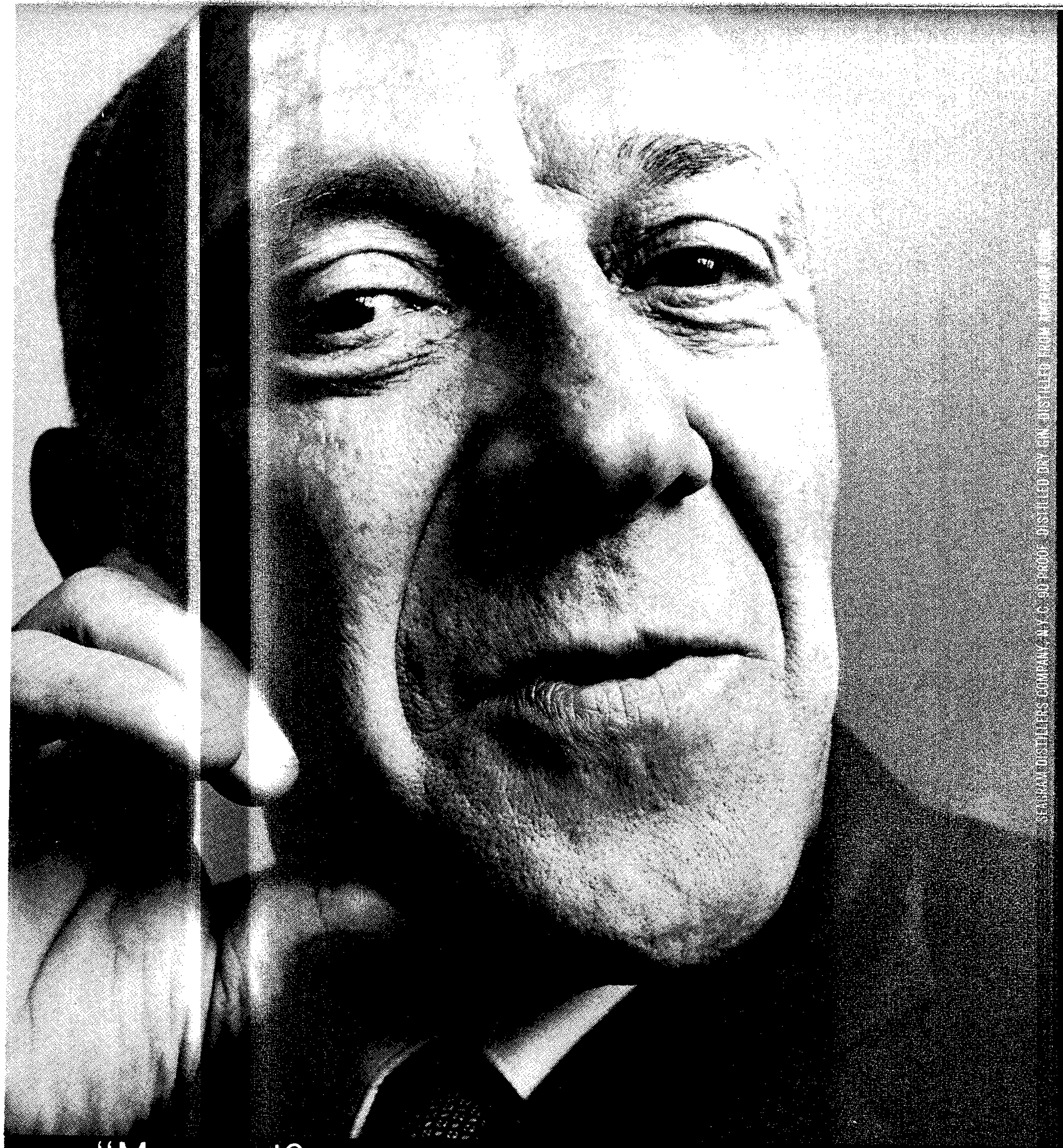
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ISAAC ABRAMS—Paintings that grew out of psychedelic experiences; through May 11. (East





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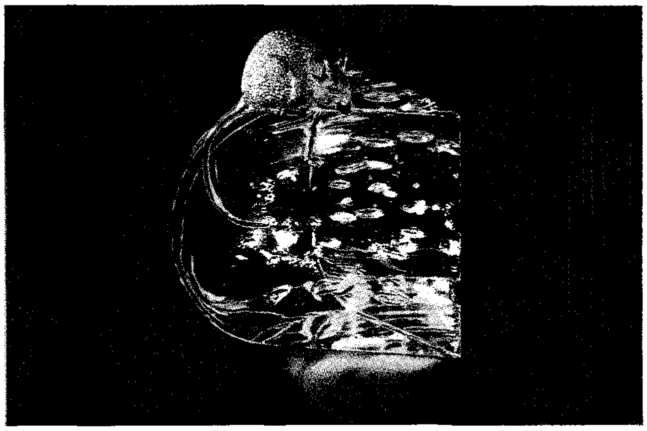
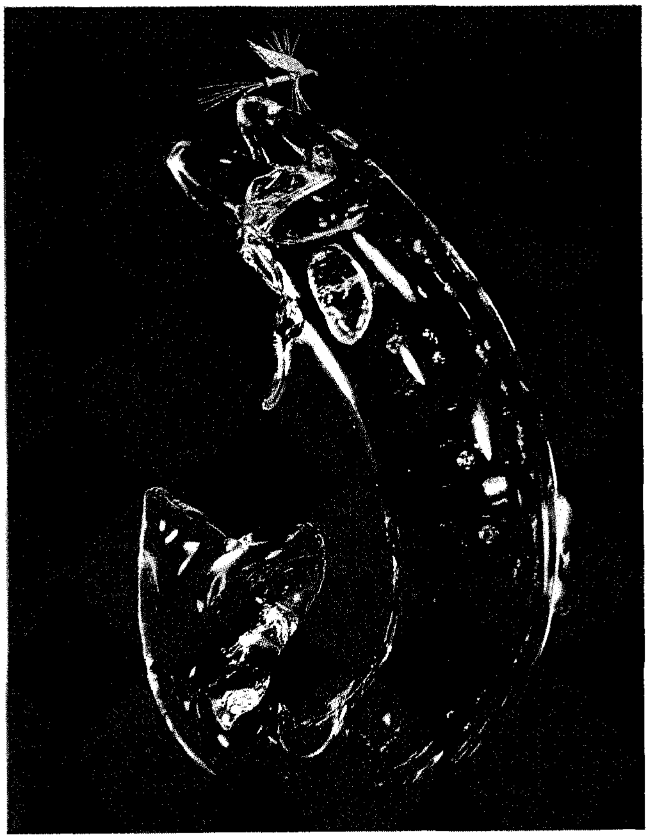
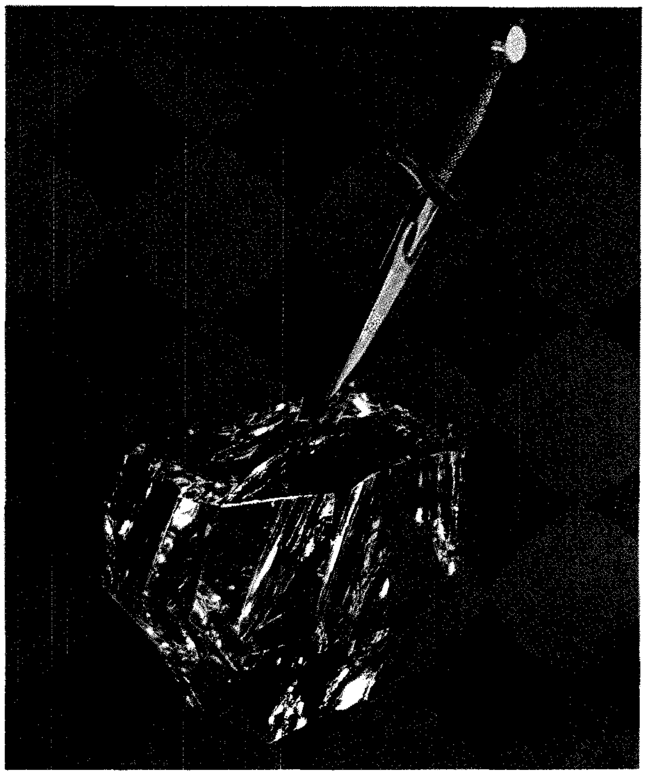


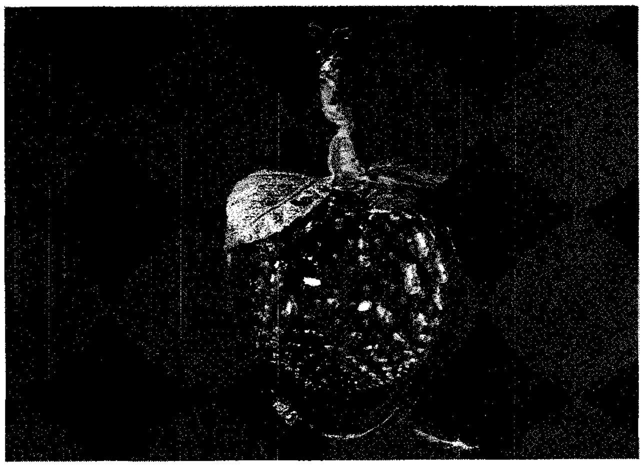
Mouse and Cheese · Height 4" · Gold, 18k · $550



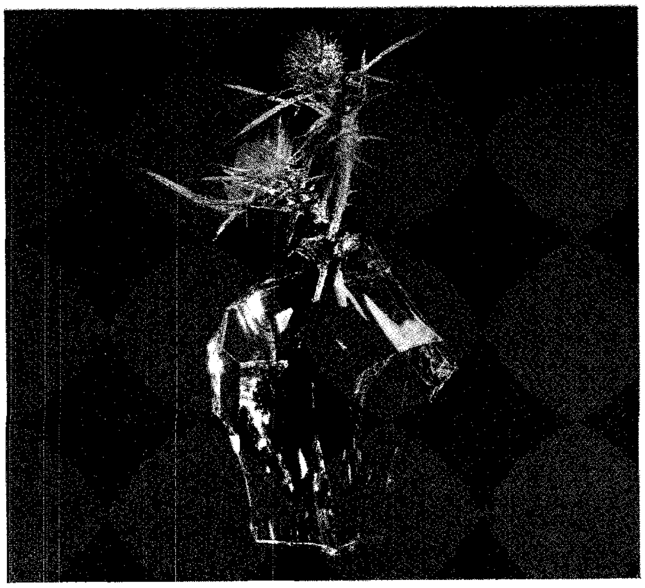
Trout and Fly · Height 9½" · Gold, 18k · $625



Excalibur · Height 8" · Silver, sterling · Gold, 18k · $650



Apple of Eden · Height 6" · Gold, 18k · $550



Thistle Rock · Height 7" · Thistle, vermeil · $650

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Ruth Abrams—Abstract Expressionist paintings with indications of figures and interiors; through Saturday, April 27. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Josef Albers—New paintings in the "Homage to the Square" series by a Bauhaus founder; through Saturday, May 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

March Avery—Landscapes, figure paintings, and stone sculptures by Milton Avery's daughter; through Thursday, May 2. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 5, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Robert Barnes—Paintings, mostly dealing with the life of Arthur Cravan, boxer and Surrealist; through Saturday, May 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Beck—Figures and interiors in an Impressionist-derived style; through May 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leland Bell—Portraits, self-portraits, figures, and still-lifes in a free, personal style; through Saturday, May 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Nell Blaine—Landscapes, figure paintings, and still-lifes in a survey exhibition of works by a veteran New York artist; through May 10. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Botkin—Collage paintings of subjects handled in a semi-abstract mode; through Saturday, April 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Pol Bury—Sculptures with kinetic balancings in polished metals that reflect the movement; through Saturday, April 27. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Marc Chagall—Twenty-eight gouaches from 1957 to the present, many not shown here before; through Saturday, April 27. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henry Cohen—Shaped, painted reliefs; through May 11. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gene Davis—Tiny paintings by an artist known for his striped canvases; through Saturday, April 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Burgoyne Diller—Drawings and collages from the thirties to 1964 by a leading American Constructivist painter and sculptor, who died in 1965; through May 25. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Plastic sculptures in brilliant colors, plus ink drawings, by the French primitivist; through May 18. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Ferren—Huge constructions for architectural projects by an Abstract painter; through May 11. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Georges—Oil paintings, mostly of figures engaged in Sabine-like struggles; through May 11. (Dorsky, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice Glickman—Drawings from four decades by an American sculptor; through Saturday, May 4. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Gordon—The first local exhibition, consisting of six large collages, by a Philadelphia artist; through May 25. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Harris—Minimal paintings; through May 9. (Aspects/Aegis, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Robert Harvey—Paintings of the figure; through Saturday, April 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

John Heliker—An exhibition of small semi-abstract landscapes and portraits that is running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney; through Saturday, May 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fredric Hobbs—Modellings, including polychrome wall sculptures, of fantastic subjects—also a half-hour film featuring one of his works; through May 9. (Twentieth-Century West, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Insley—Diagrammatic drawings in Liquitex on Masonite; through May 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Luise Kaich—Sculptures and maquettes for building commissions, based on Biblical subjects; through May 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lila Katzen—Constructions making use of reflections of light and transparent plastic sheets in one of the Architectural League of New York's series of environmental light exhibitions; through May 11. (41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Leo Kenny—Emblematic paintings by a West Coast artist; through May 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Gyorgy Kepes—Colorful abstractions; through Saturday, April 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Frank Kupka (1871-1957)—Sixty oils, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings by this pioneer Czech experimentalist; through Saturday, April 27. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Thursday through Saturday, 12:30 to 5:30.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Figurative sculptures with genre themes; through May 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Lytle—Paintings and drawings of the female nude; through Friday, April 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Manabu Mabe—Abstract paintings by a Brazilian artist born in Japan; through Saturday, April 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—A large exhibition of bronze sculptures, door panels, low reliefs, gold objects, and sketches for ballet costumes; through Saturday, April 27. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Tony Martin—Light and sound "environments" by a young medium mixer; through Saturday, May 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

R. Guy Miller—Abstract sculptures in cast aluminum; through May 11. (Caravan, 132 E. 65th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

Joan Mitchell—A new series of landscape-like paintings done in France by a leading "second-generation" American Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, April 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Robert Morris—An exhibition of sculptures in different materials, changing each week, by a leading Minimalist; through May 11. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isamu Noguchi—A show of brush drawings that is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney; through May 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nam June Paik—Electronic constructions, some done in collaboration with such contemporaries as Mary Bauermeister, Robert Breer, Christo, Ray Johnson, and others; through May 11. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles O. Perry—Metal sculptures featuring mathematical complexities; through May 11. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Quirk—Paintings and drawings in the classical Surrealist manner; through May 11. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leslie Randall—Landscape paintings; through Saturday, April 27. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St.)

Kurt Seligmann—Drawings and prints by a prominent Surrealist and medievalist, who died in 1962; through Saturday, April 27. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

William Sellers—Geometric sculptures in steel and aluminum; through Tuesday, April 30. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Solman—Portraits of lower East Side types, plus interiors and still-lifes; through May 11. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Jack Sonnenberg—Large shaped canvases; through May 9. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Sugarman—Painted sculptural compositions, in several segments; through May 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Oils and watercolors of Irish subjects; through Saturday, May 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

William Tucker—Abstract sculptures by a young British artist; through Thursday, May

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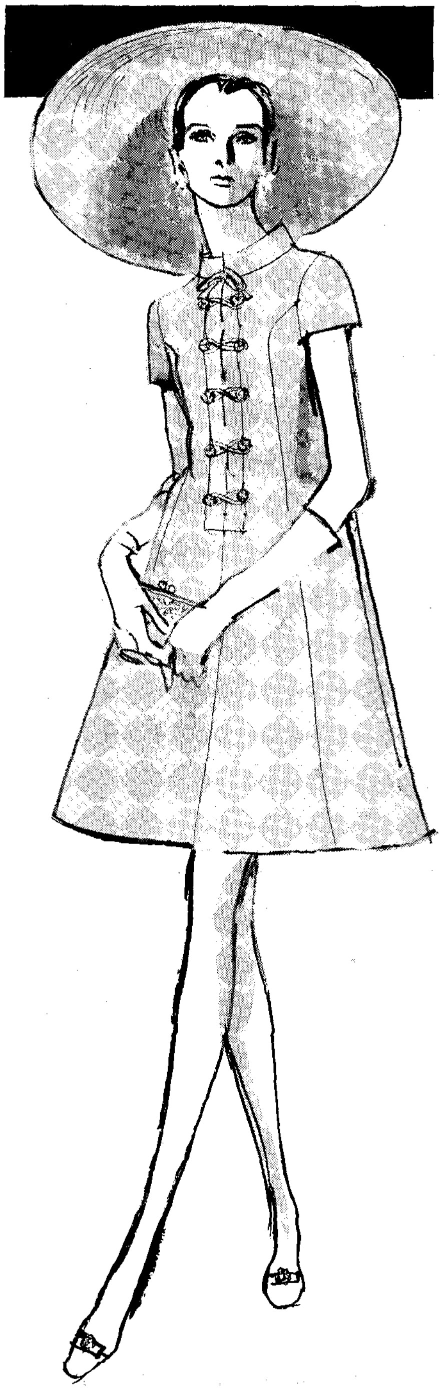

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HIGBEE'S
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bram van Velde—Abstract paintings done in the past ten years by a Dutch Expressionist well known since the Second World War; through Friday, April 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Maurice de Vlaminck (1876-1958)—A benefit showing of twenty-eight oils from the French modernist's Fauve period, 1903-07; through May 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Oils, watercolors, and prints of the lower East Side, representing early works by a familiar American painter of the Paris School; through Saturday, April 27. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

David Weinrib—Abstract sculptures in cast transparent plastic with gradations of color; through May 18. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Lyrical landscapes done here and abroad; through May 11. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Twenty-five paintings by leading United States artists of the nineteenth century; through May 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth-century watercolors and drawings by such artists as Cole, Harnett, Homer, Inman, and Kensett; through Saturday, May 4. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four young artists—William Dubin, Leslie Kerr, Joseph P. White, and Franklin Williams; through Friday, April 26.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HUTTON**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings by French, German, and Russian Fauvists and Expressionists up to the First World War; through June 12. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Seventy paintings by artists from Beckmann and Chagall to Soutine and Vlaminck, squeezed into the category of "International Expressionism;" through May 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, drawings, and bronzes on the theme of horse racing, by Degas and other French painters, from Géricault to Bonnard; through Saturday, April 27. . . . **WRIGHT-HEPBURN-WEBSTER**, 205 E. 60th St.: Thirty-five years of scenic and costume designs for the Royal Ballet of England; through May 11. (Open Thursday and Friday evenings until 9.)

Latin Americans; Group Show—Nine young Argentine painters and sculptors who specialize in geometrical forms; through May 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Note—Works by the following artists are being shown at their studios Fridays through Mondays, April 26-29 and May 3-6, from noon to 7: William Creston, 727 Sixth Ave.; Roger Jorgensen, 11 W. 18th St.; Hans Van de Bovenkamp, 271 W. 10th St.; Richard Baringer, 74 Grove St.; Leon Golub, 528 LaGuardia Pl.; Robert Wiegand, 12 W. 4th St.; Julius Tobias, 9 Great Jones St.; Charles Ginnever, 143 Greene St.; Steve Montgomery, 143 Greene St.; and Bernard Aptekar, 100 Prince St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Painting in France: 1900-67," a hundred and fifty paintings covering early-twentieth-century masters, such as Picasso, Braque, and Matisse, as well as younger figures like Le Parc and Messagier; through May 12. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . . ¶ A hundred and forty-eight drawings, plans, and engravings by eighteenth-century architects who emphasized simple, geometrical design; through May 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," an interpretation by the Museum of what happened in art from 1912 until recently; through June 9. . . . ¶ Forty-six prints offering impressions of New York City during the twentieth century by Bellows, Grosz, Rauschenberg, Paolozzi, and others; through May 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and painted sculptures in abstract patterns by Paul Feeley (1910-66), done in the last twelve years of the artist's life; through May 26. . . . ¶ A selection of a hundred oils, drawings, and watercolors by modern masters, from Seurat and Modigliani to Matisse, Picasso, and Mondrian, presented as a tribute to Hilla von Rebay, the first director of the Museum; through May 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints done during the past quarter century by John Heliker, an artist who bases his work on nature; through May 12. A good complement to the Heliker showing is his exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . ¶ Eighty sculptures, including eight "objects" for ballet sets, by Isamu Noguchi, a veteran sculptor and theatrical, architectural, and industrial designer; through June 16. A good complement to the Noguchi showing is his exhibition at Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Tuesday evenings, music fills the halls until 11 o'clock. On April 30, the purveyors will be George Pappa-Stavrou and Stewart Lanning, pianos, and Calvin Hampton on the Ondes Martenot.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran; also carved chess pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States. Through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifteen centuries of Korean ceramics said to be among the best of this craft; through June 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Gardens in Chinese Art," an exhibit in a large variety of mediums, including paintings, handscrolls, carved lacquers, ivory screens, porcelains, and illustrated books, from the eighth century through the eighteenth; through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

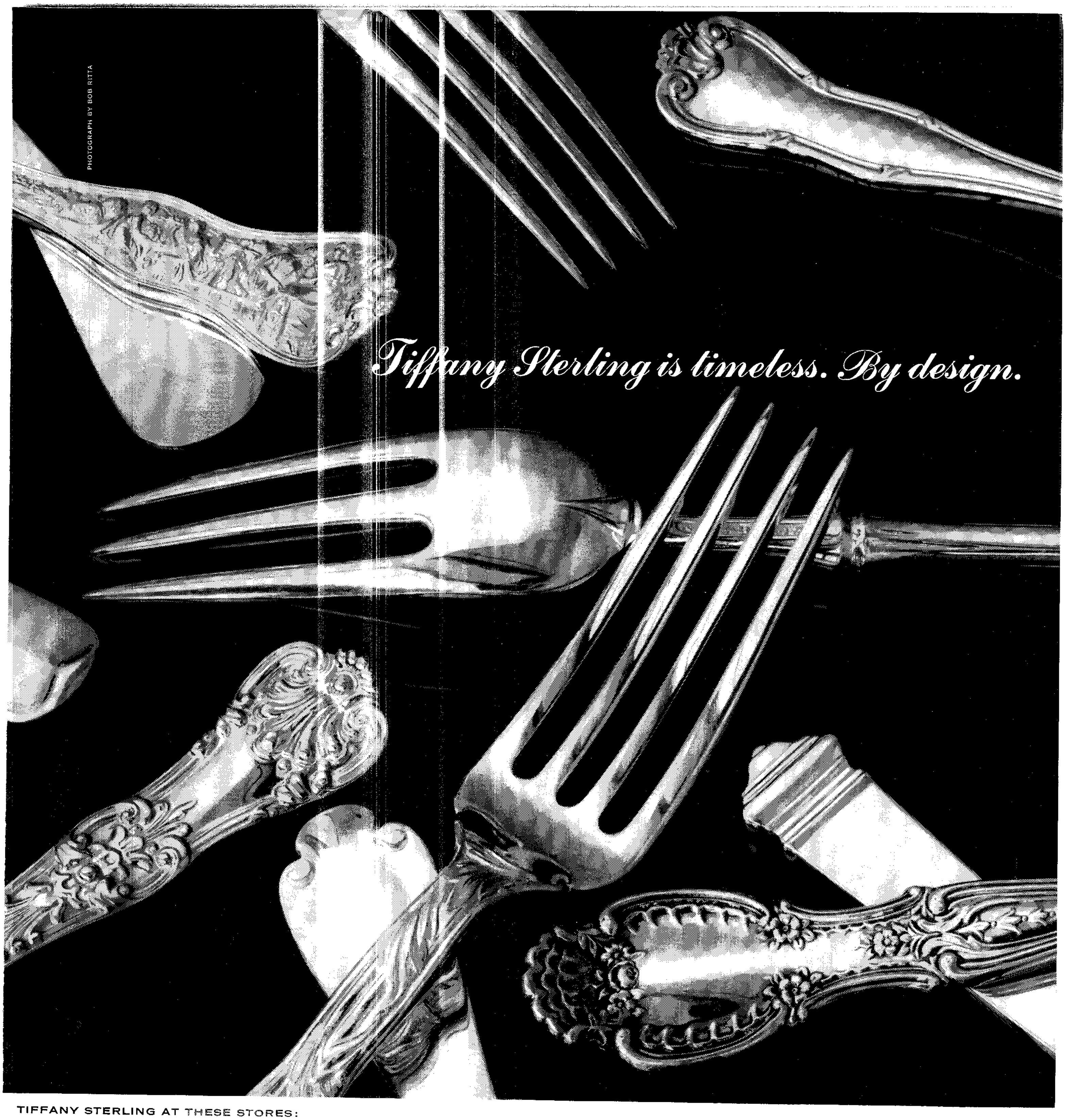
Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Man in Sport," the subject of some seven hundred photographs by Horst Baumann, Toni Frissell, Hy Peskin, and others; through May 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by Gene Davis, Robert Irwin, and Richard Smith, all mathematical Abstractionists; through May 12. . . . ¶ Suites of prints by (for instance) Albers, Jenkins, Kelly, Motherwell, Nevelson, Warhol, D'Arcangelo, and Youngerman; through May 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeldt, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Drawings by Giuseppe Zocchi (1711-67) of the villas, bridges, and buildings of Florence and Tuscany (often accompanied by modern photographs), plus a sampling of autograph letters, manuscripts, and books related to Florence; through May 18. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Forty years of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics by members of the Sarah Lawrence art faculty, past and present, including such artists as David Smith, Theodore Roszak, Bradley Walker Tomlin, Oronzio Maldarelli, Peppino Mangravite, Ezio



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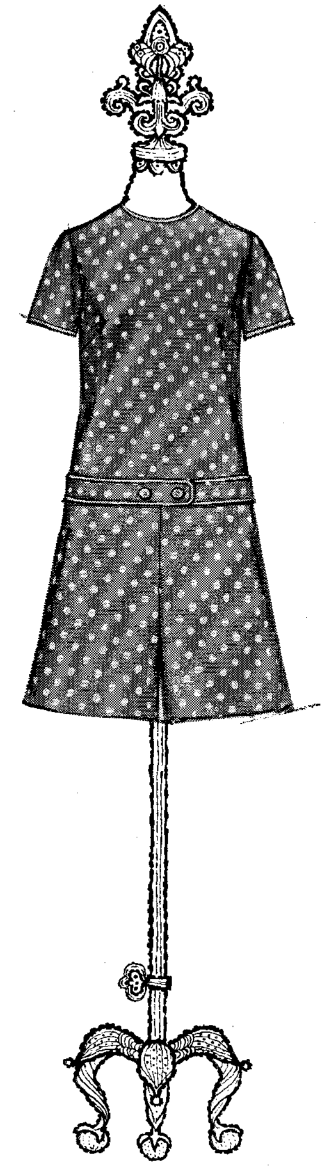

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Martinelli, Concetta Scaravaglione; through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Piccolo Teatro Musicale of Rome—Cimarosa's "Il Maestro di Cappella" and Rossini's "La Cambiale di Matrimonio." The last in a series of performances. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 25, at 8.)

Juilliard Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of the American première of Francesco Cavalli's "Ormindo," in English. Staged by Roy Lazarus, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by Jorge Mester. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday through Saturday, April 25-27, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Hunter College Opera Association—Mozart's "La Finta Giardiniera," conducted by William Tarrasch and staged by David Lloyd. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday and Thursday, May 1-2, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Thursday, April 25, at 8:30; Friday, April 26, at 2:15; Saturday, April 27, at 8:30; and Monday, April 29, at 7:30 (no soloists); Thursday, May 2, at 8:30; Friday, May 3, at 2:15; and Monday, May 6, at 7:30 (all with Van Cliburn, piano, and David Nadien, violin); and Saturday, May 4, at 8:30 (with Kyung Wha Chung, violin, and Mr. Nadien).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing, with Martina Arroyo, soprano, and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 3, at 8:30.)

Cappella Coloniensis—Ferdinand Leitner conducting three different concerts by this baroque orchestra from Cologne. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 26; Sunday, April 28; and Tuesday, April 30, all at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Philippe Entremont, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 28, at 3, and Monday, April 29, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting the final concert of the season, with Ray Lev, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 28, at 3.)

University of Michigan Symphony Band—William D. Revelli conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 2, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing Bach's Mass in B Minor, with soloists. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 28, at 8.)

Manhattan Chorus—Robert Hickok directing. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, May 1, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Friday, May 3, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Kohon String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, April 26, at 5:30.)

Gianna d'Angelo—Soprano, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Van Cliburn—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Mary Judd—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Dorian Quintet—With Beveridge Webster, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 28, at 2:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series of programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Webern, Mayer, Kolb, Behrman, Cage, and Globokar. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz/Folk/Rock/Etc.—Traffic, Blue Cheer, and the Iron Butterfly. (Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, April 26-27, at 8 and 11:30.) . . . ¶ Jefferson Airplane and The Crazy World of Arthur Brown. (Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, at 8 and 11:30.) . . . ¶ Freddie Hubbard's quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 3, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Ray Charles and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 4, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, April 26, at 8; Saturday, April 27, at 2; and Sunday, April 28, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, April 30, at 2:05, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 1-2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, May 3, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 4, at 2:15.

Crew—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 27.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 27.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 27.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 4.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 4.)

Horse Show—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 4-5.)

Hunt Racing—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 27.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 4.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 18. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 27; the Youthful, Wednesday, May 1; and the Roseben Handicap, Saturday, May 4. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Thursday, May 30. Post time is 1:45 through Saturday, April 27; after that, 2. . . . **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 4.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—Generals vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, May 1, at 8. . . . ¶ Generals vs. Boston, Friday, May 3, at 8.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday and Sunday, April 27-28, at 12:30.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 26-27.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 23. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By **bil baird's marionettes:** "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **gingerbread players & jack:** "Pecos Bill" and "The Secret of Invisibility." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **pickwick puppet theatre:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 27, at 2:30.) . . . **pixie judy troupe:** "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Sleeping Beauty," Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.) . . . **repertory musical productions:** "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30. For tickets, call CH 3-6926.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different

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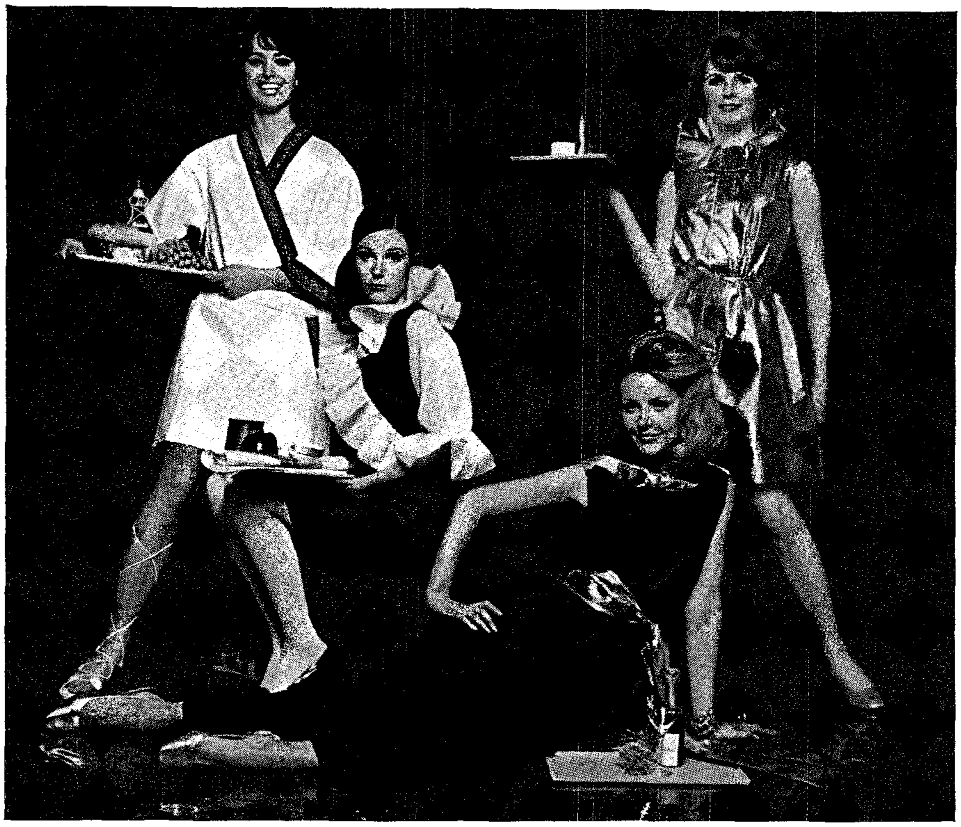

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Many Faces of the Sun." Starting Tuesday, April 30, there will be a new show, "On the Wings of Icarus." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **central park:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, chickens, and a yearling mule. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the **bronx zoo:** In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, kids, mice, and prairie dogs. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Prose Readings—William Styron reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, April 29, at 8:30.)

Lecture—"The Causes of Human Aggression and Destructiveness," by Erich Fromm. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 25, at 10:30 and 1:45: Old-master and Barbizon paintings, from a number of owners....¶ Friday, April 26, at 1:45: Pre-Columbian art, belonging to several collectors....¶ Saturday, April 27, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century and other furniture, garden ornaments, objects of art, textiles and tapestries, and rugs; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Jack R. Aron....¶ Tuesday, April 30, at 10:30: Part II of the sale of items from the library of the late Oscar Carbone of Buenos Aires....¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 30-May 1, at 1:45: Part II of the Captain Gordon Nowell-Usticke collection of Rembrandt etchings....¶ Thursday, May 2, at 1:45: Modern prints, from various owners. Exhibition begins Friday, April 26.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—April 25 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor....¶ April 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Grand Illusion" (1937), in French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin....¶ April 27 at 11:30: "Male and Female" (1919), directed by Cecil B. deMille....¶ April 27 at 3 and 5:30: "Ninotchka" (1939), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas....¶ April 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Shors" (1939), in Russian....¶ April 29 at 2 and 5:30: "The Great McGinty" (1940), with Brian Donlevy....¶ April 30 at 2 and 5:30: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), with Walter Pidgeon and Maureen O'Hara....¶ May 1 at 2 and 5:30: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 28, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

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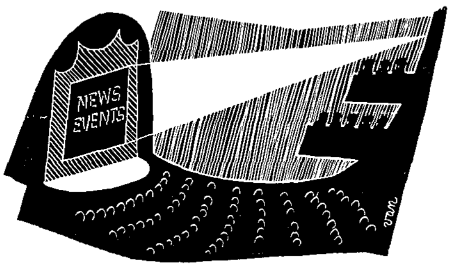
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE



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28	29	30	1			

BEDAZZLED—An intellectual's "Hellz-a-Poppin," full of relentlessly silly jokes, most of which work. With Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

BELLE DE JOUR—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great film-maker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

BONNIE AND CLYDE—In Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film, the parts of the Depression's mythic bandits are played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. One of the themes of the movie is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves. The picture is perfectly cast and edited, and it becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 30.)

CAMELOT—A very long and very dull musical, distinguished only by the presence of Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

CHARLIE BUBBLES—Alienation again, this time as experienced by a rich, famous, and glum young writer played by Albert Finney, who also directed. The kind of monotonous, one-idea picture that gets high marks for integrity. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

LA CHINOISE—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, witty political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, made in 1967, and one of his best. In French. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. A Czech film directed by Jiri Menzel. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 1.)

A DANDY IN ASPIC—The slick sorrows of espionage. Laurence Harvey is a Russian spy who finds solace in the emaciated arms of Mia Farrow, a product of Western decadence. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

LE DÉPART—Interesting, nose-thumbing film by Jerzy Skolimowski, who wrote the screenplay of "Knife in the Water." About a hairdresser's assistant who wants to be a racing driver, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, the child in "The 400 Blows." A beautiful piece of film-making, prodigious and cheeky, at the level of a brilliant student exercise. In French. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

DOCTOR DOLITTLE—If, as an adult, you *have* to go to this for the sake of your children or grandchildren, all is not lost—at one point, Rex Harrison, in the title role, sings a love song to a seal. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

ELVIRA MADIGAN—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD—Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch in a disastrous attempt to bring an aging literary classic to the screen. Directed by John Schlesinger and beautifully photographed by Nicolas Roeg. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting May 1.)

THE FOX—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a fox (Keir Dullea). It's enjoyable in a simple way, and if you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella you might think this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

THE GRADUATE—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER—Well worth while for Spencer Tracy's last performance. The story concerns an interracial marriage, and the director is Stanley Kramer. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 30.)

HALF A SIXPENCE—Probably the most mechanized movie musical yet made. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

HOUR OF THE WOLF—Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. A film that sees a poetic man's madness as an image for hacking a way out of a life gone sterile. Max von Sydow plays the obsessed painter, Liv Ullmann his sweet-spirited, rackingly responsive wife. The movie is marvellously acted and shot, from Bergman's own screenplay. In Swedish. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

IN COLD BLOOD—Richard Brooks's exact and moving adaptation of Truman Capote's celebrated "non-fiction novel." (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 30.)

PLANET OF THE APES—An entertaining and ingenious science-fiction fantasy. Charlton Heston is Adam as an American, and Kim Hunter is a delightful ape lady-doctor. Franklin Schaffner directed. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

POOR COW—Unexciting version of Nell Dunn's novel, with Carol White as a thieves' Darling and Terence Stamp as her burglar-lover. Kenneth Loach's semi-documentary direction is no more than competent. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting April 26.)

THE PRODUCERS—A farce about Broadway, with Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn intermittently funny but in dire need of better material than writer-director Mel Brooks gives them. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

THE STRANGER—The Camus novel is a milestone in fiction, and, sadly, the movie version follows the original work without being able to encompass it; still, it is worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; April 25.)

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

THE TWO OF US—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation of France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers; and the computers themselves have been so programmed that they fall prey to aggressive neuroses. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

THE WHISPERERS—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. The physical detail of solitude and age is nobly precise. Bryan Forbes directed; Eric Portman plays her craven quitter of a husband. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 30.)

THE YOUNG GIRLS OF ROCHEFORT—Jacques Demy's musical, with Gene Kelly appearing round Rochefort street corners, and twins in floppy hats dancing everywhere. Prettily executed, unless you have an allergy to dance, or to French twittering. The score is by Michel Legrand. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

REVIVALS

THE AFRICAN QUEEN (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 1.)

ALPHAVILLE (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 25.)

BLOW-UP (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 30.)

BREATHLESS (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 25.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 30.)

THE CRANES ARE FLYING (1960)—A tale of a Russian family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 26-29.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

MARAT/SADE (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 1.)

LA NOTTE (1962)—A portrait of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 30.)

THE PAWNBROKER (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this story of a corner of hell in Harlem. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through April 30.)

PERSONA (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 30.)

RED DESERT (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 1.)

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through April 30.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
CHARLIE BUBBLES.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 30: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival.
From May 1: **RED DESERT** (in Italian), revival; and "White Voices" (in Italian), revival, Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 30: **GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.**
From May 1: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Billion Dollar Brain," Michael Caine, Karl Malden.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
LA CHINOISE (in French).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LE DÉPART (in French).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
HOUR OF THE WOLF (in Swedish).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Party," Peter Sellers.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
A DANDY IN ASPIC.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through April 30: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival; and **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival.
From May 1: To be announced.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Stranger in Town," Tony Anthony.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PLANET OF THE APES.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 30: "Sweet November," Sandy Dennis, Anthony Newley.
From May 1: "The Double Man," Yul Brynner, Britt Ekland.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
"Les Carabiniers" (in French).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 30: **THE WHISPERERS**; and **PERSONA** (in Swedish), revival.
From May 1: **MARAT/SADE**, revival; and **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Accattone!" (in Italian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 30: **IN COLD BLOOD.**
From May 1: **FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.**

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
April 25: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From April 26: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 30: "Sweet November," Sandy Dennis, Anthony Newley.
From May 1: "The Double Man," Yul Brynner, Britt Ekland.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
HALF A SIXPENCE.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through April 27: Theatre closed.
From April 28, at 2: "War and Peace," a two-part Russian film. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call AL 4-8203, Ext. 26. The schedule for subsequent performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through May 1: "The One and Only, Genuine, Original Family Band," Walter Brennan, Buddy Ebsen.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE YOUNG GIRLS OF ROCHEFORT (in French).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Les Carabiniers" (in French).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 30: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and "Firecreek," James Stewart, Henry Fonda.
From May 1: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn; and "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 25: **ALPHAVILLE** and **BREATHLESS** (both in French and both revivals).
April 26-29: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (both in Russian and both revivals).
From April 30: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
April 25: **THE STRANGER** (in French).
From April 26: **POOR COW.**

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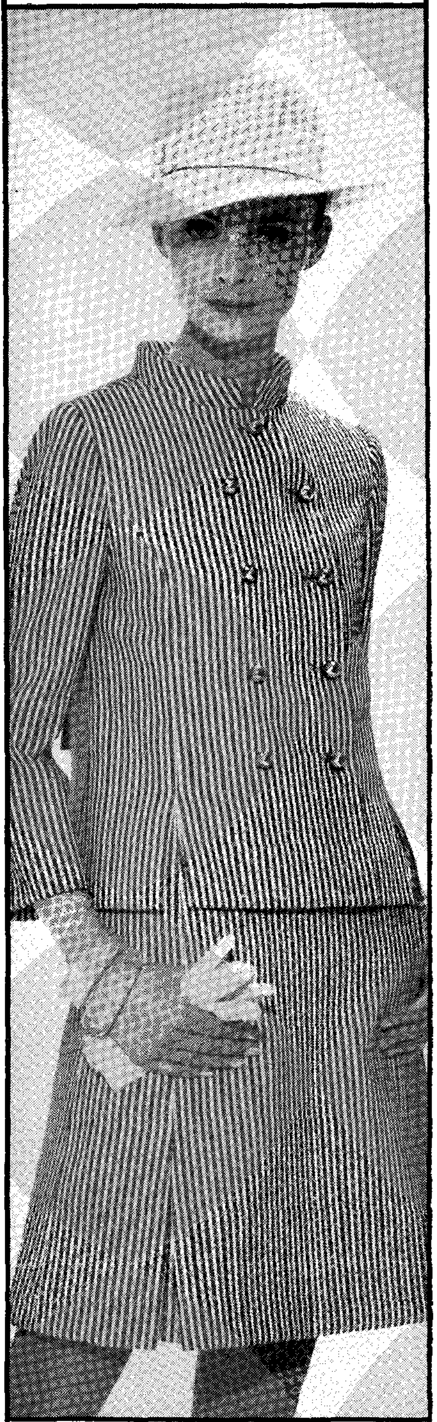

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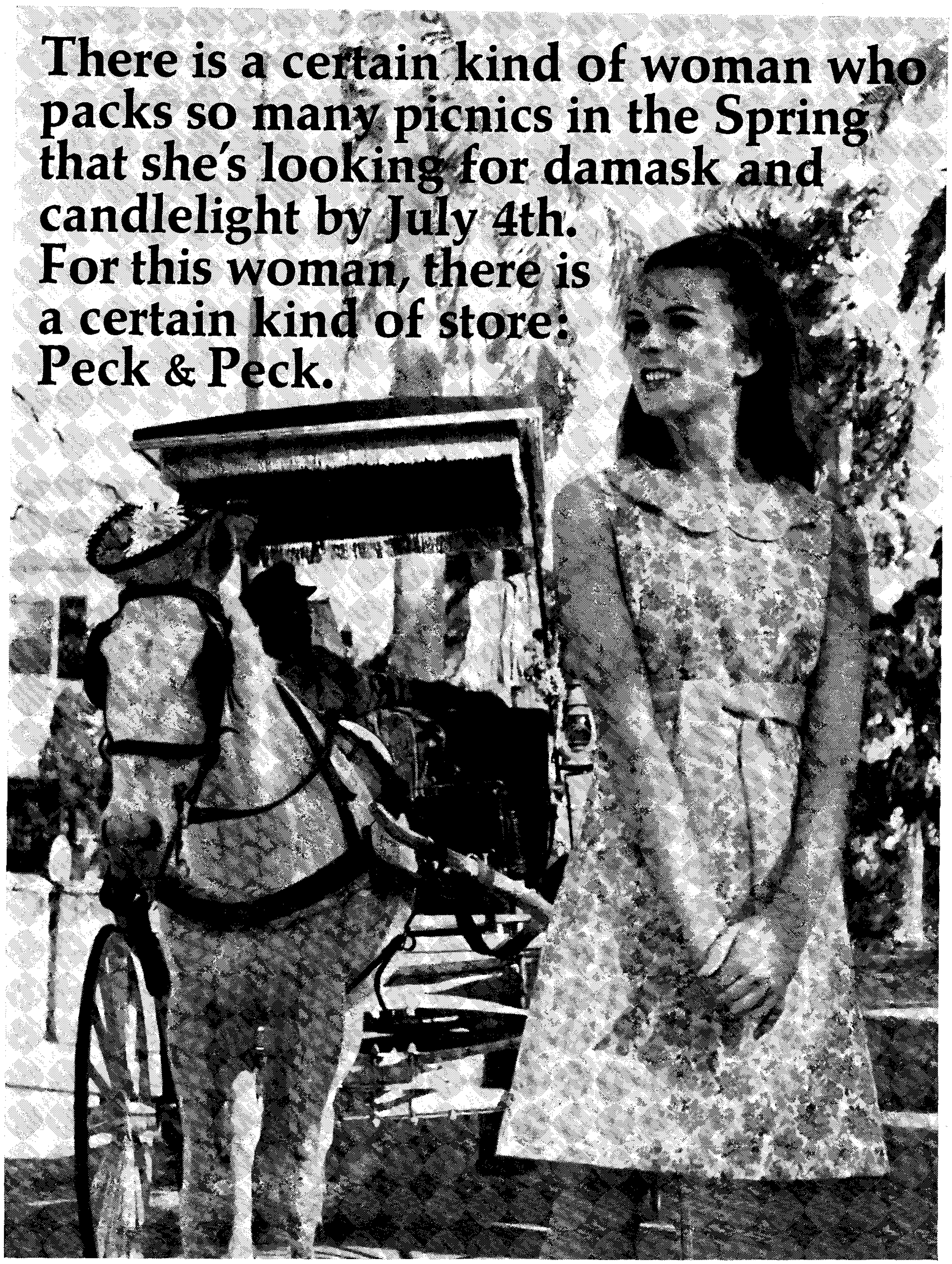
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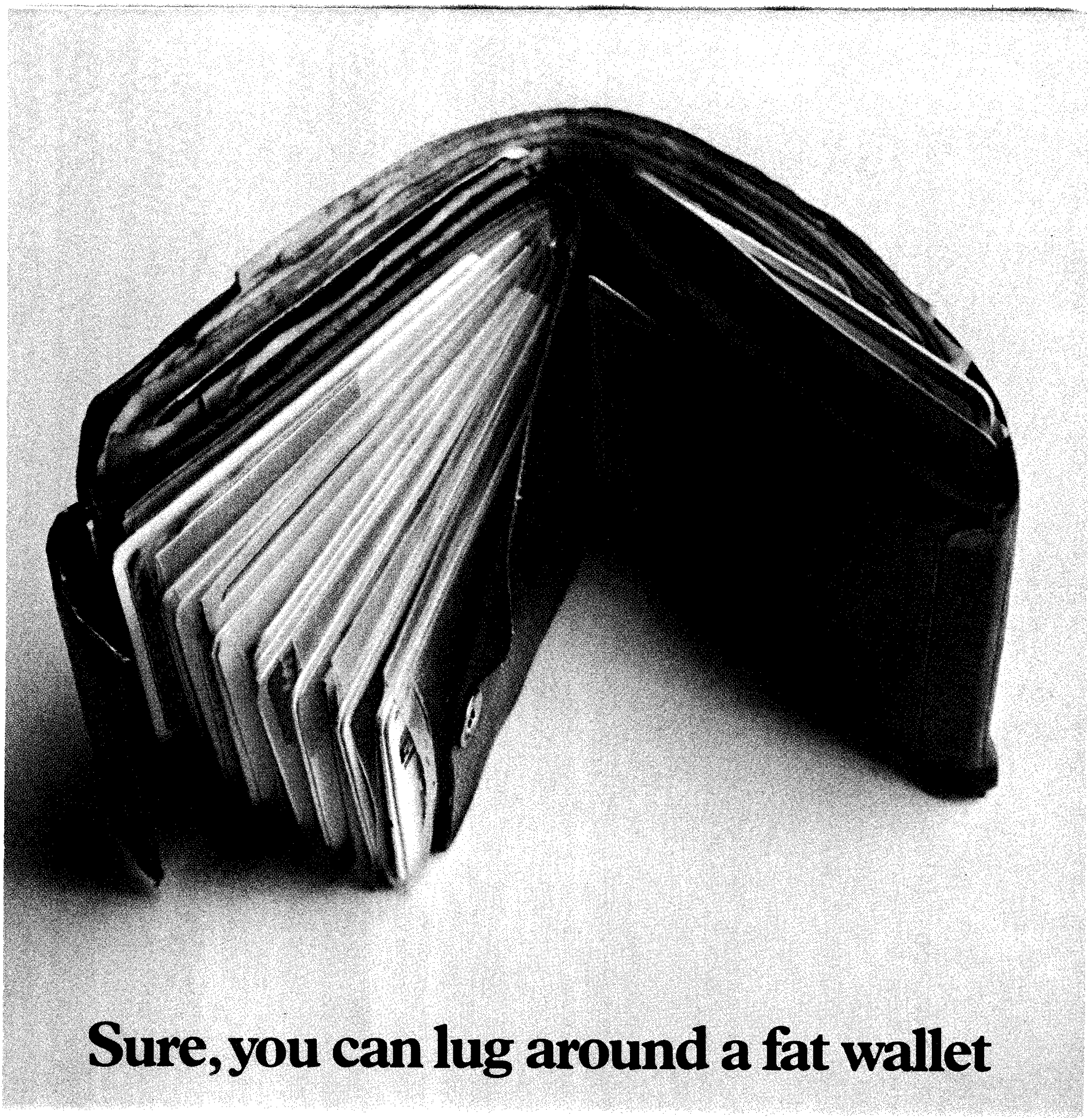

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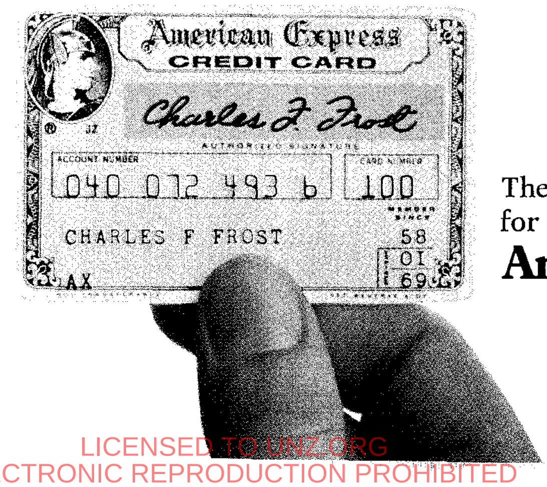
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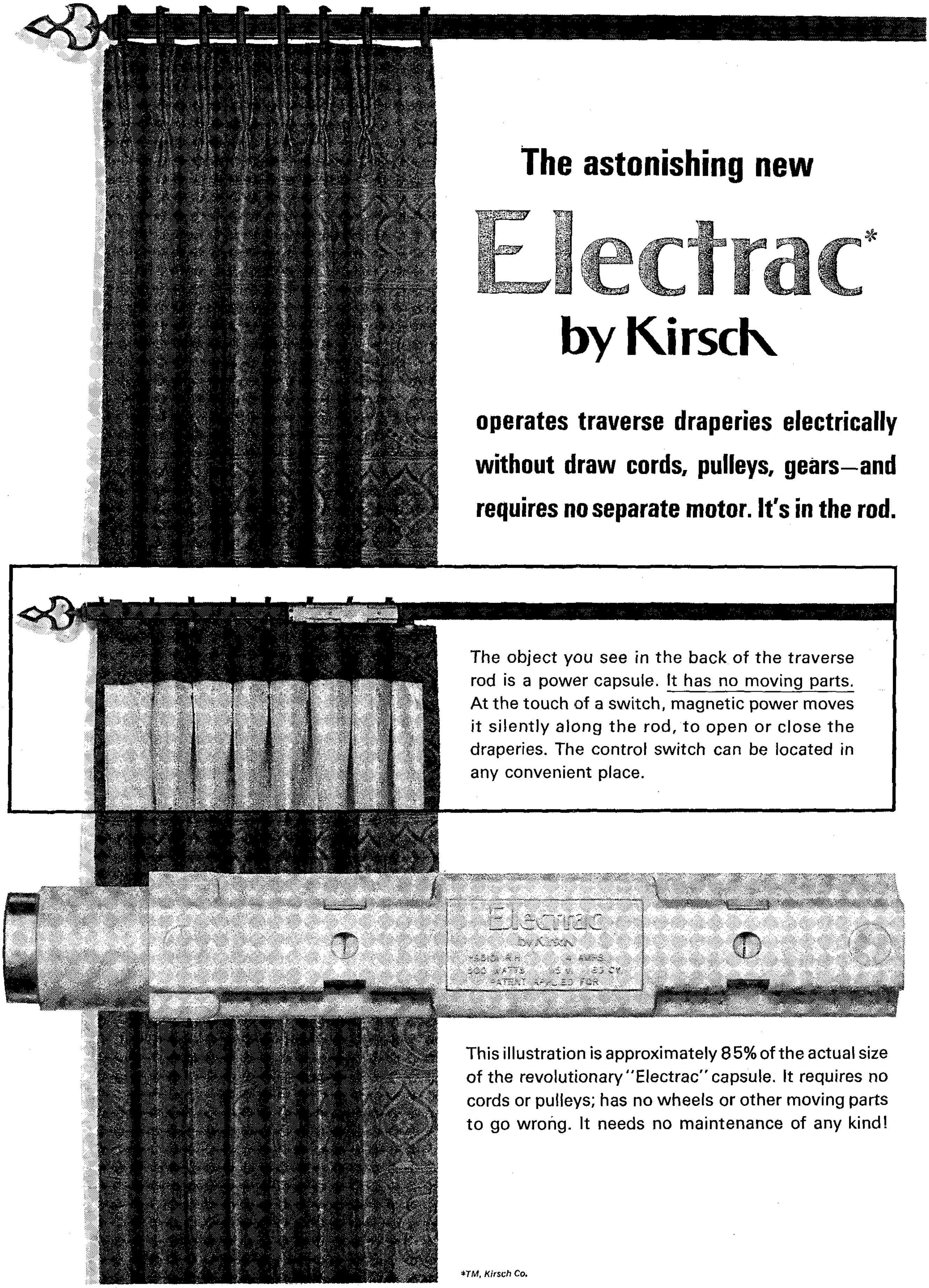


The astonishing new

Electrac*

by Kirsch

operates traverse draperies electrically without draw cords, pulleys, gears—and requires no separate motor. It's in the rod.

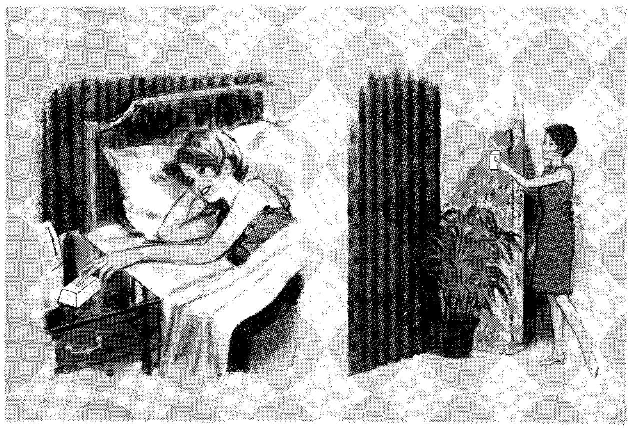
The object you see in the back of the traverse rod is a power capsule. It has no moving parts. At the touch of a switch, magnetic power moves it silently along the rod, to open or close the draperies. The control switch can be located in any convenient place.

This illustration is approximately 85% of the actual size of the revolutionary "Electrac" capsule. It requires no cords or pulleys; has no wheels or other moving parts to go wrong. It needs no maintenance of any kind!

**TM, Kirsch Co.*

There's nothing in the world like Electrac* by Kirsch

"Electrac" is almost unbelievable. It is simple, foolproof and modestly priced. Kirsch's new electric powered traverse rod, "Electrac," is the world's first practical household application of the linear motor principle, which scientists have been trying to perfect for years. The "Electrac" system is self-contained. No special motor installation is required. No cords to break or tangle. "Electrac" may be used with almost any arrangement of windows and drapery panels, and in any length of traverse. The permanently sealed, maintenance-free power capsule pulls the draperies along the traverse track, in the manner of a small model railway engine. Nothing is visible from the front. "Electrac" uses ordinary 110 v. household current—just plug it into a convenient socket. It is *completely* safe.

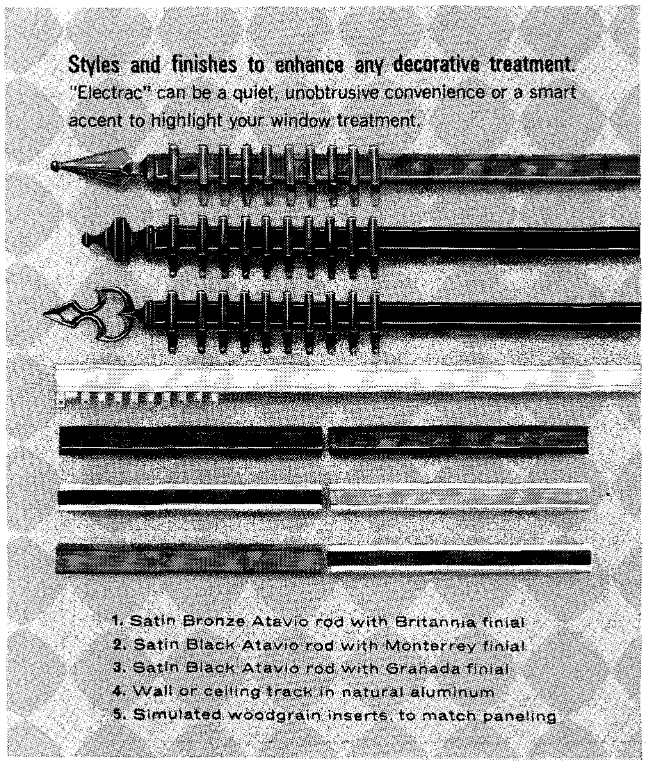


Now you can press a bedside switch and let "Electrac" show you what the day is like. No need to get up! Or, from one convenient location, you can control the draperies for a single window or any combination of windows—including varying widths. "Electrac" permits never-before-possible control of complex drapery systems.

Kirsch
DRAPERY HARDWARE

For windows people care about

And its superb convenience is a perfect complement to its decorative beauty and versatility.



Styles and finishes to enhance any decorative treatment. "Electrac" can be a quiet, unobtrusive convenience or a smart accent to highlight your window treatment.

1. Satin Bronze Atavio rod with Britannia finial
2. Satin Black Atavio rod with Monterrey finial
3. Satin Black Atavio rod with Granada finial
4. Wall or ceiling track in natural aluminum
5. Simulated woodgrain inserts, to match paneling

"Electrac" will amaze you—delightfully. Costs so little more for so much convenience. (Prices start at approximately $58.00 for a six-foot set.) Use the coupon below to bring you all the facts about this great new drapery convenience.

Kirsch Company, Dept. BR-468, Sturgis, Michigan 49091
Please rush full information about your astonishing new "Electrac" traverse rods.

Name______________________________
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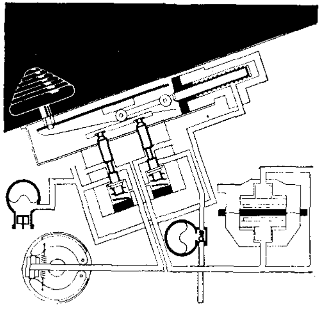
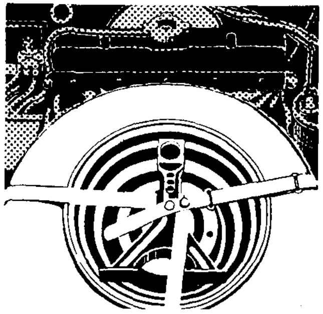
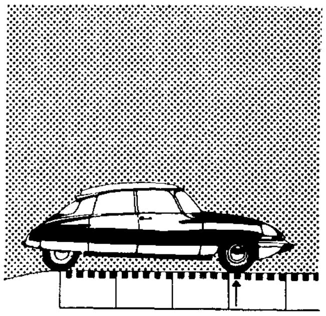
These are 12 important safety details. There are more than 50 of them in a Citroën. Some you may never see (or need). They all work together. This is Citroën's Total Safety Concept



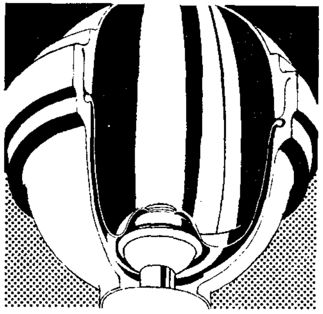
This is a brake pressure distributor. It is part of Citroën's dual circuit braking system. All variations in loading automatically adjust the braking pressure between front and rear wheels. Rear wheel locking is eliminated.



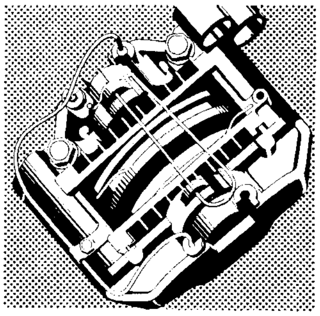
This is the spare wheel in a Citroën. It is stowed forward of the engine, under the hood. Together with the front section of the chassis and the bumper it acts as an additional shock-absorbing element in the event of a head-on collision.



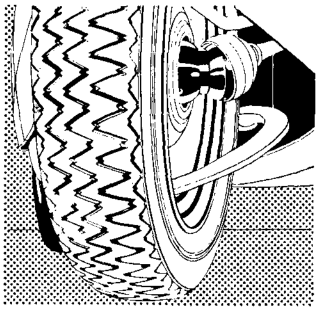
This is the Citroën wheelbase. 123" long. It is the world's longest wheelbase compared to overall length of the car (190"). It increases stability, gives a smoother ride. Road holding is improved, too, with less body overhang.



This is a suspension spring. A hydropneumatic spring in Citroën's exclusive suspension system. In each of 4 spheres, the interplay between a fluid and a gas provides superior roadholding and comfort over all road conditions.

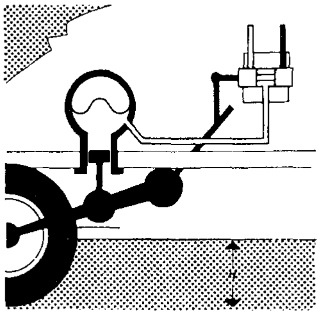


This is a Citroën disc brake which is mounted inboard to the front wheels (where the load is greatest). Disc brakes are better cooled and do not fade. In 1955, Citroën was the first to fit disc brakes on production cars.

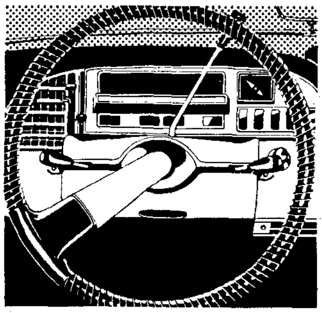


This wheel is exclusive with Citroën. Its steering axis meets the ground at the point of tire contact. Thus any unevenness of the ground, badly adjusted brakes or front tire blow-out have no effect on the steering control.

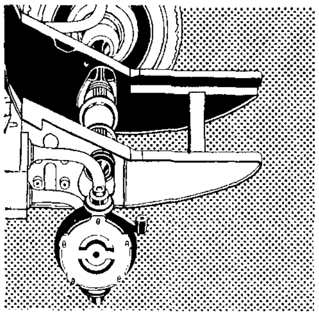
This is the Citroën shape. Another safety detail: it offers the lowest coefficient of air resistance of any production car for high speed stability and better fuel economy. The full length body underpan is even curved to reduce air "lift." In a Citroën safety is far more than a matter of detail. It is a matter of total concept in which comfort, safety and speed are constantly coordinated. That's why Citroën is one of the safest cars in the world, and one of the world's greatest road cars. A test drive will prove it.



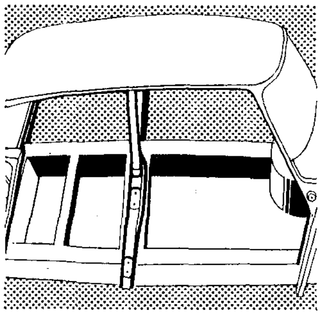
This is the Citroën automatic height corrector. It reacts to any variation of loading maintaining normal ground clearance regardless of weight distribution. Ground clearance can be adjusted manually from 6½" to 10" for driving over any terrain.



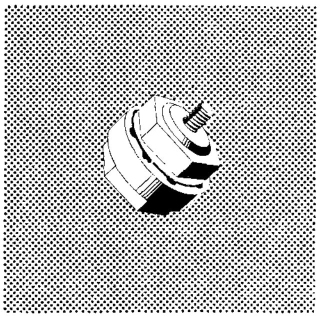
This is the Citroën "No Spoke" steering wheel. It is called the safety steering wheel. In the event of a head-on collision, it collapses, and the driver slides over the curved spoke. Injury is minimized. On Citroëns since 1955.



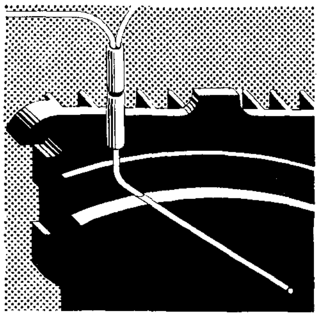
This is the Citroën front axle assembly. In a front wheel drive vehicle (pioneered by Citroën in 1934) the front wheels both drive and steer the car, thus increasing traction, cornering ability, and directional stability.



This is the Citroën chassis. The box platform design is based on aircraft construction principles. Rigid side members protect passengers from lateral impact. Energy absorbing front and rear sections minimize collision impact.



This is a shock absorber. It is the Citroën hydropneumatic suspension shock absorber fitted between the suspension sphere and cylinder. Shocks are absorbed by lamination of the fluid flowing through calibrated holes.



This is a Citroën brake lining pad fitted on the DS-21 which is moulded in the lining. It incorporates an electrical wire. When a certain degree of wear is reached, it activates a warning light on the dashboard. A Citroën exclusive.

Sales and Service throughout the U.S.A. Check the Yellow Pages. For National Dealer List and free brochures: "50 Safety Features," "Factory Direct European Delivery," write: Citroen Cars Corporation, East: 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. West: 8423 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90211

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THE EQUITABLE

Wife Overboard!

Is this any way to hold a business meeting? You bet it is! Bringing the wives along to the Marriott is one sure way to make any convention or meeting a splashing success.

While the men are diving into the work, the ladies can loll around the pool, shop and relax in the resort-like atmosphere. Later, you'll share delectable meals prepared by chefs who can dazzle the most competent of home cookers . . . and a quiet, comfort-conditioned sleeping room.

Every day is ladies' day at the Marriott Motor Hotels. Last one into the pool's a young maid.

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Wrinkle Stick

Its rich emollients glide easily, invisibly over make-up, melting right into the skin to soften expression lines. Slim as a lipstick, always at hand for fast, convenient application many times a day.

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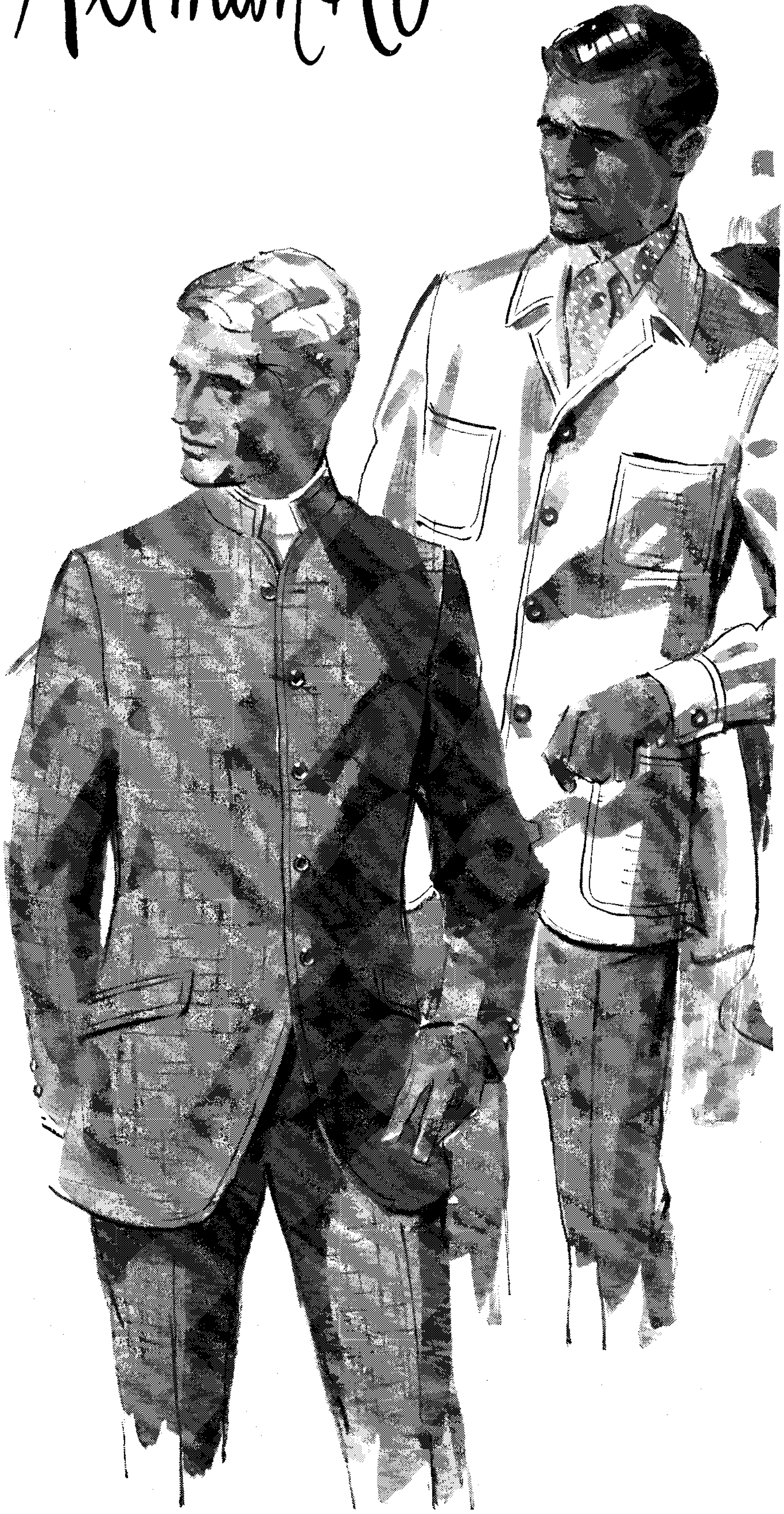


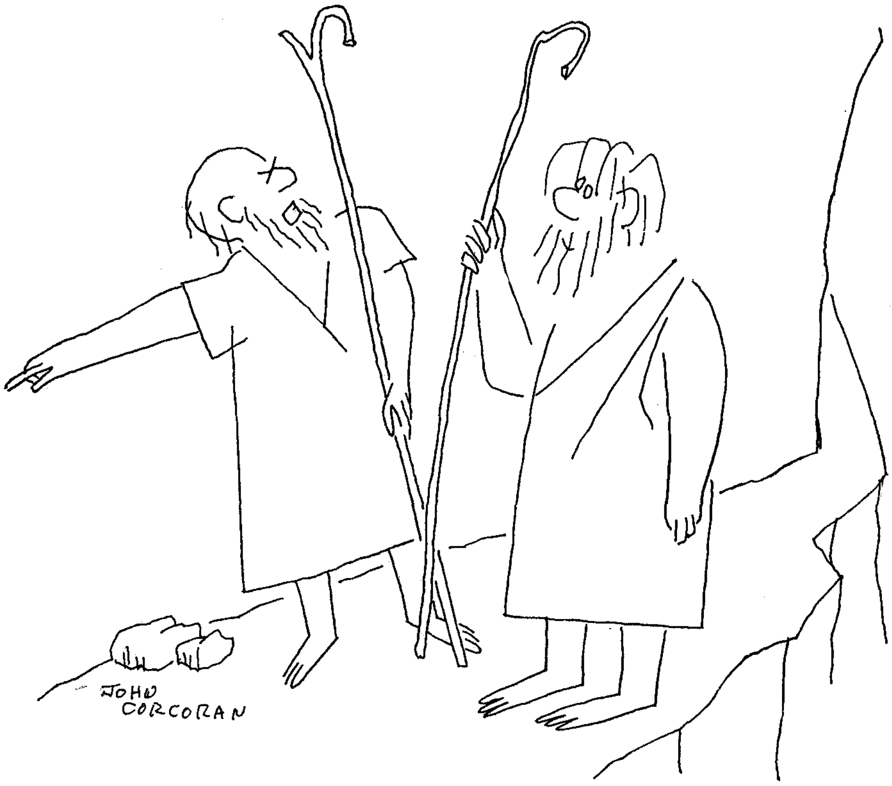
Before you buy another sports jacket… consider these alternatives. This Punjab suit by Simonetta for example, this leisure coat by Vera Maxwell for certain. Both are more dramatic, more fun to wear than anything you've ever owned. You'll find them in The Men's Club on our main floor surrounded by other sartorial splendors in wonderful fabrics of Celanese® fibers…for islands, beaches and country clubs, for poolside and patio…in a new collection that includes designs by Belinda Bellville, Castillo, Emilio Pucci, Scaasi, Lapidus, Litrico and Venet. The Punjab suit is of Fortrel® polyester and rayon, with the look of linen, olive/tan; also mid blue hopsacking or yellow/white cavalry twill of Arnel® triacetate and rayon. 75.00. The leisure coat is of Fortrel® polyester/rayon and linen, in beige, with shirt sleeve cuff. 75.00. The Men's Club,™ main floor, B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have just received another communication from our friend the long-winded lady, who writes: "I saw a little boy on the street today, and he cried so eloquently that I will never forget him. He was going down the subway steps into the station at Seventy-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue. There is a big flower shop on the corner there, and its window overlooks the steps. The window was filled high with spring flowers today, a calm and silent conflagration behind the glass, and across the middle of the glass, like skywriting, a single line of red neon spelled out 'Dana's Flower Shop.' On this gray day, the flowers in the window glowed, but the red of the neon sign was both raw and suffused—the color of pressure, if we could see pressure. The little boy who cried was six or seven years old, and he was bundled up too tightly in heavy clothes. He wore his dark winter clothes, although we were having one of those damp, irresolute days that turn with the wind from mild to chilly. The boy was carrying a schoolbag, a kind of fat briefcase, and it banged against his legs as he came along Lexington toward the subway entrance—partly through his own fault, because he was running from side to side behind his mother, peering up at her, trying to find which side gave him a better view of her face. He wanted to be sure she heard his scolding. His voice went on and on. He had an enormous amount of energy in his voice—hard energy. She was carrying two shopping bags and a large handbag and a large, square parcel, which she held high against her chest. The parcel forced her chin up. The child hadn't a chance of seeing her face, and, in any case, her expression said that all she was thinking of was when she would get a chance to sit down. She was young and fat and walking very fast, with her black raincoat swinging open. The little boy and his schoolbag tumbled around behind her as though they were attached to the back of her coat collar by elastic string. There was another child, a boy of about nine, who strode beside the mother in independence, carrying a bigger schoolbag in one hand and a loaded shopping bag in the other. I first saw the three of them as they approached Dana's doorway, which is only a step from the subway entrance. As they passed the doorway, the little boy stopped harrying his mother and began harrying his brother, who glanced absently at him, as if he were a chair, and got him out of the way with a good push of the big schoolbag. The little boy stopped scolding and ran back to his mother to demand justice. She had turned the corner by the flower shop, and, very carefully, she started down the steps. She was concentrating on keeping her balance, and her attention was farther than ever from her younger son. The older boy had slipped ahead of his mother and run down the steps, and he was waiting at the bottom, not looking up but looking away into the station. The smaller boy, following his mother, put his right hand up to the handrail to steady himself, and so had to change his schoolbag from his right hand to his left. When he realized that both his hands were now held, one by the rail and the other by the schoolbag, he stood still on the step and gathered his strength and began to denounce his mother while continuing to try to explain to her that his brother had pushed him. But the anger that had been churning around inside him while he was in motion must have gained in power when he stopped moving, because all his words turned into gasps that imprisoned him so that he could cry only two sounds—or, rather, two notes on one sound. The sound was 'Aaaaaaaah!' and the notes were of denunciation and reproach. Denunciation was the hard note and reproach was the pitiful minor note. While he continued to cry with all his strength, his face turned a solid pale red that was closer in color and feeling to Dana's neon sign than it was to any of the flowers in the window. The two notes continued like a lament. It was a lament. The little boy was singing on two notes. There was no end to his grief. He was completely betrayed, his song said, and it continued even after he began to climb slowly down the steps to his mother, who was calling desperately to him from below. His lament went on and on, growing fainter but remaining unmistakable as he descended. He might have been the last bird in the world, except that if he had been the last bird



"The village you seek is below—and my name isn't Mac."

• •

there would have been no one to hear him."

•

AN advertisement for a speed-reading course appeared in a recent issue of *Today*, the Philadelphia *Inquirer's* magazine, under the heading "Stop Reading Like They Did 100 Years Ago." The same ad appeared the same day in the New York *Times Magazine* under the heading "Stop Reading As They Did 100 Years Ago."

Heckscher Hike

ONE of these recent fine spring Sundays, we joined about three hundred hikers on a tour of Van Cortlandt Park. The hike, which was led by August Heckscher, the Commissioner of Parks, was billed as Heckscher Hikes No. 1 and was the first in what promises to be a long series of treks into the wilds of the city. (The next one will come May 25th, when the Commissioner is scheduled to lead hikers around Alley Park, in Queens.) Van Cortlandt Park, which isn't as wild as it ought to be, because it is traversed by three highways—the Major Deegan Expressway, the Henry Hudson Parkway, and the Mosholu Parkway Extension—occupies most of a broad valley between the heights of Riverdale and an extension of the Fordham Hills. A narrow stream, Tibbetts Brook, winds down the center of the valley, coursing through swamps and a lake and then disappearing suddenly into an underground conduit. Van Cortlandt Park never saw the sculpturing hands of Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux, the two nineteenth-century landscape architects who modelled Central Park and Prospect Park from the bare earth. Most of the land devoted to it—a rough rectangle of over eleven hundred acres—is hilly, but George Washington once used part of it for a parade ground; today the flat spaces have mostly become playing fields and golf courses. The park, having already been cut into six almost inaccessible sections by the highways, is further subdivided by a number of high, rusty chain-link fences, surrounding the highways, the swamps, the golf courses, and even a small railroad line. The only way to get around in the park is to crawl through dozens of holes cut in the fences; it is as if the park were a battlefield, which part of it was during the Revolution. In spite of all the obstacles, the park's neighbors think as highly of it as people in Manhattan do of Central Park. One lady hiker took a pair of stout shears along. "Maybe we can make the holes a little bigger," she said.

The hikers gathered in the front garden of the Van Cortlandt Mansion, a handsome Colonial house of fieldstone inside the park near 242nd Street and Broadway. Small stone faces—gargoyles meant to fend off untoward events—frowned at them forbiddingly from above the windows. They didn't go away but stood their ground, patiently waiting for Commissioner Heckscher to muster them. There were men in red hunting jackets, women in stout walking shoes, and youngsters with knapsacks flopping on their backs. As for the Commissioner, he appeared wearing an elegant long gray coat with a fur collar. This would not be the first time we had gone exploring with a Heckscher, for last summer we toured Central Park with the Commissioner's son Philip, and, accordingly, while we waited, we asked the Commissioner for news of Philip, who resembles him closely. Both are tall and thin and talk fast, with a vaguely British accent. We learned that Philip is at the Woodrow Wilson School, in Princeton, studying political science.

At last, the Commissioner bellowed through a megaphone "All right, let's go!" and led the way around the back of the Van Cortlandt Mansion and out into a flat field. He walked with long strides, and we were soon at the end of the line, where we fell in with a tall, handsome man named Dr. Theodore Kazimiroff. The Doctor said that the Commissioner reminded him of a Bronx naturalist, J. Otis Swift, who for many years used to walk through Van Cortlandt Park backward, lecturing groups through a megaphone. "Swift must have walked many thousands of miles backward," Dr. Kazimiroff said admiringly. The Commissioner, halfway across the field and still stepping out briskly, showed no sign of emulating the late naturalist. Dr. Kazimiroff told us that as he passed the kitchen door of the Van Cortlandt house he had picked up from the grass a bit of green glass, and he identified it for us as a fragment of a Colonial rum bottle. Dr. Kazimiroff proved to be the official historian of Bronx County and, consequently, a mine of information about Van Cortlandt Park. It had belonged to the Wickquaeskeek Indians, he said, who had used the flat bottomlands that we were walking across as their planting ground. In 1653, the land was bought from the Indians by Adriaen Van der Donck, the first lawyer in New Amsterdam. He drew up a will bequeathing the property to his wife, who, in turn, deeded it to her brother, the Reverend Elias Doughty, from Long Island, and thereafter the property passed through the hands of a series of owners called Hadden, Betts, Tippett (for whom the brook, with a change of consonants, was named), and Philipse until 1699, when the Van Cortlandts took over the property, a Van Cortlandt having married a Philipse. The Van Cortlandts built a gristmill, which became the center of a prosperous farming community, and in 1748 the family, having prospered with the community, built the Mansion. It is the only house in the Bronx that George Washington slept in.

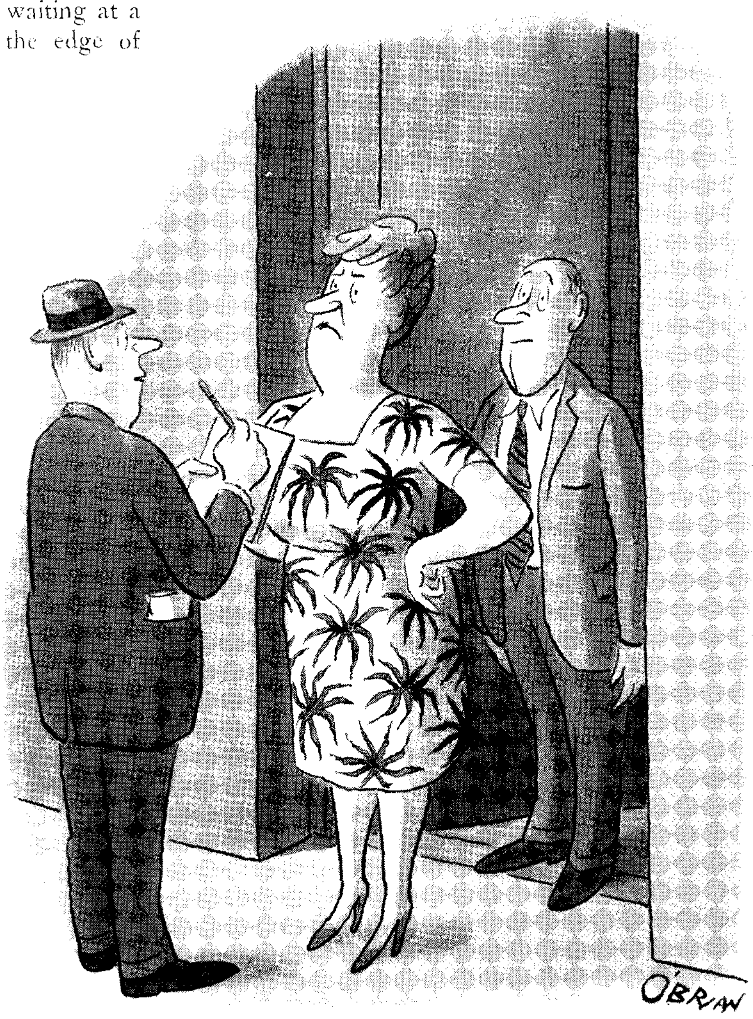
The hikers had fanned out across the field behind the Commissioner. We spotted the familiar, bewhiskered face of our friend Richard Edes Harrison, the artist and cartographer and conservationist. Harrison said he had made the official map of Van Cortlandt Park that the Commissioner was using to lead the walk; he had come along himself to see that nobody went astray, and to help out with some lecturing, if it should be needed. Farther on, we came upon Mrs. Heckscher, a lovely-looking woman in a green raincoat and a leopard-skin hat, who was alternately towing and being towed by a small, aggressive brown terrier. Its name, she said, with a trace of a French accent (she was born in Strasbourg), was Moustique. With a sudden lunge, Moustique towed Mrs. Heckscher straight up to Mr. Heckscher, who was waiting at a small wooden bridge by the edge of a swamp. The Commissioner looked fidgety as the crowd gathered around him and waited for him to say something. Then he saw Mr. Harrison, and relaxed. In an urgent whisper, he said to Harrison, "Are you going to say anything about the swamp? They all want you to say something about the swamp."

Standing on the little bridge, Harrison, who, we recalled, had once told us that swamps were nature's lawns, because they were among the few open spaces in the wilds, said that this swamp was full of wildlife, notably marsh wrens, flycatchers, woodcock, and, occasionally, snipe. "There would be more wildlife, except for the fact that the Parks Department filled in most of the swamp years ago for a golf course," he went on, looking pointedly at the Commissioner, who thereupon gave his word that the Parks Department had no further designs on nature's lawns.

We joined a small group of hikers who followed Dr. Kazimiroff through a jagged hole in a fence and into the swamp, where he pointed out a group of alders, partly underwater, with leafy catkins on them—sure signs of spring, he said. He also pointed out a robin on a distant willow. He talked of raccoons, opossums, and painted turtles to be found in the swamp in summer, and then led the group through a jagged hole in another fence and eventually out onto a railroad track, where the Commissioner was waiting with the rest of the hikers. The hikers, their soggy feet squelching on the railroad ties, walked north on the track, where, Mr. Heckscher assured them, no trains would be running, because it was Sunday. Soon he turned off the railroad track and clambered through a hole in yet another fence and onto the golf course. He consulted Mr. Harrison's map briefly, and then turned to follow Moustique, who was bounding down the fairway like a golf ball. We waited for Dr. Kazimiroff, who had promised to continue his history of Van Cortlandt Park. Across the fairway from us was a thickly wooded knoll, which, Dr. Kazimiroff said, was known as Indian Hill and had been the site of a battle during the Revolution. A Briton, Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, who had taken the Van Cortlandt house as his headquarters, had dislodged a group of Stockbridge Indians, who were friendly to the colonists, from the hill and chased them into the swamp, where they hid behind the alders and willows until the British retired.

Ahead, a bunch of hikers had stopped in some confusion and were spreading out along a fence to look for a hole that was supposed to be there. The Commissioner, who was standing nearby with Moustique at his feet, was clearly lost. He was consulting Harrison's map to find the way to a path, halfway up Indian Hill, that led along an old aqueduct. Then he consulted Harrison himself, who said that the Commissioner had led the hikers to the wrong end of the fairway. Retracing our steps, we fell in alongside Harrison, whom we decided to stay near until we were safely back at the Van Cortlandt Mansion. At length, Heckscher came to the proper hole in the fence. (The hikers crawled through nine holes before the day was over.) As we clambered up the wooded hillside, an English lady who lives near the park said, "The park has been magnificently neglected, which is why naturalists love it so. It is nature in the raw." Just then a forty-foot elm crashed to the ground directly in front of her. "My goodness!" she said.

At last, the Commissioner turned onto the path on top of the aqueduct. The aqueduct, an underground pipe, once carried water from the Croton Reservoir to the city, but it is no longer in use. It crosses the Harlem River on a stone bridge that looks like



"And that, I take it, goes double."

the Pont du Gard, near Nîmes. Like the high-arching stone bridge, all the other structures connected with the aqueduct are Roman in design. There is a movement under way, Harrison told us, to turn the old pipeline into a trail, leading from Manhattan, across the bridge, through the Bronx, and on up into Westchester to Croton, where the aqueduct trail would connect with the Appalachian Trail, a system of paths running down the Appalachian Mountains from Maine to Georgia. "At the moment, it is almost impossible for a hiker to walk out of Manhattan, but on the aqueduct a hiker could leave the city and go anywhere he wanted," Harrison said.

The gravelly, muddy path was straight and level. Harrison, a fast walker, was in the lead now, trudging relentlessly onward, as though he wanted to march the hikers to Croton, but long before that—before he left the boundaries of the park, in fact—he turned off the aqueduct, crashed down through the woods, and came out at the fence that encloses the golf course, leaving Heckscher and most of the hikers far behind. Harrison, with a few followers, struck out across the flat valley, his stout boots—he had bought them years ago at a store on Third Avenue, he said—kicking up bits of turf. After crossing the Mosholu Parkway, he led his small group up a steep hill at the opposite side of the valley and, after a scramble toward the summit, sat down for a rest on an outcropping of rock. Below, playing fields and fairways swept grandly to the south, toward Washington Heights. The Van Cortlandt Mansion was just below. Harrison pointed out the Empire State Building, far to the south. Below, the highways were cutting great gashes across the park. The Commissioner to the contrary, a small freight train crawled north along the railroad track. About twenty boys were running behind the train, trying to catch the caboose. "Look! Someone's climbing aboard!" a boy sitting next to Harrison said. The lad, who had straight blond hair, said he had often done the same thing himself. The trick was to jump off again quickly, because the train picked up speed soon and one might wind up in Yonkers. In the middle distance, a trickle of walkers, the rest of the Heckscher Hikers, stretched outside the fairway. The Commissioner appeared to be in the lead. "Hey, they're going the wrong way!" Harrison said suddenly, and he stood up and hallooed loudly. Far off, the long, scraggly line of marchers stopped and then turned back on itself.

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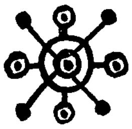
OUR ears recently tuned in on two miniskirts riding a Madison Avenue bus.

MINISKIRT No. 1: Did you see the eclipse of the moon?

MINISKIRT No. 2: What channel?

DMZ

THE sign outside Forlini's Restaurant, at Broadway and 111th Street, still reads "Sukiyaki House," although the proprietor, Andy Forlini, hasn't served any Japanese food since last year. Last month, he made another drastic policy change: he closed the discothèque that he had had in his back room. Forlini had been proud of his discothèque (it was one of the oldest in the city, and certainly the first to feature sukiyaki), but it had begun to attract what he describes as a "bad element," and he was already on the lookout for something to replace it when an assistant professor from Columbia University dropped in one evening and asked him, over the roar of an amplified bougouloo, whether he had ever considered having a "political cabaret." The assistant professor was Isaiah Sheffer, who teaches in the theatre-arts division of Columbia's School of the Arts; he and Eric Bentley, the critic and Brecht authority, who is a professor of dramatic literature at Columbia, had spent the better part of a year searching for a suitable place to stage a continuing program of radical satire in the European cabaret tradition. Now there was a meeting of minds. Sheffer and Bentley liked the location and physical layout of Forlini's; Forlini thought that radical satire might be just the thing to attract a nice university crowd. On March 26th, the new cabaret, named the DMZ, opened for business in the back room.



"Our original idea was to do an Off Broadway show of political and social satire," Mr. Sheffer told us the other evening, when we took a ride uptown to see how the venture was progressing. "But as Bentley and I talked about it, we decided that we really preferred to try for something more permanent." The DMZ presents two shows nightly, except Monday, at nine and eleven o'clock; tickets are sold at a small booth in Forlini's front room, which is still basically a neighborhood tavern, with a mixed—university and non-university—clientele. "We wanted to avoid the hit-or-flop syndrome of the New York theatre," Sheffer explained. "And we thought we could work better within the economics of a tavern, where people can come and drink beer and eat a slice of pizza and approach the show in a relaxed mood." Forlini's back room, which can seat sixty-eight people at tiny Formica-topped tables, was beginning to fill up for the nine-o'clock show. Each table had been provided with a mimeographed program and a handwritten menu. The program listed such items as "Pacifism" and "The Latest News from Overseas" (two skits by Jules Feiffer), and "Legend of the Dead Soldier" (music by Arnold Black, words by Bertolt Brecht, translated by Eric Bentley). The menu listed such items as Pizza Slice (.30), Hamburger (.75), and Sausage Hero (.85).

Sheffer, who is thirty-two years old and wears a neatly trimmed red beard, said that the DMZ was conceived as an outlet for writers and composers, and that none of the material was "improvisatory." As the producer and director, he works several afternoons a week with the three members of the cast—Josephine Lemmo, James Antonio, and Tony Harrison—and the pianist, Bruce Kirle, polishing old numbers and rehearsing new ones. "We try to have about fifteen minutes of new material each week. The big problem is finding good up-to-date songs, poems, and skits. Of course, we hope to stimulate new interest in the genre. About half the present show was written specially for us. We're still experimenting with the chemistry of cabaret—the relation of performer to audience, the chance for interplay, the sense of participation." Sheffer said that the idea of getting political cabaret "out of history, out of the Berlin cafés of the twenties, and into New York City in the spring of 1968" was just as exciting, potentially, as the recent experiments in Guerrilla Theatre and the Theatre of the Streets, which lean toward direct confrontation with the Establishment through such actions as anti-Vietnam mime shows in Times Square during the rush hour. "I'm wary of faddism in the theatre, of novelty for novelty's sake," he went on. "Besides, as someone who has had more experience with beer than with psychedelic drugs, I can work better in this atmosphere. My whole concept is based on the idea that people like to drink. Good God, don't people drink anymore?" He looked around the room, which was nearly full now. The array of half-empty beer steins on most of the tables seemed to be answer enough.

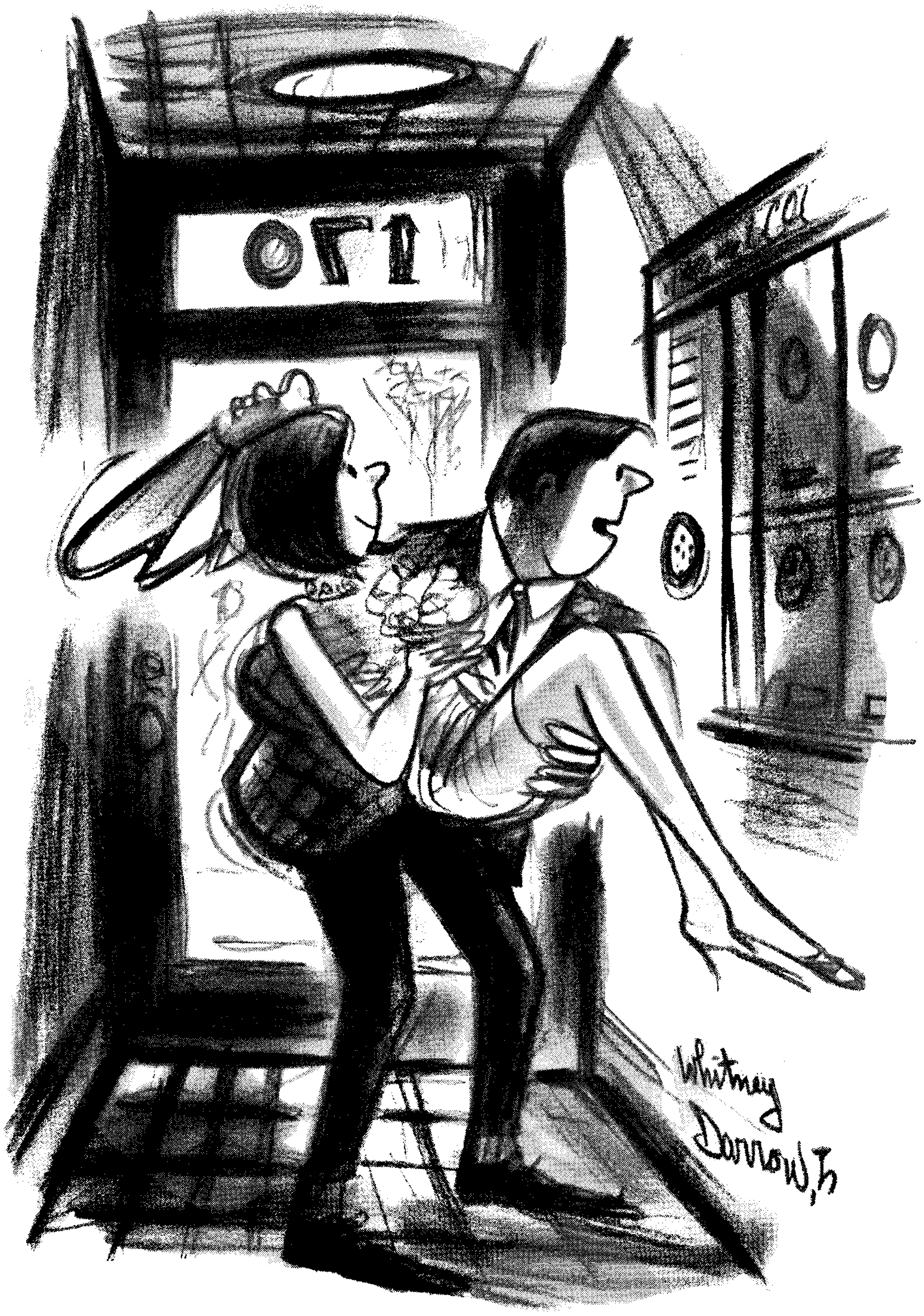
A moment later, we were joined at our table by Mr. Bentley, who wears a neatly trimmed black beard and looks much younger than his age, which is fifty-one. "People have some strange ideas about satire," he said. "We have a song in the show attacking the Policemen's Benevolent Association, so Isaiah received a *pro*-P.B.A. song from someone who thought we ought to grant equal time to the other side. We don't operate on that assumption. Satire is something *against* something, it's comment with a point of view. It's hard enough to get a minority view like ours heard at all."

Bentley described his own political position as "not necessarily within the present party system." At the moment, he is sympathetic to Senator Eugene McCarthy's candidacy—"We had a skit with a joke that implied McCarthy was a dishonest man; I don't believe that, so I took it out"—and in favor of immediate American withdrawal from Vietnam. After President Johnson's address to the nation, Bentley said, some of the material dealing with the President and the war was removed from the show. "We're waiting now to form an opinion of what he's doing in Vietnam. If we don't like what we see, we'll sit on him again." Bentley smiled. "We're slightly realistic. We don't expect to change the world. We're aware that most satire is addressed to people who already agree with the satirist. But we can help consolidate opinion, get people to think issues through more clearly. One thing about being in a cabaret instead of a theatre is that we're more likely to get people here who aren't fully in sympathy with our views. We had one person who got very upset about the things we were saying. He was worried about what the boys in Vietnam would think, and he expressed his disapproval out loud. But he got used to us, and on second thought he decided that we weren't really subversive. Actually, I'm not sure that's good."

Sheffer nodded vigorously. "If anything, we're not incendiary, not savage enough yet," he said.

The lights dimmed, and the show began, with a song called "Any Complaints?" (music by Richard Peaslee, words by Adrian Mitchell and Eric Bentley), a witty put-down of what might be called modern Candidism—the tendency to assume that all is for the best as long as everyone is doing his thing. One verse, written by Bentley, goes, "Every night we sing and recite, / urging people to rebel; / they don't do it, they eschew it, / but we like to sing and act, / so what the hell! / What's wrong with that? / What's wrong with that? / That's what we always wanted to do; / if it makes you happy and it keeps you happy, / that's all that should matter to you." The rest of the numbers scourged such targets as smug liberalism, superpatriotism, war, injustice, and bigotry, in a variety of styles, ranging from the understated monologues and dialogues of Feiffer, through the packed poetic diction of Robert Lowell, to the post-Brechtian rhetoric of Wolf Biermann, an East German balladeer currently in trouble with his government. One Biermann song, "Do Not Wait for Better Times," was dedicated by the cast to the memory of Martin Luther King, Jr.

The audience, which was largely academic, mostly over twenty-five, and thoroughly genteel, laughed knowingly at all the political allusions and applauded enthusiastically at the end of the show. We asked Mr. Forlini for his opinion. He said that he agreed with some of the views expressed ("I don't think we should be in Vietnam") and disagreed with others, but that in general he was quite pleased with the cabaret setup. "People seem to like it, and if it's good for business, it's fine with me."



"*Buzz the door, will you, Mom? My hands are full.*"

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

SHORTLY before my mother died, a friend came up to me on the street and said she had been horrified by something my mother told her. (My friend is a lapsed Catholic and very shockable in reverse; it is religious conceptions, and not the lack of them, that offend her.) What my mother had said was that she found the developments of the space age profoundly distressing, since they demonstrated to her incontrovertibly that Heaven was not out there, hence that my father could not be in it, hence that she would not meet him there, as she had always hoped to do.

One reason this confession shocked my friend may have been that my mother always looked so urbane and sophisticated that people couldn't grasp her special brand of innocence. She looked like a great lady who has been everywhere and done everything, who knows everything, and whom nothing can shock. Actually, she was often shocked. She cancelled her subscription to *Life* on account of what she considered its salacious photographs. When I was young, one of my many attempts at reforming her used to consist in telling her about any friends of mine who strayed from the paths of virtue. I hoped by this means to accustom her to the modern world.

But she would only flush. "How disgusting!" she exclaimed.

Much later it dawned on me that nevertheless she never turned against anybody whose behavior had thus offended her. At the time, this only seemed to me an evidence of inconsistency.

"If you thought Daphne was so awful going off to Barbados, what are you being so nice to her for?" I said to her after a party.

"But I'm fond of Daphne," she said, puzzled.

For the most part, she would not recognize the possibility of error in those whom she admired. Men who were gentle and feminine, for instance, she considered merely sensitive—the way a man ought to be. If, in my passion for her enlightenment, I suggested anything other, she would repulse the suggestion.

"I don't believe it," she would say. "There couldn't be anything so disgusting."

Above all, she held my father and my father's family perfect. I always knew she loved and revered them, but I didn't really take in the extent of what she felt until near the end of her life.

"It must have been awfully hard on Papa, being his father's son," I happened to say. (My grandfather was Edward Everett Hale.)

"Yes, having a famous father *is* hard on the children," she said.

"But I mean Grandpa was so dominating. It seems to me he wanted to be Jehovah and have everybody else do what he wanted. Look how exhausted Grandmamma was."

My mother cried out. When she cried out, you could see how heroines in novels of the last century had been intended to look. Her lovely face flushed, her eyes looked stricken, and her hands flew up like birds from whatever they were doing. "You never knew your grandfather or you couldn't say anything so dreadfully untrue!"

"He must have had *some* faults," I insisted. "Everybody has faults."

"Your grandfather didn't," she said positively. "Or your grandmother. Neither did your Aunt Nelly. The Hales didn't have any faults."

In actual cases of lesser, peccant humanity, my mother was gentle and forgiving. The first person ever deputed to take me walking, for instance, was—not a nurse, of course, in our impoverished artist's family, but a ravishing, subtly beautiful girl, during rest periods in posing for my mother. This was Carrie, a Boston artists' model. Her beauty was recherché: coppery, clinging hair, naughty eyes, bee-stung upper lip, tiptilted nose. My recollection of her is of a wild and lively spirit walking beside me up Sandy Valley Road, who called the stones in the road dragon's teeth, and led me into a deep-green, flower-starred clearing in the woods and named it the secret garden.

Carrie's presence in the house where I grew up was the last holdover from my parents' life in their Boston studio, before their decision to bring up their expected child—me—in the country. My childhood was enlivened by renditions of the music-hall songs and the Yiddish or Irish jokes that she used to sing and tell them while posing in the old days. My father used to say that if someone took her to an opera or a musical comedy, she would come to the studio next day and sing the whole score. He said she might have sung professionally, only she could never afford the training.

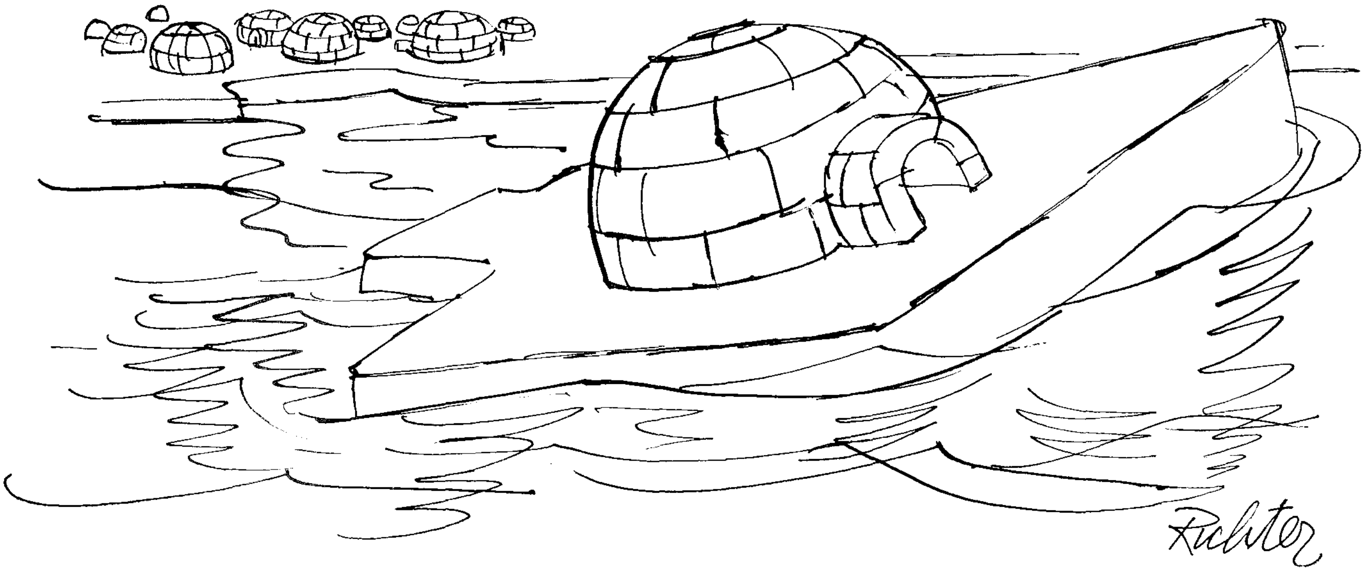
When my mother moved her studio to the country, such was their old attachment that for several years Carrie used to come all the way out from town to pose for her. It meant half an hour's train trip, and a mile walk from the station. Then, when I was about six, she disappeared from our lives. I was told she got fat. Even to a child it seemed incredible—that wildwood creature! Years later, when I was grown up, I learned why she got fat and of the ensuing responsibilities that stopped her posing.

My mother told me about it in a tentative, deprecatory way. "Poor Carrie," she said. "She couldn't withstand that dreadful man." Carrie's fate seemed to cause no conflict in my mother's mind, however, with the principle she held—that it was disgusting to think there was ever anything questionable about artists' models. Models were wonderful, she said—high-spirited girls with the gumption to make their own living.

And I remember her showing me, with a serious, exalted expression, a reproduction of Ingres's "La Source," and impressing upon me that the nude is something beautiful, pure, and essential to art. It was evident from the way she spoke that other people thought otherwise. Other people meant laymen. In the world I grew up in, laymen represented the devil. There was the world—wide, ravishing, and infinitely paintable; there were the artists, who painted the world in all its beauty and no more saw evil in it than a child would; and then there were laymen. The sniggering, the smutty jokes, the innuendoes about artists' models and the nude all came from laymen. Laymen as a class not only didn't know anything about art but didn't want to—they scorned art.

Since art was highest on the scale of all existing values, the idea that anybody could look down on it, however mistakenly, made another convolution in the complicated balancing act that, as the child of artists, I had to perform.

Five mornings a week, my father and I went down to the village after breakfast, he to the station and



"If it didn't sound so crazy, I'd say I was seasick."

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I to school, and as I walked along beside him he used to tell me stories of his Paris days. His own father, a Unitarian minister, did not stretch liberalism so far as to underwrite the education in painting of this only son of his not to go to Harvard. Once my father made the decision to go to Paris, he was left to his own devices. He supported himself there almost wholly by copying Old Masters; it brought a certain income from tourists who wanted to take a picture home from Europe without paying very much for it. He stayed a long time in Paris. A photograph of him at that time shows him lounging sidewise in a chair; his head is thrown back dashingly, but his eyes are anxious. He must have felt he *had* to be a success, after staking his judgment against the Jovian one. When he came back to America, about 1895, a show of his paintings at Durand-Ruel's caused a sensation with their pure Impressionism. He never followed up his New York success, however. He went back to Boston.

I loved his evocations of a life, carefree in its poverty-strickenness, among the camaraderie of the ateliers, the cafés, the hole-in-the-wall lodgings of the Left Bank. My father lived with two friends, in the Rue des Saints-Pères, in a garret reached by a ladder nailed against the wall, up which he professed to have been able to climb carrying a lighted lamp and a pitcher of water. "Philippe!" one of his friends would roar. "*Voulez-vous apporter moi l'eau chaud ou voulez-vous nong?*" Since my father was in Paris during the eighties and nineties, those stories of his were much like the life in "Trilby" and "La Bohème." When I got older and read the du Maurier book and heard the opera, it was with an almost personal nostalgia. "O soave fanciulla" brought back a life of youth and courage, at one remove from my own, it is true, but such a slight remove as to be the merest tissue: the distinction between my father and myself.

I knew, although I was a child, or perhaps because I was a child, that there was something naughty about that life that was delightful too. My father often told me stories that needed some explanation. Sometimes it was only the French that needed explaining. In a song that he said was a favorite with the students,

La peinture à l'huile
C'est bien difficile,
Mais c'est bien plus beau
Que la peinture à l'eau,

"*peinture*," a feminine noun, really required the adjective "*belle*" in the third line, but did not get it because of the rhyme. Years later, I came upon the old, ungrammatical student song in Jean Renoir's book about his father.

Quite another type of explanation was required by a song like

Connaissez-vous la rosière,
La rosière de chez nous?
De trois bimbims elle est mère,
La rosière;
Elle n'a jamais un époux,
La rosière de chez nous.

Here the joke was that although "*rosière*" meant the village virgin, the virgin of our village was different from most, what with three little bastards.

When my father sang those songs, told those stories walking down the hill in the morning, his face lit up with laughter and his eyes sparkled. I had the strong feeling that he was poised for flight. At any moment he might take off, leave my mother and me for that life I imagined on the other side of the world. But then he would look down at me and say, "Don't you think so, old girl?" and I knew he was staying. Each time it was a fresh relief.

At the same time, I was well aware that my father would do anything I wanted. Once as we were walking along I was taken by a wild flower—a cardinal flower growing in a bog on the other side of the fence—and my father, in his clothes for going to town and his hard straw hat, lay down on his stomach on the tar sidewalk, reached under the fence, and got it for me.

From other stories, heard with a half of my mind that was ignorant of the jokes, I knew my father had been an exemplary son, not only to his celebrated and overwhelming father but to his mother. My mother told me once with pride that when my father went out into the world he promised his mother he would keep himself pure for his future wife. In the same compartment as this information were stories of my father's growing up in a minister's household in Roxbury, even then turning into a slum. Nice little boys wore plaid skirts, something like kilts, till they were quite big. There is a photograph of my father, aged about six, dressed in such a skirt, with blond curls and a look of deep, brooding sadness in his eyes. That must have been about when he was tormented by the little tough boys of Roxbury, who used to call "Hello, sis!" when he came out. After years of begging his mother to let him start wearing breeches he was finally given a pair, and in them marched proudly out into the street, only to be met with "Hello, sis with trousers on!"

To believe two mutually exclusive things requires nothing but practice. When I myself went out into the world of New York, it seemed perfectly possible to navigate on the belief that my father had been the life of the Left Bank while still accepting that he was pure as the driven snow. Both aspects of this agreeable proposition were essential. I'd found that a father who had studied in Paris under Lefèbre and Doucet, who had lived the old *vie de bohème*, was a great asset in my background. When I was in another mood, like everyone else on earth I needed my father who was good.

I was well into my twenties, married, and separated from my husband before this image began to come apart. I had a beau whose dry wit and ironic cast of thought reminded me of my father's. To keep my conversational end up, I used my father's jokes in talking to Oliver. I seemed to remember everything my father ever said to me, as though I had inherited my repartee. I also told Oliver stories about my father. He said he wished he knew him.

One weekend, my father came down to New York to pay my year-old baby a visit. I asked Oliver to come for lunch on Sunday. My father, who never took but the minimum time off from painting, left Boston on the midnight train and arrived Sunday morning. When I went to meet him, away from the familiar environs of my visits home, it was a terrible shock. Old, gray, stooped, he seemed so terribly tired. I never knew *that* was how he looked. It was like one image superimposed upon another that doesn't fit. I felt he must need fresh air, and took him for a long walk up York Avenue.

When Oliver came, the conversation was not at all what I had imagined. Nothing either of them said was especially funny. They did not spark each other to wit. They were subdued, resigned. If they were caustic, it was sadly. After we finished lunch, my baby was brought in from his nap and sat, a great, rosy, goggling peony, on his grandfather's knee. Oliver sat opposite them, smoking innumerable cigarettes.

"That's a nice baby," he said.

"A very nice baby," my father said, and to his pink grandson, "Hello, job lots."

The next week, when I went out to dinner with Oliver, I told him how sorry I was my father wasn't in good form on Sunday—I thought he'd looked exhausted. And I had so wanted him to be at his best!

"I liked him the way he was," Oliver said. "I'm a tired man myself."

But my father was not merely tired, he was dying. He lived only a week or two after that. A telegram summoning me to his bedside came in the morning, to the magazine where I worked, and I took a noon train to Boston. He was dead when I got to the hospital, from peritonitis. The appendectomy had come too late, after his resisting seeing a doctor, resisting a consultation when the first man said "intestinal grippe," resisting the hospital—in spite of his agony—because of that terrible anxiety of his that something might stop him from painting. My mother, who had tried her best, sat in a small private room of the hospital waiting for me, with tears pouring down her flushed cheeks.

I secured a week's leave of absence to clear out my father's studio. The day after the funeral, when I let myself in by the door on the balcony, the colored elevator boy was roaming around downstairs; also a slatternly creature who for years had maintained the fiction of tidying up, though what with her corns and the number of things my father didn't want disturbed, black grit from the Boston & Maine Railroad, on the other side of the vast north window, always lay on everything. When she was coming, my father used to remark, "We're getting the feminine touch today." One of his studio pupils, a talented eight-year-old girl, misunderstood him, and after that my father, delighted by what the pupil thought he'd said, called the cleaning woman Old Cinnamon Touch.

ALFRED
W. Steig

She was well named. She, and the elevator boys, and the janitor, as well as several indigent painters, used to borrow money from my father with no intention, apparently, of paying it back. He could never refuse. He would come home to the country, one corner of his mouth pulled down under his mustache in a way that meant life seemed especially grim. "The way to make an enemy is to lend him money," he would say.

Now there were only those two in the studio, of all the pupils and models, the other painters in the building, the paint salesmen who insisted on showing the contents of their suitcases who used to throng the place. I came down the stairs from the balcony. "Ah, yours is the terrible loss," Old Cinnamon Touch said lugubriously. Soon after, she and the elevator boy went away. When I got back to New York, my mother wrote me that some of the best pictures were missing, as well as quantities of paints, brushes, and drawing paper.

The studio contained the accumulation of forty years, and I had no idea of how properly to go about organizing such a mess. Canvases eight or ten deep leaned against the walls. Boxes upon boxes of dusty pastels lay open on tables invisible under the load. There were stacks of *Saturday Evening Posts* running back to 1914. Boxes and trunks were crammed with rumpled costumes for models. There was dirt everywhere. It was the saddest place I have ever been in.

A place just quitted by someone beloved does not merely speak of the person. It is the person. The scent of my father's presence was in the air, and I felt in precisely the same relationship with that air as I had with him. I sat in one of the small rooms off the balcony, trying to bring order into his old bank statements, unopened business letters, and some stock certificates I had happened on—one in the unused fireplace, I remember, otherwise full of sketching easels; one under the dirty tub.

Beyond the door lay the great, motionless space of the two-story studio where he had worked so unceasingly. Now and then the boards of the stair-case would creak, as they used to creak when he pounded up them to open the door. Motes of dust floated along a beam of sunshine from the unwashed window beside me. I took another box of papers—a small, square box—from the shelf in the closet. Even while I was sitting down again to open it, I felt a thrill of foreboding. *This is the fatal box*, something in me said. Something said, *Now I will know*. My heart beat fast—it was as if, all my life, unconsciously I had been waiting for this moment to discover the secret of my father.

Half the box was filled with a sort of release, written in my father's hand and signed by various names, some of which I recognized as those of old models. One of them said, "I hereby state that my mother is no longer in need of medical aid and I will no longer pretend that she is." All of them said something like "I promise not to bother Mr. Hale for any more money. . . . I have received full and sufficient payment for my services." Underneath these was an erotic love poem, written in my father's hand, folded and worn as though it had been carried in a billfold. At the bottom was a packet of letters written on beautiful gray paper with a crest at the top and the address—Palazzo Borghese. The Roman postmarks on the envelopes were only a year old. "My dearest Phil," they began. "I can never tell you what your letter means to me," one read. "Bless you for it, and for letting me know it would mean something to you to hear from me. Dear—good night. I feel as though we had just come back from a walk at Giverny. Would that it were so! After all, what were the intervening years if they have left us practically unchanged?" And another: "There was this—that I was conscious of—a certain grim endurance—a suppressed sadness, that wrung my heart. I may be wrong, but happy you didn't seem to be. You are so brave, so uncomplaining, so selfless." One letter said, "Your love for your daughter and hers for you is enough, even if there were nothing else in your life to put you beyond and above pity."

When I came back to the empty, silent studio from my contemplation of the old papers, it was as if my childhood's equilibrium had been hopelessly shattered. The proposition had restated itself tragically.

I HAVE a memorial of how my father's studio looked, in a painting of his that was lost from sight many years, found, and then exhibited in the fiftieth-anniversary reënactment of the famous 1913 Armory Show. My mother got a letter, one summer when I was visiting her at her house by the sea, from the director of the reënactment, reminding her that two paintings of my father's had been in the original show—one of a group of students, he said, the other a nude. The director needed them for the repeat performance.

We didn't know what had become of either picture. By advertising in the New York *Times*, we located the group painting. My father had, characteristically, given it away—to the student of his who, all these years later, saw and answered the advertisement. We continued to look for the other picture. The director's description of it was "Nude in sunlit studio." My mother remembered such a composition, but I couldn't. Later that summer, in the attic where my father's unsold canvases were stacked, I came on the picture behind some old frames. I recognized it from the description, but it was so dirty and the rip in it posed such an immediate problem of restoring that I didn't get any particular reaction to it.

The following spring, my mother and I attended the gala opening of the Armory Show. Ladies and gentlemen in evening dress strolled through the galleries formed by partitioning off the old building on lower Lexington Avenue, viewing the pictures that had caused such a stir in 1913. My mother's du Maurier beauty was more spectacular than ever now that her hair was snow white. She looked like a duchess, and was—as usual in big crowds—shy, critical, and anxious to leave. When she got in this mood, funny things were apt to pop into her head. Standing with me in front of the slatlike cubes of the famous Duchamps painting, she said, "When that was first shown, it looked peculiar even to us artists. Your father wrote a limerick about it."

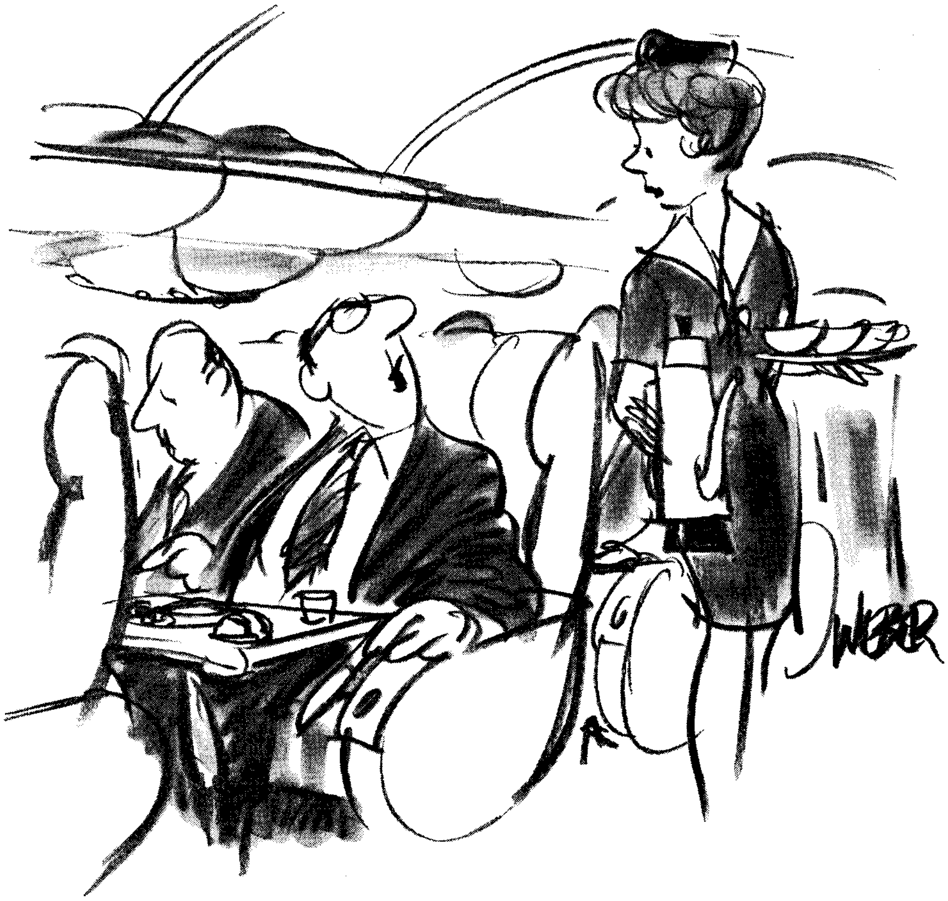
"What?" I said.

She recited:

"If, returning from one of your
 bats,
You expected pink cows and blue
 rats,
But a lady, quite bare,
Descended the stair,
Now wouldn't that rattle your
 slats?"

"You appreciate the picture now, don't you?" I asked severely. The urge to improve one's parents never wears thin.

"Oh, I like it better than most



"My compliments to the freezer."

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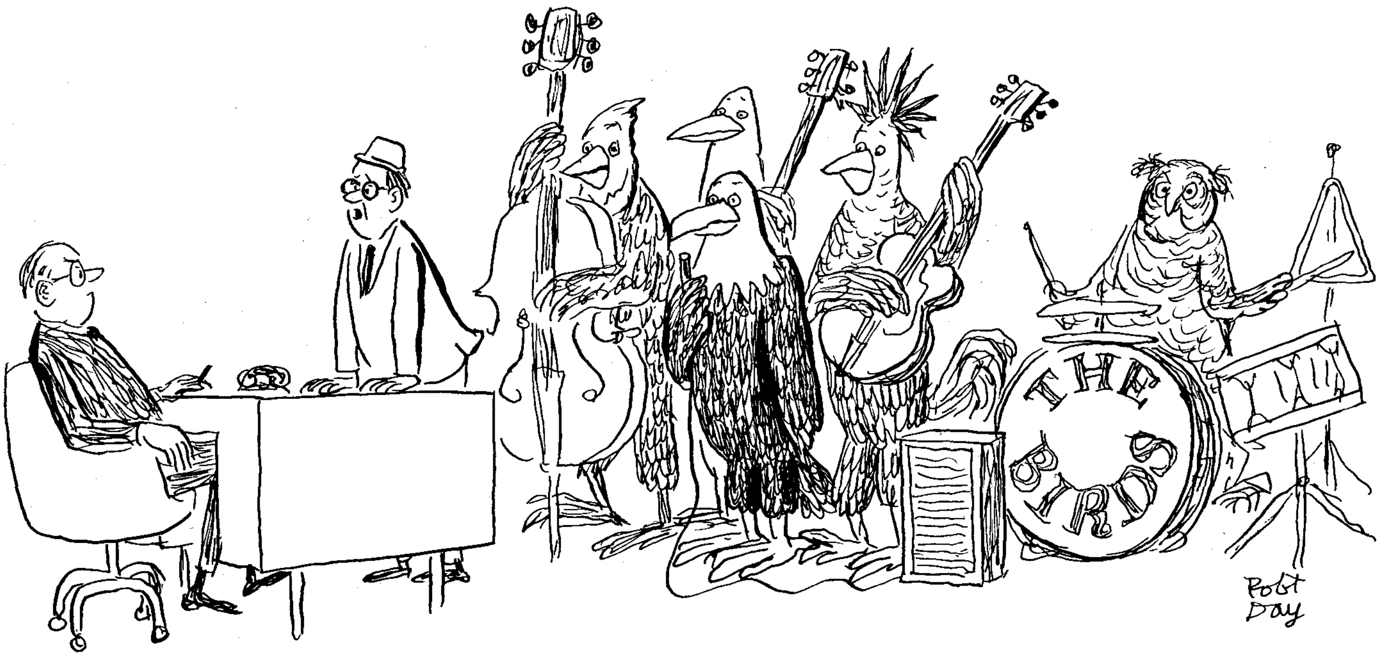

"What do you mean, they're just another vocal group?"

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nudes," she said airily. "All those fat, pink angleworms!"

One never ceases to insist on meticulous consistency from them, either. "You always taught *me* the nude was beautiful, and that it was benighted to think anything else," I reproached her.

"Did I?" she said.

I strolled away to look at pictures by myself.

After I had looked at my father's dark, laughing students for a bit, some paintings nearby struck me afresh with the perennial Impressionist miracle: the light of the world shattered and remade in the eye. My father's nude, just beyond, was also pointillist—he was still painting in his French manner. In these public surroundings, the picture burst upon me in radiant floods of light as if I had never seen it before. Against the great studio window Carrie stands, flourishing a gauzy scarf through which she is revealed, posed as though dancing. She is looking down at her feet; her face is hidden by a pompadour of clinging, coppery hair. Beyond the studio window, in full sunlight, rises the pink brick steeple of a church. Inside, a big pier glass of the kind painters use in order to view their work in reverse makes a balance to the church in the composition. And reflected in the mirror—tiny, tiny, so that it is no wonder the director's description of the painting, based on a photograph, didn't include it—stands the figure of my father painting the picture.

Even so minutely, it shows the father I knew—his characteristic painting stance, legs apart; the white shirtsleeves and stiff collar he always wore; the walrus mustache; the same melancholy eyes. The picture's title in the catalogue was, simply, "Nude," but suddenly I remembered—I can't imagine from where; it must have been from earliest childhood, because I hadn't even remembered the picture—that my father's old, joking name for it was "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil." It seemed like a portrait of my father.

Looking at the sad little face in that picture full of sun, I was able at last to admit to myself that my father had really not been a gay man at all but a retiring man who assumed ebullience to cheer himself up, and to get along in a world he had no instinct to overwhelm. The things in his life he picked out to actually do, and not do, prove how he sought and clung to safety in the bosom of his tiny, adoring family. When he needed escape, he had a companion to escape with; for when I used to get the feeling, walking down the hill, that he was poised to take off for the world of my illusion I was right. We did. On wings of recollection we flew far away. Even his failure to set the world on fire shows, in its own complicated, wry way, how my father did after all fulfill himself. He couldn't have really wanted fame on the grand scale or it would have come easier to him. In spite of all that batting his head against the wall of success, his inward nature preserved him from retaliating against his father and becoming like him. He loved the art of painting, and what he really wanted was to be at home quietly with my mother.

"AREN'T you ready to go *yet?*" my mother said when I rejoined her at the far end of the gallery.

"Don't you want to look at Papa's pictures one more time?" I said. "I hate to go away and leave them."

"I know every picture your father ever painted by heart," she said.

Her belief was always that my father was perfect—a great, unappreciated painter. It was no surprise to her when, toward the end of the Armory Show, the nude was bought by a gentleman from the Middle West. What she said was "It's about time somebody had a look at all that wonderful technical skill. All that training. Nobody has any training nowadays."

I had been about to say something about her turning against nudes, and her keeping the picture up in the attic herself for thirty years; but then, suddenly, in the middle years of my life, it dawned on me I might not know about both sides of my mother's mind, either. —NANCY HALE

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Paddling on the Thames, Tommy Steele and Penelope Horner recall the leisurely world of 19th century England in this scene from George Sidney's screen version of the musical, "Half a Sixpence." Based on H. G. Wells' novel "Kipps," about a young hair's rise and fall, the film will open a reserved seat run on Wednesday evening at the Ontario Theatre.—*Photograph caption in the Washington Post.*

It's a study in static electricity.

CITY WITHOUT WALLS

"Those fantastic forms, fang-sharp,
Bone-bare, that in Byzantine painting
Were a shorthand for the Unbounded
Beyond the Pale, unpoliced spaces
Where dragons dwelt and demons roamed,

"Colonized only by ex-worldlings,
Penitent sophists, and sodomites,
Are visual facts in the foreground now,
Real structures of steel and glass:
Hermits, perforce, are all today,

"With numbered caves in enormous jails,
Hotels designed to deteriorate
Their glum already corrupted guests,
Factories in which the functional
Hobbesian Man is mass-produced.

"A key to the street each convict has,
But the Asphalt Lands are lawless marches
Where gangs clash and cops turn
Robber barons: reckless he
Who walks after dark in that wilderness.

"But electric lamps allow nightly
Cell meetings where subcultures
May hold palaver, like-minded,
Their tongues tattooed by the tribal jargon
Of the vice or business that brothers them:

"And mean cafés to remain open
Where, in bad air, belly-talkers,
Weedy-looking, work-shy,
May spout unreason, some ruthless creed
To a dozen dupes till dawn break.

"Every workday Eve fares
Forth to the stores her foods to pluck,
While Adam hunts an easy dollar:
Unperspiring at eventide
Both eat their bread in boredom of spirit.

"The weekend comes that once was holy,
Free still but a feast no longer,
Just time out, idiorrhythmic,
When no one cares what his neighbor does:
Now newsprint and network are needed most.

"What they view may be vulgar rubbish,
What they listen to witless noise,
But it gives shelter, shields them from
Sunday's Bane, the basilisking
Glare of Nothing, our pernicious foe.

"For what to Nothing shall nobodies answer?
Still super-physiques are socially there,
Frequently photographed, feel at home,
But ordinary flesh is unwanted:
Engines do better what biceps did.

"And soon computers may expel from the world
All but the top intelligent few,
The egos they leisure be left to dig
Value, virtue from an invisible realm
Of hobbies, sex, consumption, vague

"Tussles with ghosts. Against Whom
Shall the Sons band to rebel there,
Where Troll-Father, Tusked-Mother
Are dream-monsters like dinosaurs
With a built-in obsolescence?

"A Gadgeted Age, yet as unworldly
As when faintly the light filtered down
On the first men in Mirkwood,
Waiting their turn at the water hole
With the magic beasts who made the paths.

"Small marvel, then, if many adopt
Cancer as the only offered career
Worth-while, if wards are full of
Gents who believe they are Jesus Christ
Or guilty of the Unforgivable Sin:

"If arcadian lawns where classic shoulders,
Baroque bottoms make beaux gestes
Is too tame a dream for the dislocated,
If their lewd fancies are of flesh debased
By damage, indignities, dirty words:

"If few now applaud a play that ends
With warmth and pardon the word to all
As, blessed, unbamboozled, the bridal pairs,
Rustic and oppidan, in a ring-dance
Image the stars at their stately bransels:

"If all has gone phut in the future we paint,
Where, vast and vacant, venomous areas
Surround the small sporadic patches
Of fen and forest that give food and shelter,
Such home as they have, to a human remnant,

"Stunted in stature, strangely deformed,
Numbering by fives, with no zero,
Worshipping a juju *General Mo*,
In groups ruled by grandmothers,
Hirsute witches who, on winter nights,

"Fable them stories of fair-haired elves
Whose magic made the mountain dam,
Of dwarves, cunning in craft, who smithied
The treasure hoards of tin cans
They flatten out for their hut roofs. . . .

"Still moneyed, immune, stands Megalopolis:
Happy he who hopes for better,
What awaits Her may well be worse."

Thus I was thinking at three A.M.
In mid-Manhattan till interrupted,
Cut short by a sharp voice:

"What fun and games you find it to play
Jeremiah-*cum*-Juvenal.
Shame on you for your *Schadenfreude!*"

"My!" I blustered. "How moral we're getting!
A pococurante? Suppose I were,
So what, if my words are true."

Thereupon, bored, a third voice:
"Go to sleep now for God's sake!
You both will feel better by breakfast time."

—W. H. Auden

BOOKKEEPING

"I THINK I am going mad, what you call loco. . . . I don't want to bother you . . . but you live so near. . . ." Annetje's voice over the telephone, fascinating, foreign, threaded on hard-breathing pauses, moved Avram Olensky unbearably. He was curly-haired, a handsome but unhappy- and nervous-looking Jew. He kept his back to his guests, Louise Kimball, now Louise von Kunnel, and her husband of eight months, the *Graf* Ulrich von Kunnel.

Avram, as usual wishing his feelings could be simple, felt embarrassed to be thinking it dreadful luck Louise was the person he would have to abandon to help Annetje: Louise was so highly susceptible to slights. She had earlier, in her bland, quite admirable, Yankee forthrightness (she was from Ridgefield, Connecticut), warned Avram she worried he would be anti-German with Ulrich.

Louise was a very old friend and had been briefly a mistress and had once lent Avram the money he had needed to found a small literary magazine.

Calculating the ethics of the situation rapidly, Avram said to himself, "Compassion outweighs Gratitude," and said into the telephone, "Annetje, I am *glad* you called me."

"You are a kind man!" Annetje exclaimed in her accented, exciting, telephone-flavored voice.

"No, no," Avram said truthfully. "I only wish I were. I—"

Annetje said, "I took LSD. I am having a *reaction.* I cannot eat, I cannot sleep. I am paranoid as hell."

Avram's spirits lifted; they rose a certain percentage. LSD. Ah, he thought, a little help is all that is required. "Talmudist," hissed a part of his mind.

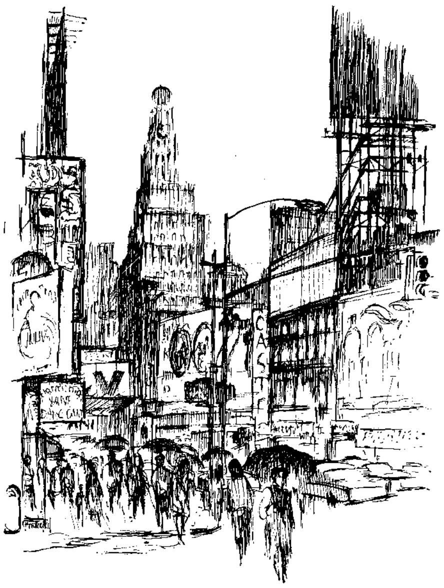
But he had avoided Annetje for years. He had grown nervous in his middle thirties; Annetje frightened him, her prettiness was so extreme—white-blond hair, enormous seaside-gray eyes—her irrational, storm-tossed, passionate conversation so unnerving. She would say, "The story of my life is too much. I was born in a castle, a Dutch castle. My father was a banker. He was not afraid of the Nazis. Then he was. We got to Vichy, and one day my father went out to buy cigars and never came back. Never. The nuns told my mother they would save me. I was dressed as a nun and I went to Italy. I never saw my mother again. I was told after the war she died of pneumonia. But they were being kind to me, I think. I spent the war in Italy. We were often bombed. I could not go to the chapel or the cellar. I did not want to be buried alive. I used to run outside and scream at the airplanes."

As soon as the war was over, she came to America. "I didn't want to see frightened faces anymore. . . . My first husband was terribly rich—he came from Chicago. He had a tiny little airplane—he was very strange, that man—he wanted to fly everywhere. Even to horse races. He decided to fly to Rio de Janeiro. We flew from Chicago to Tennessee, from Tennessee to Florida, from Florida to the Bahamas. I wanted never to be frightened again, and here I was in this little tiny airplane with this man who wanted to be frightened all the time. It gave him *pleasure!* My God. When we flew over the jungle, I decided that was the end. In Rio, I left him. Also, he was dull."

If she was so afraid of danger—Avram had asked her—why had she married Allan? Allan was her second husband, and it was while she was married to him that Avram had met her. Allan was a professional deep-sea diver, a scuba expert, with very little money.

"He never asked me to go diving with him," Annetje said, wide-eyed. "I did not realize I would be frightened for *him.*" She had left him when he gave her an ultimatum, to calm down and be reasonable or go away. He had not expected her to go away.

She had married a third time, while visiting friends in Switzerland. She told Avram what had happened, meeting him one day on Lexington Avenue, both of them shopping; they lived two blocks apart, they discovered. Avram was recently divorced—from his second wife.



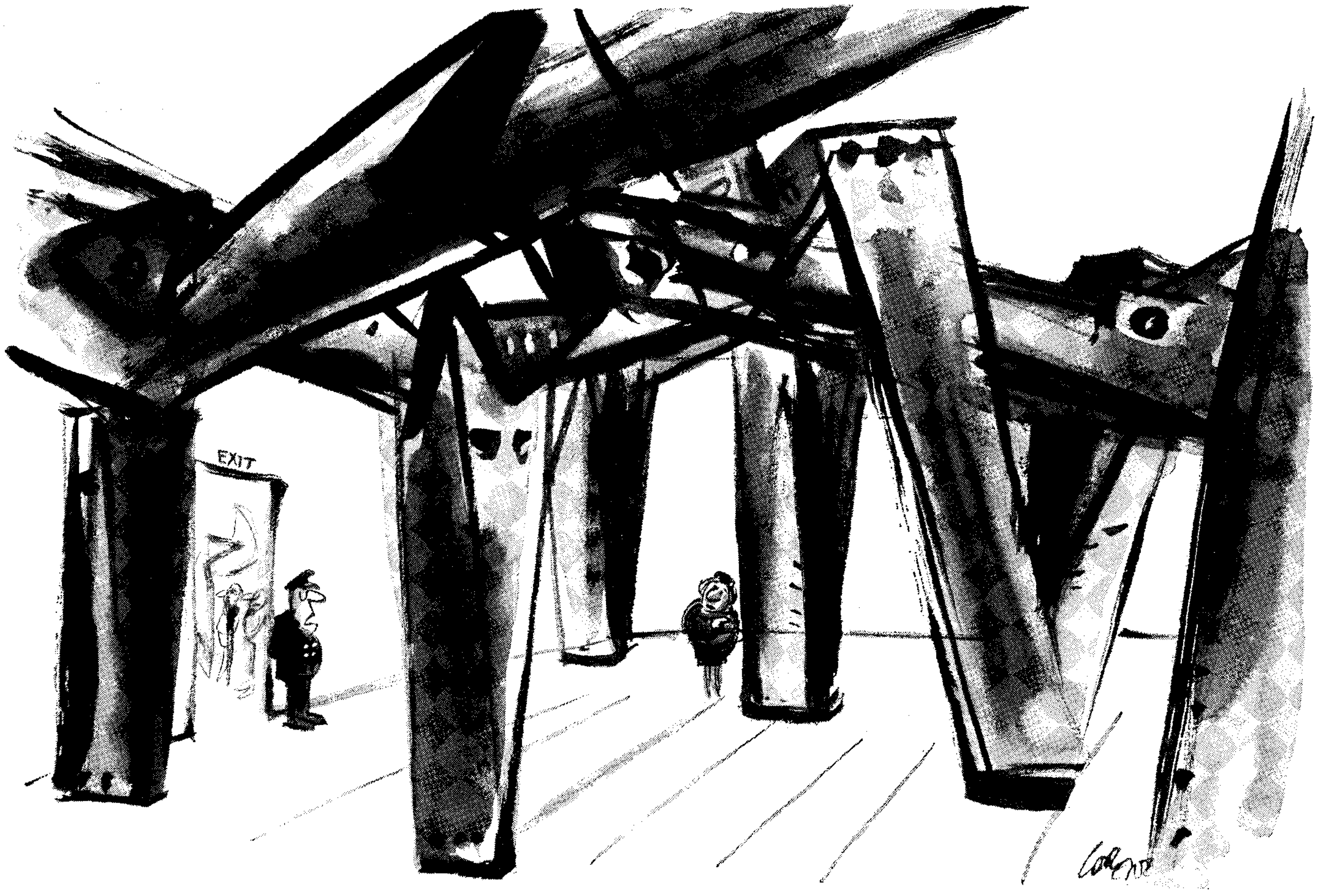
"I did not want to get married again," Annetje said, brushing at the incredibly blond hair that fell across the left side of her forehead. "He *insisted.* He is very, very sophisticated. He said we would drive each other mad if we did not marry. He said, married, we would love each other less, we would have a little peace."

Her third husband, a cadaverous six-feet-five-inch semi-serious novelist from Montana, as handsome as Gary Cooper, as serious a drinker as Scott Fitzgerald, wrote for the movies between novels, squandering and gambling away his enormous salary. Annetje was his fourth wife. Avram knew the man slightly—John Herbert Thompson his name was. John Herbert had what seemed to Avram a peculiarly touching quality of emotional elegance; he loved and suffered with a singleness of purpose that reminded Avram of the curved, thin legs of French antiques.

One of Avram's most intense experiences had involved John Herbert—Avram had fallen briefly, confusedly in love with an Italian poetess who was at that time loved by John Herbert. The Italian poetess had been pessimistic, very tall and bony for an Italian woman; her usual expression had been one of sombre, dark-eyed, hopeless intuition. She had taken Avram as a lover and discarded John Herbert, because, she said, Avram's deadness, his endless calculations were more needful than John Herbert's despair. "I want a man who cannot live without me," she had said. "When I love, I am a capitalist. When I love, I own." At other times, she was, of course, a Communist.

Avram had always admired John Herbert. "I am almost a C.P.A. really, in spirit, by comparison," he had said to Annetje when she told him of her marriage. "There is a spiritual grandeur about great drinkers. Me, I am prudent. Always, involuntarily, at bottom, *prudent.*"

But, he thought, Annetje had again married strangely. John Herbert was mentally and physically adventurous. He had had two nervous breakdowns brought on by too much thinking, by exhaustion, and, like many American writers afflicted with what Avram called "a virility syndrome"—he wanted to be a perfect man—he pursued far-fetched sports, sky diving for one, and had once gone on a four-month expedition in the Andes and discovered a tribe that used hallucinogenic sweet potatoes as a staple of diet. Yet Avram



"Oh, for Pete's sake, lady! Go ahead and touch it."

• •

thought there was style in the marriage of a man of such emotional elegance to a temperamental coward like Annetje. Annetje would make John Herbert want to live. She would interpose her beauty between John Herbert and his passionate carelessness.

"Where is John Herbert?" Avram asked now on the telephone.

"He has left me," Annetje said. "I told him to get out. It was the drug. He did not want to give me any sympathy. I do not deserve sympathy but he is my husband, the bastard. Besides, I think he has a girl. I do not care. My God, my God. This is awful. They should put me on TV. The world should see me like this. No one would ever take LSD again. Ha-ha. Ha. Listen, you live so close, I want to see someone. My friends hate me. I tell you, I am paranoid. Listen, can you come over. The walls here are behaving strangely. I should throw myself out the window."

"Annetje!"

"No, I won't throw myself out the window. The windows have a very evil look. I am being persuasive. John Herbert says this is what I do. I am unfair."

Avram felt a surge of complicity with John Herbert. Annetje sounded to him like someone enjoying a minor collapse, not someone who needed immediate help. But could he take that chance?

In New York, to be without compassion was to become an outcast. Avram did not know of any circle except among lawyers perhaps (and even then he wasn't certain) where an unwillingness to sympathize was not cause for exile. Avram had often said that intelligence was less in demand in New York than a feeling heart.

On the other hand, he was afraid of Louise. She was a rather rigid person. Within bounds, she could be flexible, but the bounds were very narrow. She was a Republican, a heavy drinker, and once slighted she never forgot. If he left to go to Annetje, she would feel slighted; she was unyielding in points of honor. No matter how carefully he argued that he had an ethical obligation to go to Annetje, Louise would simply feel he preferred Annetje to her. If he lied and said Annetje was a very close friend, Louise would wonder, out loud—Louise never held anything back—why he had never introduced Louise to her. Louise would say, "You think I'm too dull for your interesting friends."

Avram leaped toward a compromise. "I have company," he said to Annetje and turned his head to give Louise a warm smile. She returned a suspicious look; she sensed a slight in the air.

"Oh," Annetje said quickly, "I am terrible, I have interrupted you, I am very sorry, go, go at once, I will be all right, I am fine, I am very strong, I—"

"No, no. Listen to me. Why don't you join us? Please. Let me take you to dinner. Please?"

"I couldn't. I am going mad. I—"

"Please. I want you to join us." Avram saw that Louise was looking very angry.

Annetje said, "I can't. I am afraid. I cannot leave my apartment. I have not left for five days. I do not know what is outside my door."

"I will come and fetch you," Avram said. He put his hand over the receiver and said to Louise and Ulrich, "It's only two blocks. It will only take a moment."

Louise closed her eyes and said, with

SUPER CONGLOMERATE CORP

"You name it, we own it!"

eyes closed, "Don't worry about us. Don't let us interfere."

God, Avram thought, *why am I* such a coward?

"I look so terrible," Annetje said.

"So do we. I'll be there in three minutes," Avram said and hung up.

He leaned against the wall near the telephone table, and smiled still more warmly at Louise. Louise's pan-shaped face was rigid. Her hair had been done by some famous man of the scissors but remained undistinguished. She was wearing pearls and a dress Avram assumed was expensive. Dear, rich Louise, Avram thought. He wondered for the fifty thousandth time since he'd met her how her mind worked—she was very family-conscious; she believed in the human personality as produced and trained by certain families. But Avram had never known her to lie, she was rarely or never devious, and she often amused him.

Avram began to talk quickly. "Look, I know this is terrible. Here we are, our first get-together since God knows when, and I want to ring in a stranger. But she's in trouble. She's married to quite a good friend of mine"—Avram hoped he would not have to explain *that or name the friend; Louise* would be furious he had never introduced her to someone as famous as John Herbert—"and he happens to be in California. Stupidly this girl took some LSD and she's having a bad reaction. I really don't think she should be alone. Her husband would never forgive me. And you will like her. She's a fascinating person. She was married to Langwell Eggles—you know, Chicago?" Avram tried to force a social smile from Louise by tilting his head toward her, catching her glance, and raising his eyebrows to suggest what she do with her mouth.

"Of course, of course," Ulrich said. Louise has picked a large, handsome German, Avram thought; Avram often thought in sentences. He will turn pasty later in life. He is very gracious. He doesn't like me.

Louise said, "I think we'd better go." Her mouth had the twist that Avram knew so well: she felt slighted.

"No, no," Avram said. "You must stay. I've looked forward so to seeing you." He sighed; he always did, like a stage Jew, when he felt himself forced into duplicity. *Listen to me, sounding like a Gentile*, said his sigh. He rolled his eyes slightly upward. He said, "I can't help the girl's calling. I wish she hadn't called me. But I can't leave her in the lurch. Please don't punish me by leaving. And she's quite fascinating."

Louise sat back deeper into her chair; Avram took that for answer. He darted into the kitchen and fetched a tray, loaded it quickly with bottles of liquor and the ice bucket, talking loudly all the time. "You know how it is in New York? We're very strongly neighbors in our set. It's an emotional thing, not geographical; I mean, I don't know who lives next door to me. But Annetje is a neighbor, I feel. I—" He reëntered the living room. "Please don't blame me. You mustn't let me down. We owe ourselves this evening together." He set the tray on the oiled walnut coffee table. "I'll be gone ten minutes at most, and I'll bring back this fascinating girl I do really want you to meet. Really." Avram felt a twinge of conscience; surely, charity and affection were equally insulted when one tried to kill two birds with one egocentric stone: not only would Annetje be the equivalent of a floor show and make the evening special and ease this getting acquainted with Ulrich but Louise and Ulrich would protect him from Annetje.

He closed his eyes. He was keeping books, as usual.

He opened his eyes, grabbed a raincoat from the closet, paused to say, "Now please wait for me," and dashed dramatically out the door.

AVRAM darted down the steps of his brownstone with that quick boyishness of his which aroused the sarcasm of so many of the intellectuals who wrote for his magazine.

The street was empty of walkers, lined with parked cars, each dotted with moisture from the half fog, half drizzle that filled the air with tiny drops of light-blurring water—the air had an acrid edge of pollution.

As he loped along the sidewalk, he felt an uplift of spirits. In his life—he was between affairs and the magazine came out only twice a year—he lately felt a dryness, a dearth of feeling and of interest. The city had lately begun to seem mere walls of brick and glass, channels for soot. But now he looked forward to the evening. He was attempting to help someone; this was an oasis.

How he pitied Annetje for being an acidhead. Avram did not approve of LSD and had never taken any. At a party given a few years before for two men who wanted to raise funds for a quasi-utopian settlement to be based on love and LSD, the men had spoken at length and incoherently of the evils of the games of ambition, of the evils of success and failure—noticeably charmless failures in a roomful of successful people well on the way to being more successful. Since then, Avram had stubbornly held that LSD was a drug for failures without good sense. He was surprised at Annetje. Yes, her marriages did not last, she was growing older, but why the hell didn't she simply make up her mind to be a better wife? Annetje had charm.

Annetje and John Herbert kept an apartment in a building just off Lexington Avenue, with doormen and elevator men. Annetje was afraid of being raped. Men on the streets did conceive enormous desire for her; Avram had observed it. Once, he had seen her walking down Lexington Avenue, quite frightened, followed by four men, four men dispersed and straggling, and when she crossed the street to greet Avram the four men had halted, like Secret Service agents, and stared while she spoke to Avram, who then walked her to Bloomingdale's, a guard.

Once, a man—it had been in the papers—had managed somehow to enter her building; he had thrown himself on her in the hallway; she had broken free and run down seven flights of stairs to the lobby. A passing police car had responded to the doorman's shout. The two policemen found the would-be rapist crouching on the roof, sobbing. He was a forty-five-year-old truck driver with a record of sexual offenses, most of which, to Avram's surprise, were for homosexual assault of one kind or another. Annetje had said, "I am very attractive to homosexuals. I don't remind them of their mother." Annetje was thin and had that extraordinary coloring, of course, and an astonishing amount of sex appeal. She had said gloomily, "I could tell the minute he grabbed me he was homosexual. I thought, Just my luck, I am going to be raped by a homosexual."

Poor Annetje. In the end, no man is man enough for a really pretty woman, Avram thought.

He knocked on her door. She did not answer, and Avram began to worry; he was calculating what he must do if she did not answer—call the police, take her to a sanitarium, get in touch with John Herbert—when he heard footsteps. Tiny, frightened footsteps.

"Who is it?" Annetje whispered.

"Avram."

"Thank God," she said.

He heard a series of mechanical noises, of clicks and scrapes; she was unlocking the door. Seconds passed; the noises continued.

"There are so many," she said through the door. "I can't work them. I'm a prisoner."

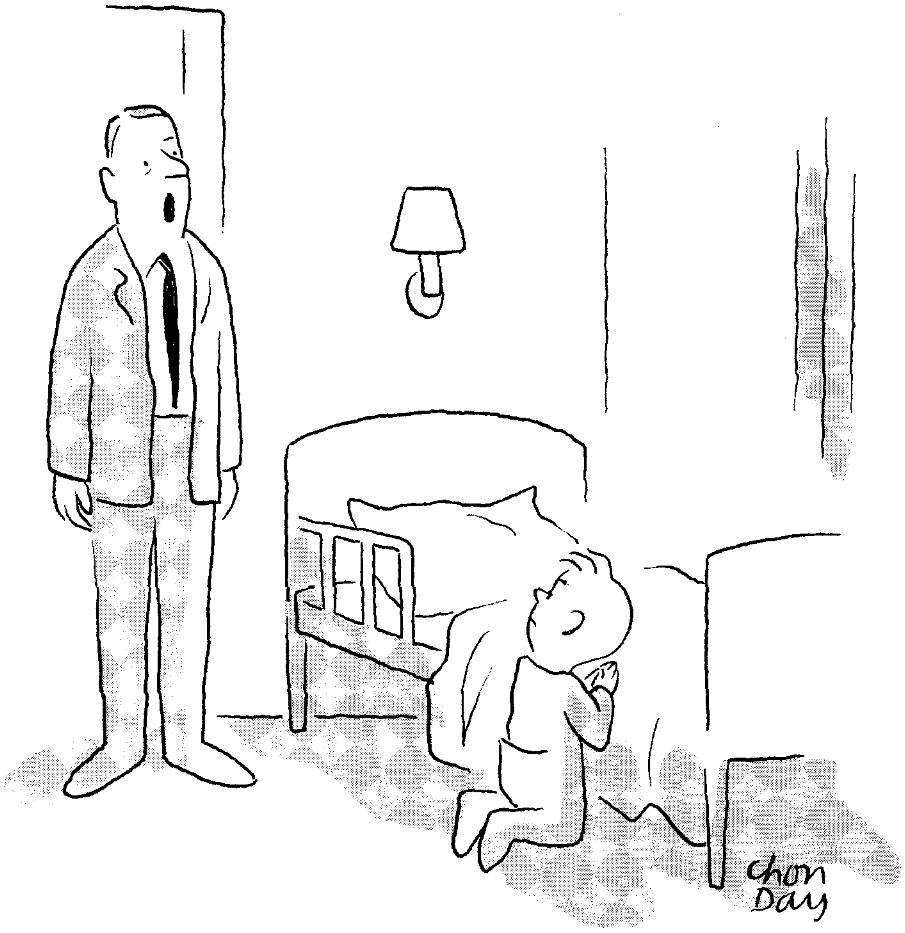
"Take your time. Don't be upset," Avram said with patience.

Abruptly the door opened, and there was Annetje. Bedraggled, uncombed, pale inside a tattered sweater and a heavy skirt that hung lopsidedly and was sliding lower on her hips. Annetje was one of those intensely seductive women who dress stylishly for the street and then relax at home inside shapeless old clothes, clothes they've perhaps had since college, or their first marriages—mementos of lost years, vanished fashions, and the emotions that went with the fashions.

Annetje was very thin-waisted, with little cushionlike hips and thin, square shoulders, quite broad, and Avram was always aware of the small of her back; her shoulders and her hips were assertive: it was the small of her back which was private and where her vulnerability truly resided. His hands twitched, anxious to touch her there. So frail, he thought. So needful. His eyes began to film over. He caught himself; he bent semi-medically to study her eyes to see if the pupils were dilated or anything like that. But that was a mistake. Avram was susceptible to Annetje; the seaside grayness of her eyes jolted his emotions. Bedraggled or not, she sent out a current of high sexual voltage. She suggested to Avram Swedish movies, summer making the Nordics carnal.

"It's you," she said, pressing fragile, long-boned arms to her breast. "I didn't think you would come." Then, with that violence Avram feared in her, she threw those frail arms around his neck.

Avram's hands fluttered, then settled helplessly on the small of her back; it felt incredibly tiny; he could feel



"Never mind mentioning all twenty-five of them. Just 'God bless the Mets' will do."

her life coursing in her. He murmured, "I said I would come," but he was nearly mindless. He had only enough self-possession to calculate that if he tried to make her it would be shameful—taking advantage. Dull honor, he thought, gently massaging the small of her back: I will probably get an ulcer and die young. He heard himself say, "I said I would be here." It was a deeper voice than he usually used. He had started, he thought, the mating dance. He wondered if Annetje had ever seen a male unexcited by desire, a male in a more normal state.

"But I am paranoid. I told you I was paranoid. I thought you were just lying to get me off the phone. I thought you were angry that I called." She flung herself backward, away from him, turned in a half pivot, came to rest with one arm across her chest, gripping her other arm. "Do you have any cigarettes? I've been afraid to smoke. I was afraid of setting myself on fire."

He had his first impulse since her call of genuine sympathy. "Why did you do it? No one should go through such unnecessary . . ." He didn't know what word to use: agony, discomfort.

"I am a fool," Annetje said. "I thought it would help me—I wanted to understand John Herbert. There is nothing to understand. That is what I saw. He is a child, a malicious child. I am a child." She looked at Avram.

Avram thought, She is right. He himself was well into the dry plateau of growing older, that slow one-way advance into the wastes.

"I could have seen it without the drug," Annetje said with a little laugh. Suddenly she pressed her hand to her mouth. "I mustn't laugh," she said between her fingers. "My teeth will fall out."

The apartment had a stale, nervous smell. Avram commented on it and Annetje said, "I have locked all the windows. Air pollution will get in. Or I will throw myself out. No, I won't."

Avram said, "Let's go. This place isn't good for you. Get a raincoat."

"Sit with me a moment," Annetje said. "Just for a moment. Us alone." She spoke wheedlingly, almost in a child's tone. Avram was impressed by her lips—large Dutch lips, delicately flickering; their soft flutter charmed him.

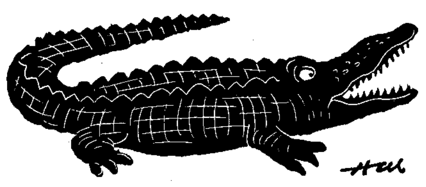
"What happened with John Herbert?" he asked. He followed Annetje into the green-and-white, airless living room.

"I told him to get out, that bastard," she said. " 'Go away,' I said. He slapped me. He was furious I had taken the LSD. He said I was a pig. Oh, it was very sordid." She sat down on an innocently moss-green couch, her knees close together, her hands hovering, not quite touching her temples. "It is time to die. It is the one sordid thing I have not done," she said.

"Why don't you settle down, Annetje?" Avram said avuncularly.

"Settle down?" Annetje grimaced. "There are quicker ways to die. I cannot stand it. I have had enough of bastards," she said. "I do not need any more badness from these bastards. I am through with him. Them. Why do they eat you up? They are such babies. They want to be mothered. I am not a mother." She gave Avram a heated glance of her gray eyes as if to demonstrate in what way she was not motherly. She said, "Why can't he act like a man? Always, it is I who fail him, he says. I think it is my turn to collapse. Let him take care of me, let him worry about me. Last month he has a binge, two weeks—drinking, women, gambling. He comes home in rags, half beaten, bruises on his face. 'Help me, Annetje,' he says. I take him in my arms. I wash his face. I sit up with him all night. The next day he is refreshed, he continues with his binge. He comes home, he has nightmares, I hold his head in my lap all night. His nightmares frighten even me. Even now I am not as bad as he was then. He says he is going out of his head. I get him to the doctor. After two days, he refuses to see the doctor again. He says the doctor is stupid. Very well, let him go out of his head. Good riddance. I don't care. I am tired. I know I am unreasonable. I have had this drug. I am crazy—I know it. I am paranoid. I tell him he wants to destroy me. I tell him to get out. You know what he does? He goes. But I am glad. I want to be alone."

Avram's conscience made him say, "But he loves you, Annetje . . . and you are, I think, still in love with him."



IT IS A SPRING AFTERNOON

Everything here is yellow and green.
Listen to its throat, its earthskin,
the bone-dry voices of the peepers
as they throb like advertisements.
The small animals of the woods
are carrying their death masks
into a narrow winter cave.
The scarecrow has plucked out
his two eyes like diamonds
and walked into the village.
The general and the postman
have taken off their packs.
This has all happened before.
But nothing here is obsolete;
everything here is possible.

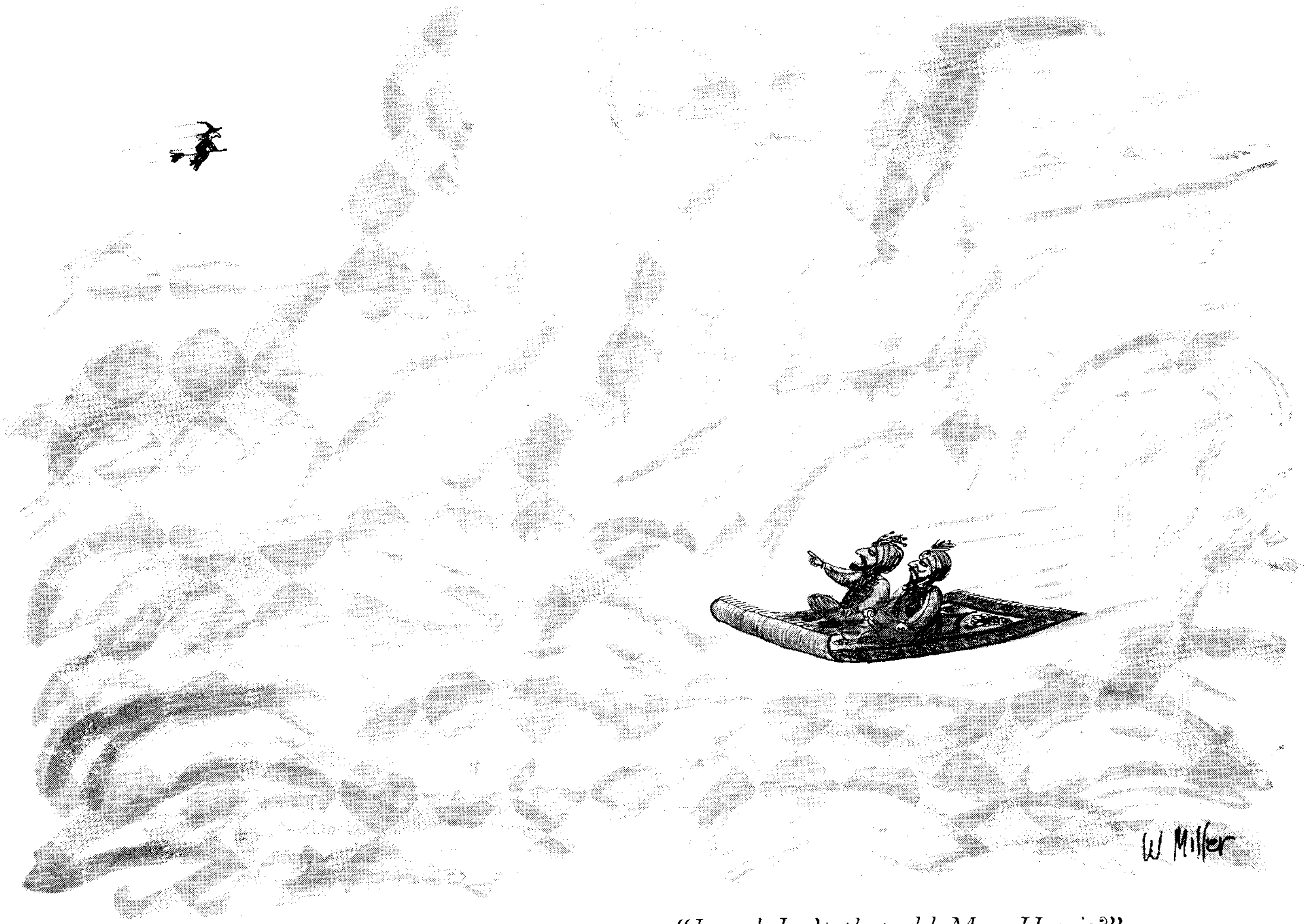
Because of this
perhaps a young girl has laid down
her winter clothes and has casually
placed herself upon a tree limb
that hangs over a pool in the river.
She has been poured out onto the limb,
low above the houses of the fishes
as they swim in and out of her reflection
and up and down the stairs of her legs.
Her body carries clouds all the way home.
She is overlooking her watery face
in the river where blind men
come to bathe at midday.

Because of this
the ground, that winter nightmare,
has cured its sores and burst
with green birds and vitamins.
Because of this
the trees turn in their trenches
and hold up little rain cups
by their slender fingers.
Because of this
a woman stands by her stove
singing and cooking flowers.
Everything here is yellow and green.

Surely spring will allow
a girl without a stitch on
to turn softly in her sunlight
and not be ashamed of her bed.
She has already counted seven
blossoms in her green green mirror.
Two rivers combine beneath her.
The face of the child wrinkles
in the water and is gone forever.
The woman is all that can be seen
in her animal loveliness.
Her cherished and obstinate skin
lies deeply under the watery tree.
Everything is altogether possible
and the blind men can also see.

—ANNE SEXTON

• •



"I say! Isn't that old Mrs. Harris?"

• •

"Of course," said Annetje. "I am always in love with bastards. It is not easy to stop loving. But if I don't see him I will be all right. I would rather die than see him."

"I don't believe you."

"Ah," Annetje said seriously, "you understand me."

Avram wriggled in his chair, blinded by her regard.

She said, "I am very tough. I am tougher than he is. He is weak!" She spoke with large-scale contempt.

Avram thought, I am afraid of her. He said, "You're not actually *tough*."

"No. You're right," she said docilely, tensely. "That is true. I am not. But they always think I am. I need a man. I *need*. I want a man to take care of me—a strong man." She glanced at Avram. "I think you are strong."

"Not strong enough," Avram said mournfully.

Annetje said, "Why do men think women take their strength from them?"

"Well, women do, in a way," Avram said, weakly amused. "I mean, I sometimes feel very weakened by you."

Annetje's mouth turned downward with sadness. "You find me boring."

"No, no. I think you are afraid of being loved. You are tired of it." He passed his hand over his eyes. "You are not pleased when people lean on you. You don't like it, and you are afraid, too, you won't be strong."

Annetje smiled slowly; her eyes widened. She said, "You understand me. You are a lot like me—you are more like me than John Herbert is."

She sat on the couch, fragile and exposed. She seemed to hold his regard to her breast, to her cheek. For comfort. If he embraced her, she would explore her feelings of similitude to him in kisses that would be like waves—suffocating, soft, private, dense. And then?

Avram thought with self-distaste that he was too scrupulous in his lechery. She had taken LSD, she was out of the question. But he did not want to fall in love with Annetje anyway; I can't afford it, he phrased it inwardly.

"Yes," he said. "We are very much alike, like brother and sister."

"You would be good to me," Annetje said.

"No," Avram said. "I would be less patient even than John Herbert. I am very demanding."

"Like Allan!" Annetje exclaimed with sudden comprehension. Allan had been the professional skin diver, her second husband. "Ah, God, I was *miserable* with him!" Annetje said. "The sweet-tempered men are the worst. How he nagged! And jealous! My God, he was jealous. There I was, cooking all day, sewing, and he was jealous."

"He probably thought you liked him as a rest cure rather than for himself," Avram said, with a touch of petulant identification.

Annetje said, "Ah. No."

"He might have thought that," Avram argued.

"But no," Annetje said. "He did not. You don't know everything, I see. I will tell you something. You have the story all wrong. I loved him more than he loved me. You see, when I was younger and I admired a man, I slept with him, but sleeping was not important to me. You understand when I say sleeping I mean the other?"

"Yes," Avram said.

"I loved the man whoever he was. But I belonged to myself. You understand? But with Allan that changed. My God! I was crazy with it," Annetje confided. Averting her eyes, spiritually drawing away from him, she said, "Now it is dangerous for me to go to bed with a man. I feel too strongly."

Avram said as if studying a cue card, "But you do love John Herbert!" He did not like it that Annetje's retreat strengthened his desire.

"Yes," she said. "No. It makes no difference. I am through with that bastard. Perhaps I should put my head in the oven. It is a gas oven."

"Don't be stupid, Annetje," Avram said.

"Yes, it is stupid, but I am a stupid woman. I have had no life. I have been eating tranquillizers all day—six, ten, twelve of them."

"You fool!" Avram exclaimed. "We must call a doctor."

"I did. He said I was a fool. He came. He checked my heart."

Avram was glad he had not kissed her. He stood up. "Come," he said, all solid reason; even the palms of his hands were drying. "Get your raincoat. We must go. It will be good for you to get out of this apartment. My friends are very stable, middle-class people. They are just what you need at this point."

"No. Let us stay here and—" Annetje began.

"Please," Avram said firmly.

"Oh yes. I see. You don't want to be rude to them. Now, where is my coat? Let me go comb my hair."

He nodded. She left the living room. The trouble with women like Annetje, he thought, was that they did not want a man to put his life into their hands; they wanted to put their life in his. Then when he mismanaged it, they could righteously assert they had earned their freedom. Their men's wrongdoing gave them the little freedom they had from their guilt.

"Hurry," he called. He did not want her to be in the bathroom too long. Twelve tranquillizers! "Come on."

He was standing at the doorway of the living room. Annetje came out of a bathroom down the hallway. "I should change," she said gloomily.

"No," Avram said. "You are fine. Just get a coat."

"God damn. I am afraid," she said from inside the closet. "That goddam drug. I will never take it again!" She was near tears.

"How did you get hold of it?" he asked as he helped her from the closet and into her coat.

"John Herbert. Who else? He loves drugs. Anything to die." Her disgust carried her to the door; then she halted and stared helplessly at the locks. Avram counted six. "They don't all work," Annetje said. She began to fiddle with them. "I bought some. John Herbert bought some. Whenever we were happy, we put another lock on the door." Suddenly the door opened. "There," she said with surprise. "I did it."

In the elevator, she clung to Avram's arm. They did not speak, but they glanced at each other. The doorman in the lobby held the door for them. "I am afraid of *him*," Annetje whispered to Avram. He pressed her hand reassuringly.

The air was gray, like a light flannel; the street lamps were on. Avram said to Annetje she had wanted to have a bad reaction to test John Herbert but it was an unfair test. "People who love get too upset," Avram said. "No one like us"—he meant unsettled, unsuburban people—"is clever or strong or forgiving enough in love. We are impossible when we love. What we need is humor and patience, but we are too greedy to be patient. We want a perfect love. We should avoid love entirely, perhaps—good, solid, lewd friendships might be more to the point."

Annetje laughed suddenly. Her laughter rose. It was not quite normal, not quite mad. Her head was tilted back; her hair fell straight and heavy and fair, strangely alive and enticing. Her jutting, delicate face bones seemed to Avram to burn with a low light in the gray air. "My God, a lewd friendship would destroy me, I think."

Avram said crossly, "I think we could all use a bit more repression. I like repression."

He held Annetje's arm, he guided her along the sidewalk. She walked uncertainly; she leaned back as if the pavement were tilting her. Nor did she advance in a straight line—Avram kept correcting her course. "This way," he murmured as they drew near the corner. "Where emotions are concerned, I say caution! And still more caution!"

Annetje began to laugh again. "You are a clown," she said. "You are a great liar! You are not like that at all!"

"I am," Avram said.

Annetje clutched her coat and drew

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it tightly across her throat. She shook her head; her pale blond hair flew from side to side—an erotic cap, Avram thought. It was a flashing point of emphasis in the twilit, drizzling cityscape. He kept up his pressure on her arm, he kept her walking. He worried about Louise and Ulrich—but it was a faint concern beside his growing impatience to make Annetje walk, escape the talons of the drug, to move, to rejoin life, as it were. He tried to keep a balance between helping her and not hurrying her, between a reassuring pressure and a persecution.

"WILL they understand that I am mad?" Annetje was crouched against the mailbox wall in the hallway of the brownstone where Avram lived. Avram thought it a good sign that she should have social second thoughts; she was not so cut off from reality after all.

"Yes, yes," he said. "They are square but not unintelligent—not really unintelligent. The woman is an old, old friend of mine. She was always at her best with me when I was unhappy or in trouble. She likes helping people—there's some Quaker in her background."

"Quakers?" said Annetje. "Those funny rich people from Pennsylvania?"

"There are a few not quite so rich ones from Connecticut."

"Quakers in Connecticut?" Annetje put her hand over her mouth and giggled. "Yes?" she said. She nodded. "It is very interesting."

"Yes," he said. "Now let's go upstairs." He smiled at Annetje. He took her arm. "We'll have a drink, but perhaps you'd better not have a drink. Then we will eat. . . ."

He had left the door of his apartment unlocked. "We're here!" he called out and pushed the door open. Louise and Ulrich had changed postures; they were sitting stiffly on the couch, side by side, upright, formal. Louise seemed pinker than he remembered. Avram wondered if Louise and Ulrich had been necking. Ulrich looked quite wooden. "Louise," he said brightly, "this is Annetje Thompson. Annetje, this is Louise—Louise—and . . ." He could not remember Louise's married name or Ulrich's name at all.

"My husband, Ulrich von Kunnel," Louise said coldly.

"How do you do?" Annetje said, rattling the words off with a careless, tumbled charm. She looked quite forlorn except that her face, of course, was so striking, and her hair and her shoul-

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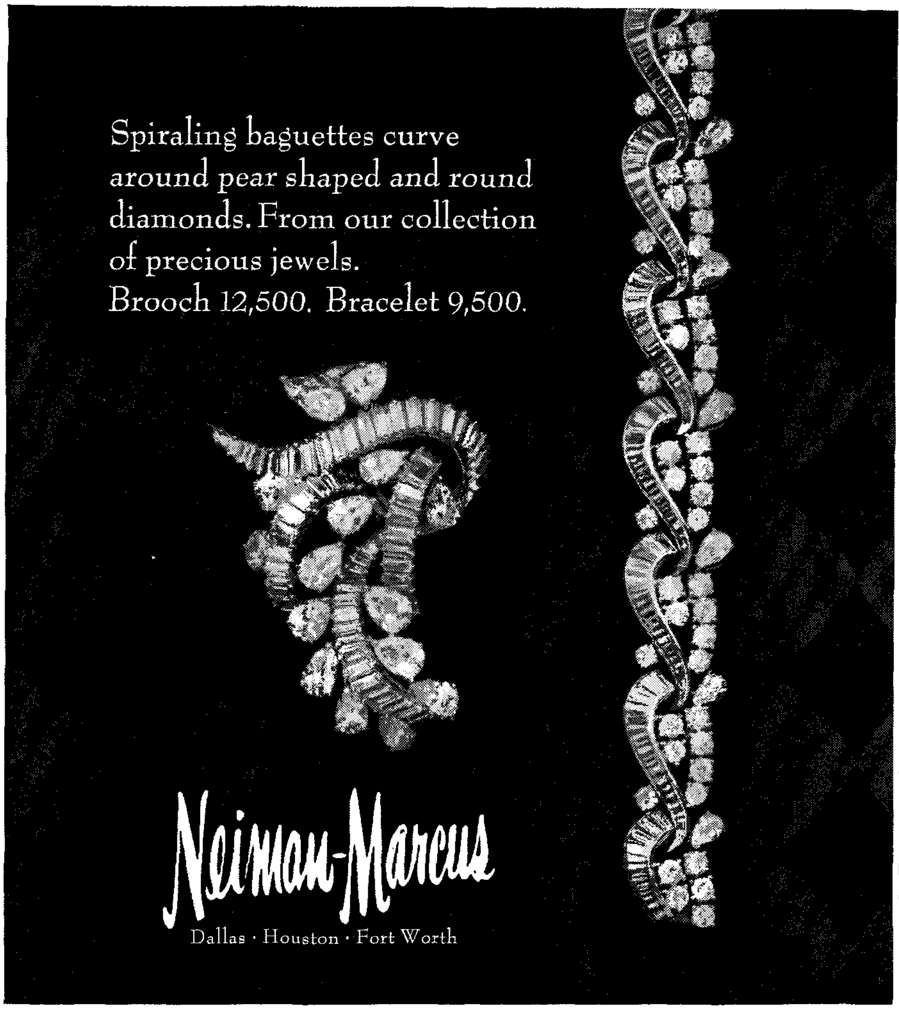
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ders and her small, pillowy hips, too. "I am in terrible shape," Annetje confided. "Avram has told you, I am strange. I am not myself. I am not always like this. No," she said pathetically. "Not like this. Avram said I should come out, but really I am not fit. I will depress you. I am very mad."

Avram took Annetje's coat from her shoulders. "Don't worry about it," he said. "We are all a little mad."

"Not from taking drugs!" Louise said, her color rising.

Incredulity made Avram giddy. He said, "Louise. You can't. Say that, I mean."

"I was merely speaking the truth."

Avram stared at her. How *did* her mind work? How could she not be interested in meeting someone who had taken LSD? How could she fail to be impressed by Annetje—unkempt, exotic, ravishingly, electrically present, and troubled? He wondered if Louise was peevish at wasting her pearls, her dress, her careful lipstick on an evening of improvised sympathy.

He thought confusedly it must be her marriage; she was stiff. He said with a nervous laugh, "Truth? Don't talk piffle, darling." It was an old routine, his speaking comic British with Louise, one he had grown tired of and not used with her in a long time, but he trotted it out eagerly; he waited for her to smile.

Her face settled into lines of battle. "I don't like drugs!" she said in a voice Avram thought unconscionably opinionated but wonderfully well bred.

He said, "Louise, as it happens, I dislike drunks, and I've seen you drunk."

Ulrich said, "What is this thing that Americans have, that they must obliterate their environment—do they find their country and their life so very *ugly?" He raised his eyebrows;* he smiled.

"Annetje is Dutch," Avram said. He wondered again at that German confidence which allowed them to think they were making a good impression when they were not.

Annetje turned and smiled at the sound of her name. "Yes. Dutch," she said. She glided delicately across the floor as if expecting it to trick her. "Dutch, double Dutch," she said and collapsed into a chair in the darkest part of the room. Her hair, her pale face glimmered. "Oh, I am in terrible shape," she said obliviously. "When you take LSD," she said to Louise, "be very careful."

"I would never take a drug!" Louise exclaimed.

"Louise, you are being intoler-

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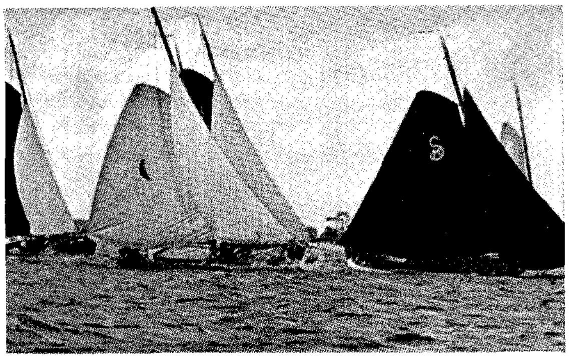

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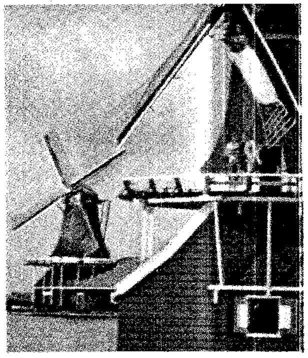

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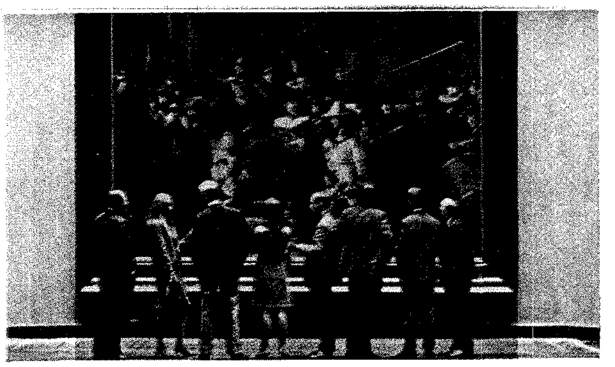

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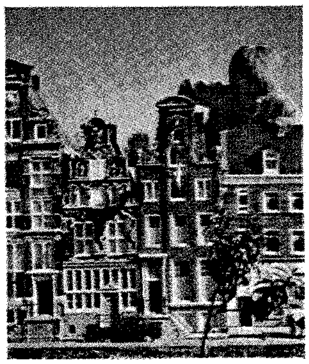

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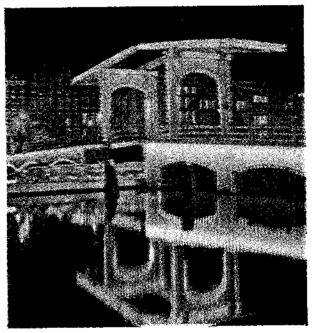

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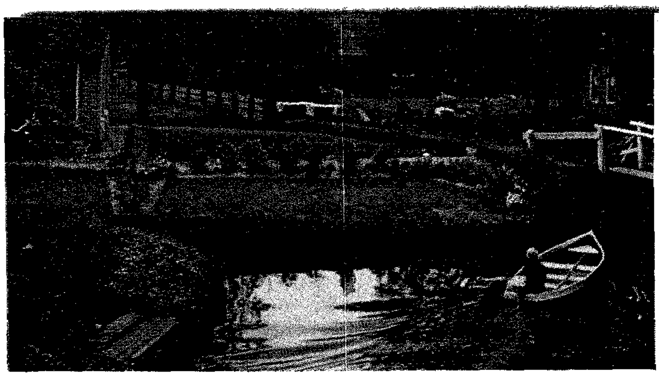

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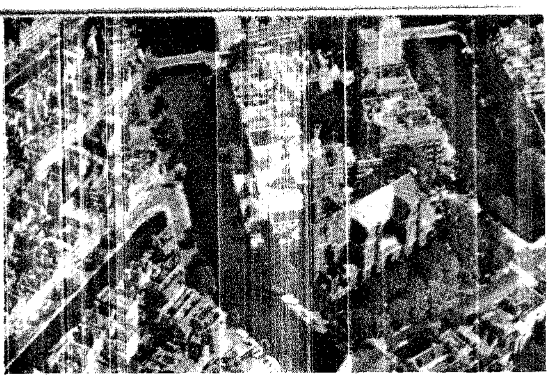

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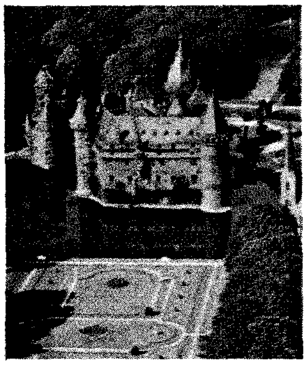

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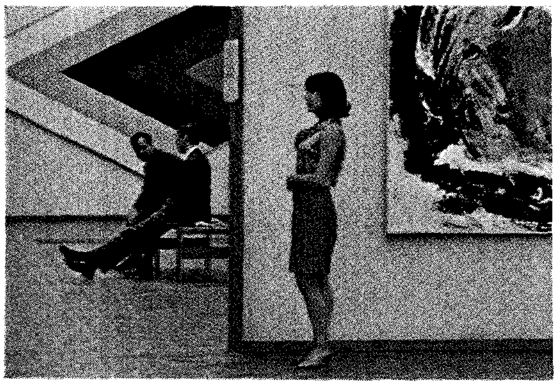

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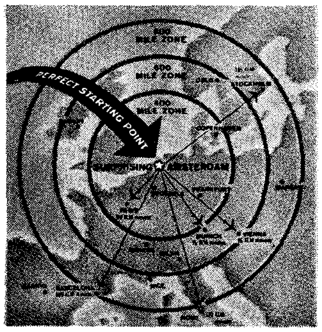

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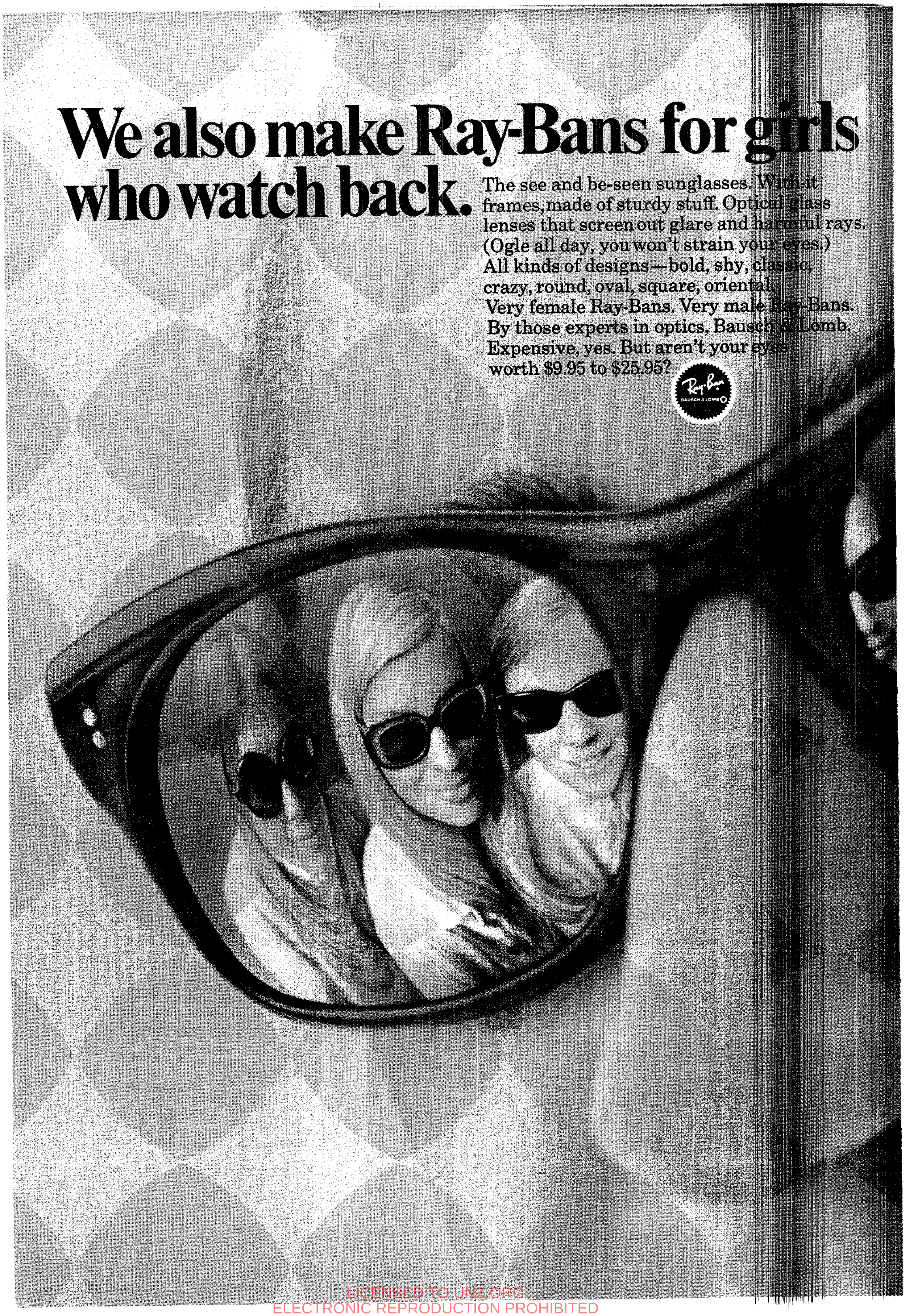

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ant!" Avram cried, whining slightly in his astonishment.

Louise said, "I am sick unto death of this whole modern business—turning strong people into nursemaids."

"No one wants you to be a nurse," Avram said. He understood her now: she resented Annetje's capture of the center of attention. "But I have always thought of you as someone who could transcend her limitations."

"I am civilized," Louise said grandly. "If your friend isn't well, shouldn't she go to a hospital? They are equipped to handle this sort of thing."

Avram said, "Don't be illiterate, Louise. Nothing can be done for the aftereffects of LSD. For the moment, Annetje is confused—and needs company—that is all."

"I am very confused," Annetje said, "but I am not good company. I—"

"She's suffering from drug poisoning!" Louise said.

"It is not drug poisoning. Do you know *anything* about LSD?"

"All drugs are alike," Louise said. Avram had often thought Louise's inclination to be immoral was so strong that she had to make her private laws very stringent. And simple.

"They are not *all* alike!" he cried. "Some act on the nerves, some on the muscles, some on the—"

"You know what I mean," Louise said.

"Drugs are not alike," Annetje said, shaking her head. "I have taken many. This is the worst that has ever—"

"You see!" Louise said. She turned to Annetje. "You are a thrill seeker, aren't you?"

Annetje said seriously, "I do not like to be bored." She put her fine-boned hands to her head. "But this is terrible. Five days now, I cannot eat, I cannot sleep, the walls look at me, I—"

"Isn't that what you ought to expect if you have recourse to drugs?" Louise asked.

"Louise!" Avram cried.

"Well, it's true," Louise said.

"Why can't we say that people who take drugs are braver than we are?" Avram demanded. "They are less afraid of aftereffects—of death."

"You are speaking nonsense," Ulrich said gravely.

"Why," said Avram, "do people think a dictum rudely expressed will pass as a convincing argument?"

"What did he say?" Ulrich asked Louise. He turned back to Av-

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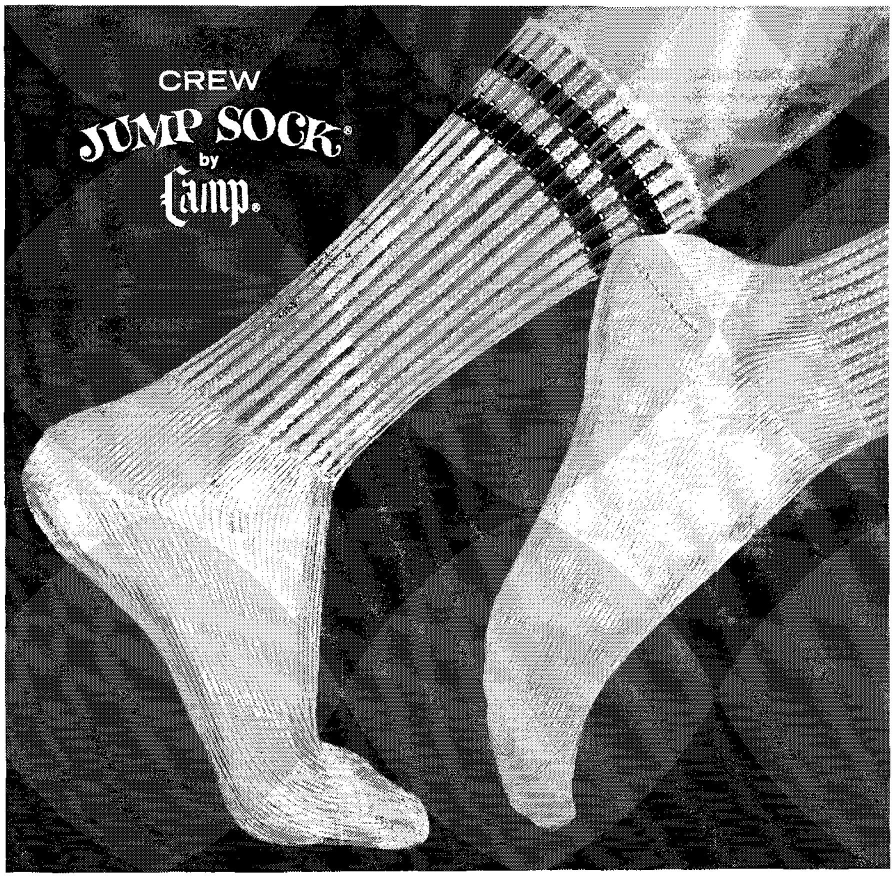

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ram. "My English is not perfect." He smiled politely and turned to Louise.

Avram said, "I may very well be wrong on this issue, I may very well be under the influence of fashion, my opinion may be nonsensical, but I would prefer you expressed *your* opinion at least in my own house with more respect for the notion that I don't consider my opinions nonsense."

Ulrich looked blank. Louise said, "Pooh."

"You are making a joke?" Ulrich asked Avram.

"I was not. I believe there is a spiritual bravery involved in a living death. In tampering with the mind. It is one I am incapable of, but I believe people have the *right* to ruin or expand their lives with drugs or whatever. I certainly do not think I am speaking nonsense. Nonsense requires a very special sort of talent—mathematicians have it, witness Lewis Carroll." Avram felt he was being fatuous. "I have no talent for nonsense. I mean what I say."

"You believe drugs should be *legal?*" Louise demanded.

"Yes."

"I suppose you would let drugs advertise," she said.

"Perhaps."

"You are a *visionary*," Louise said with contempt. "You always felt you knew it all."

"He is very intelligent," Annetje said.

"Thank you, Annetje."

Annetje turned to Louise. "Don't you feel he understands women?"

"No," Louise said.

"I think he is very understanding," Annetje said imperviously.

Louise smiled ironically at Avram. Avram thought of her face as a flat, lipsticked radar screen. He said, "You mustn't confuse stodginess with pragmatism, Louise."

"Don't be rude to me," Louise said. "Just because I haven't taken a drug doesn't mean I'm stodgy." She assumed a penetrating look. "Just when did you enter the avant-garde?"

"I am not speaking as a member of the avant-garde. I am speaking as a man of compassion and intellect."

Annetje said, "Avram is Jewish."

"Ah, are you Jewish?" Ulrich asked.

"Louise didn't *tell* you?" Avram asked.

Ulrich said, "She told me you were a man of belles-lettres."

"How mad," Avram said. He turned to Louise. "You charlatan," he

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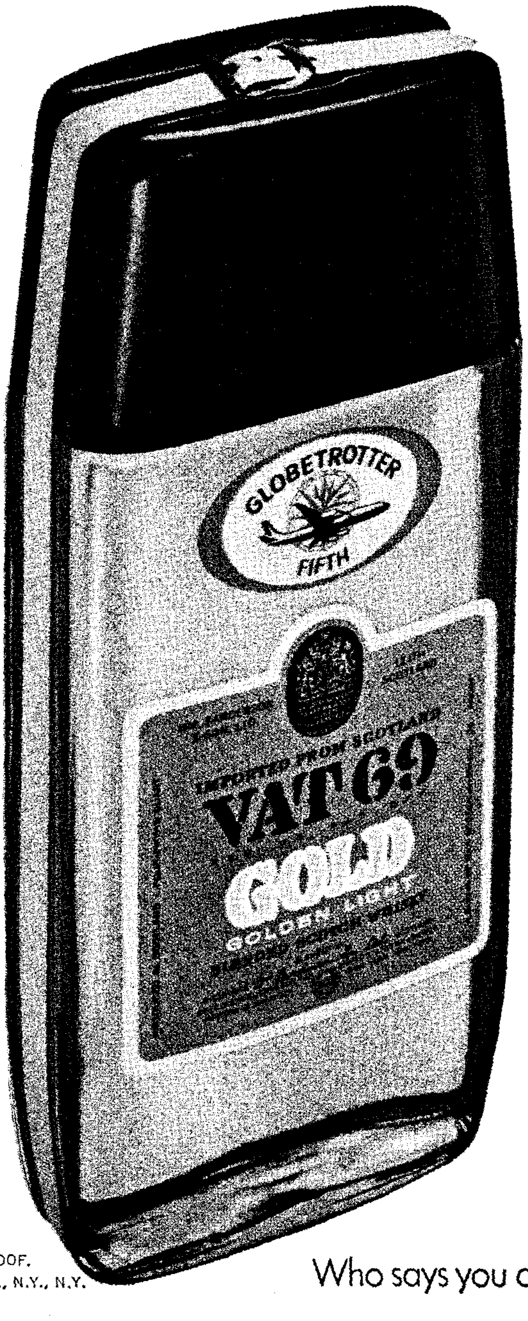
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said. "Did you try to pass me off as a Gentile gentleman?"

"I'm very interested in belles-lettres," Ulrich said.

"Of course not," Louise said.

"I've never been conservative. I feel your class unjustly owns and bores this country," Avram said bitterly.

"Oh, pooh," Louise said.

"It's a hypocritical class. You are a woman who has always liked to drink and have since girlhood. How can you condemn anyone who fiddles with their senses?"

Annetje said, "I hate drunks. They are very ugly."

"Alcohol kills and maims far more people than drugs do," Avram said. "Why are you so defensive?" he went on, exalted with argument; he pointed his finger savagely. "What are you afraid of? Why are you jealous of Annetje's experimenting with self-illumination?"

"I am not jealous!"

"Oh, you do not want this experience," Annetje said vaguely. "It is terrible. My teeth burn like little fires."

"I am not jealous *or* defensive!" Louise said. "I am protesting this trampling on what it means to be a responsible human being."

"Except when drunk," Avram said, slyly relentless.

"Except what when drunk, please?" Ulrich asked. Annetje was staring into space.

"Responsible, darling," Louise said to him.

"Yes. I believe in that," Ulrich said.

"Even for crimes during the war?" Avram demanded, turning on *him*.

"And what of Vietnam?" Ulrich replied instantly.

"You can compare Vietnam, deplorable as it is, to the camps?"

"The camps?" said Annetje, terrified.

"I am sick of the camps," Louise said.

"Bad conscience," Avram said. "If I had any backbone, I would refuse to speak to you ever."

"You do not look Jewish," Ulrich said.

What a really inglorious evening, Avram thought. He said, "Isn't that wonderful? But you can tell I'm Jewish because I'm so brilliant."

"Oh, yes," Ulrich said agreeably.

"Please don't talk about Jews," Annetje said in a weak, frightened voice, raising her hands to her temples. With an odd flutter as of an attempt at a normal social charm, she said sweetly, "I am tired of Jews."

"Tired?" Avram demanded. "Why

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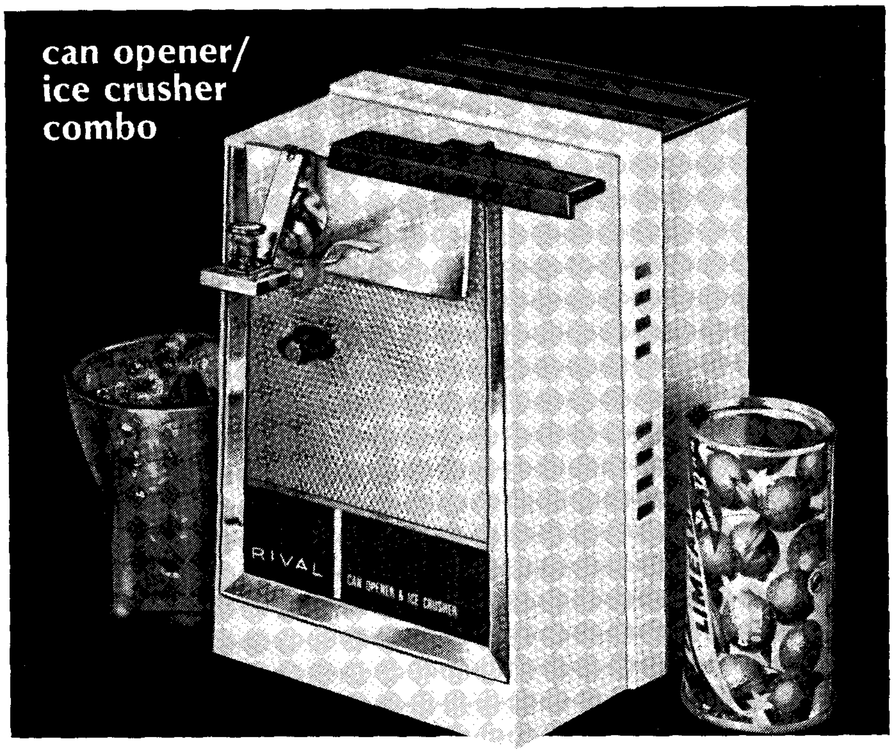

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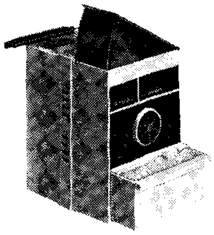

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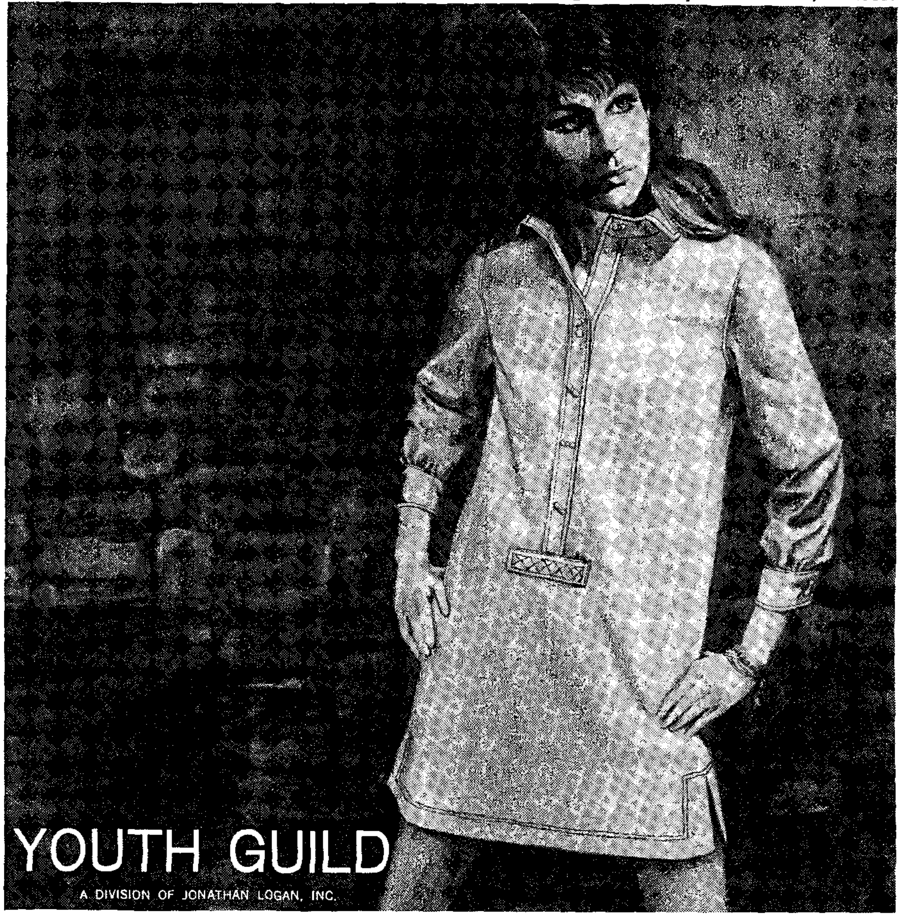
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are you tired of them? You've never been married to one that I know of?"

Ulrich smiled abruptly at Annetje.

Louise said, "Are you married?"

"Yes," said Annetje.

"Doesn't your husband care if you take LSD?"

"I do not care if he cares or not. Besides, I did it for him. A friend told me, she saved her marriage—she said, you take this drug and you have an insight, you learn to be understanding. But it was horrible. The understanding was like death. Now I cannot eat, I cannot sleep, I think I want to die."

Avram said, "There is a theory that LSD interferes with the ego—sometimes that leads to an insight, but sometimes it leads to a view of one's self as not worth saving."

"We all have those feelings without drugs, I am sure," Louise said snappishly.

"Not you, Louise," Avram said. "Your ego is too *healthy*."

"I don't want to be insulted anymore!" Louise said.

"Louise is very—how do you say—mature," Ulrich said.

"I've learned to live with myself," Louise said.

"But the rest of us haven't learned to live with *you*," Avram said.

"Come, Ulrich." Louise stood. "We must go."

Annetje said, "I don't want to live with myself."

"Well, you just go on taking drugs and Avram will be very sympathetic," Louise said.

"Oh, sit down," Avram said. "We've known each other too long to be insulted by anything."

Annetje frowned at Louise. "I think you have a very closed mind. I think it's terrible to have such a closed mind."

Avram had not thought Annetje was following the talk. He was pleased; she was coming back to the real world.

Louise said, "I don't happen to think a closed mind is a vice."

"Louise," Avram said. "Come on now."

"I don't fall for all the propaganda that comes down the pike. I don't believe in that kind of open mind. I happen to think *she* has the closed mind—a drug closed it."

"And I was hoping to help her a bit while her mind opens," Avram said.

Louise sat down. "I do not approve of drugs at all." She lifted her glass and took a straightforward, large swallow—a drinking woman's swallow. She put her glass down. "And don't tell me about alcohol!" She sat quite still

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while the drink moved into her bloodstream.

Ulrich said to Annetje, "Why do Americans want to change themselves?"

"Alcohol stood our ancestors in good stead," Louise remarked. "Avram, you are a very old friend. But I really don't like intellectuals."

Annetje said to Ulrich and Louise, "You are like Germans." She said it warningly. "They never listen. They thought they knew everything. Sometimes I thought they did know everything, they must be right, because they were so powerful they were winning the war. I was frightened all the time. But they did not win. But we were walking by a road, I was very little, and their planes came and shot at us. Why? It was because we didn't matter. I hate people who are so *realistic*. . . ."

"You think it realistic to hate a whole nation?" Louise exclaimed.

Avram thought, Drugs, race, *and* politics. He began to laugh. No one paid him any attention.

"Yes," Annetje said.

"If you don't forgive the Germans, why should anyone forgive you?" Louise demanded.

"Forgive her? Forgive her for *what*?" Avram demanded. "She didn't kill twenty million people."

"The Germans should have been hung, all of them," Annetje said. "They were filthy, filthy—" She seemed close to tears.

"There is sweet reason and sympathy," Louise said to Avram and shrugged.

"I think it is unfortunate you hate so many people," Ulrich said stiffly, "the innocent with the guilty."

"They did it first!" Annetje cried.

Avram stood up and levelled a finger at Louise. "You see! There it is! You heard her. The beauty of it, the simplicity of it—*they did it first*. Don't you see? I *lean* on people like you, Louise, I *rely* on you, but for illumination we must turn to the drug-takers, the sufferers, the penetrating souls who *see* right and wrong."

"Isn't that splendid," Louise said, and took another drink.

"It was only a very small minority who—" Ulrich's eyes were on the pale Annetje.

"Don't, please, give us that minority nonsense!" Avram cried.

"It is not nonsense. I was in Germany and I—"

"Did not know about the camps," Avram said with disgust.

"That is correct."

"I was in Holland and France and Italy and I knew," Annetje said.

Louise said, "Well, of course, we are very sorry for what you went through, but Ulrich went through a great deal, too."

Ulrich said, "You cannot believe what it was like when the Russians came—like wild beasts."

"Oh, for God's sake, why not?" Avram said. "Look what your armies had done to Russia."

"They weren't Ulrich's armies. He was a child."

"Annetje was a child, and the Germans would have killed her."

Louise said, "What is so sick about this conversation is that we don't end it."

"You don't know what it is like to be hunted," Annetje said in a deepened voice, a voice that shuddered. "They wanted to find you and kill you and there was no *reason*, there was no r—"

Ulrich said with shuttered eyes, "I think we would all be happier without memories. I try to have no memories." He opened his eyes and gazed at Annetje. That German wants her, Avram thought with a pang of jealousy. Ulrich said, "So I have come to the New World." To a rich wife, Avram thought coldly. "We must learn to live together. We—"

"When I took the drug, at first it seemed like that," Annetje said. "It seemed it was over, I did not have to remember, I could forgive the Germans. It was like a great burst of light. I could stop being afraid. But then it turned into a nightmare. There was still wickedness—wickedness goes on and on—my husband is a bastard—I cannot stand it!" She raised her hands to her temples; then, it seemed to Avram, the room went out of focus for her. She said, "Excuse me. I am crazy. I am not myself. I would not wish this on anyone!"

"Except the Germans," Louise said sotto voce.

"Yes, the Germans!" Annetje cried. "I wish they should all be put in a Crazy House—"

"Ah," Ulrich said sadly. "She is talking about many innocent people."

"Yes, she is, you dolt!" Avram cried.

"There seems to be an insuperable difference of opinion," Louise said.

Avram passed his hand in front of his eyes. "Yes. I am ashamed. I am ashamed of all of us except Annetje."

"Don't be ashamed for me," Louise said and finished her drink. "I am not the least bit ashamed of anything I've

Schoolboys of King's College School, Cambridge

Gather memories that will last a lifetime on a fortnight's visit to Britain.

These toppered young gents are dressed for *school.* They are choirboys at King's College Chapel in Cambridge—the noble structure in our photograph. Many people feel that one of the most *moving* experiences of a trip to Britain is to hear these choirboys sing Evensong beneath the traceried vaults of the Chapel.

King's College Chapel was built in 1446, but the oldest Cambridge college is almost 700 years old. The list of Cambridge students reads like an honour roll of western civilisation: Milton, Cromwell, Newton, Wordsworth, Darwin, Harvard.

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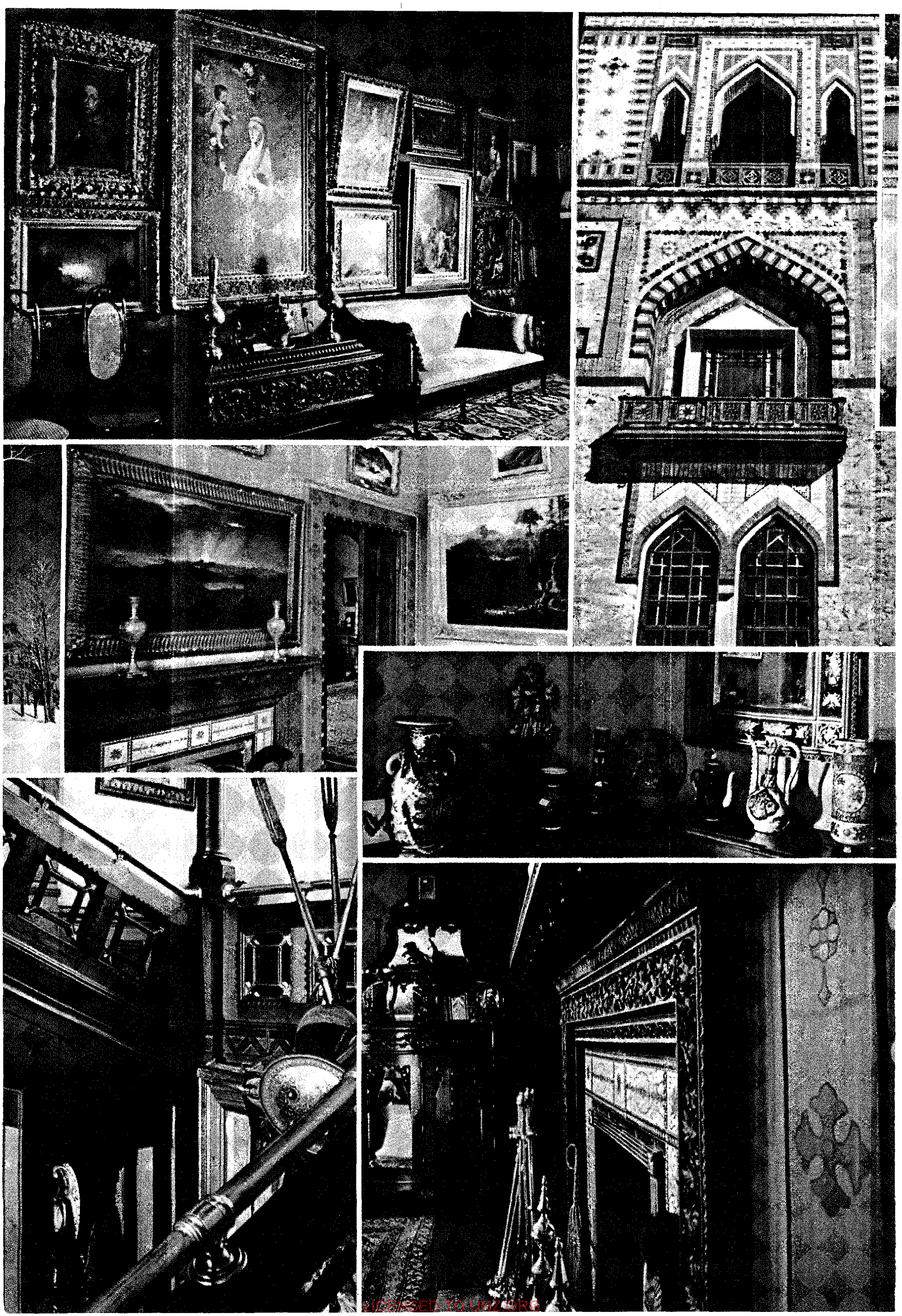

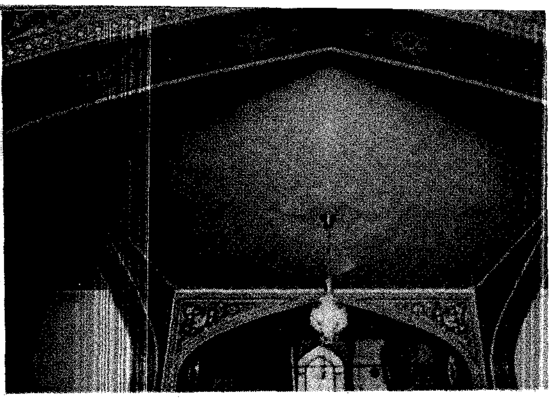

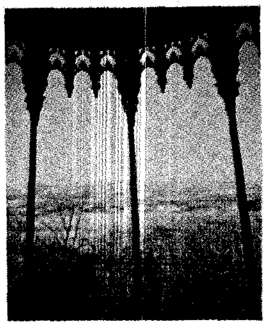

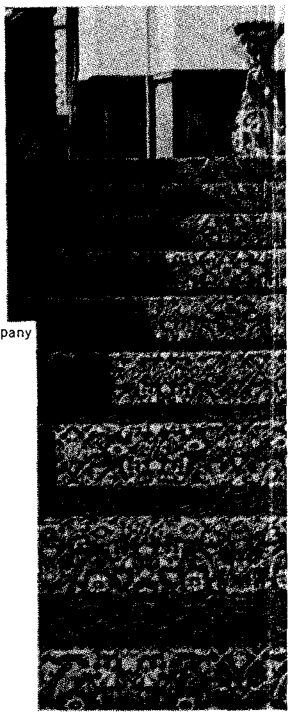

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The fight for Olana.

We can't say our decision on Olana was the easiest that Bankers Trust ever made.

Olana had been the home of Frederic Church, last of the Hudson River school of painters.

The place is almost a documentary on 19th Century art and manners and considered one of the country's authentic relics.

But Olana had become part of an estate and that's usually bad news for relics.

In administering the estate, we had started plans to put a tag on everything and disperse the collection to the four winds at auction.

The building itself seemed to be devaluing the land and looked as if it might have to be torn down.

It isn't that we're indifferent to the past. But our legal obligation is to get as much money as possible for the heirs of the estate.

At this point we talked with an interesting group. They wanted to preserve Olana as a museum and they wanted time to raise the purchase price.

It was both a good and a terrible idea.

It might save the paintings and objets d'art from a bad day on the auction block. (And the Moorish-Italian villa itself was probably worthless for anything but a museum.)

But on the other hand our primary duty is to realize the value of an estate promptly and not take a chance on fluctuations in the market place. Suppose Olana Preservation, Inc. (as they came to be known) couldn't raise the money?

What if the market value of the paintings and artifacts collapsed while we were waiting?

Doing something out of the ordinary like this might expose us not only to criticism but even financial liability. So not only Olana, but our stockholders' money and our reputation were involved.

But the essence of a banker's profession is the weighing of character and capability.

We don't believe a banker should duck a decision by hiding behind a rule book.

In this case, we decided these people were right and they were. But it took them nineteen months.

By then the State Senate and Assembly had approved, and Governor Rockefeller had signed, a bill authorizing the purchase of Olana as a museum and state park.

(Stop in and look it over, if you're ever in the vicinity. It's near Hudson, New York, off Route 9G.)

We like to think that more than Olana was saved.

In the future, any time an organization says to an executor "Give us a chance to save it," the executor can seriously entertain the proposition.

And we'd like to think he'll consider the story of Olana a precedent.

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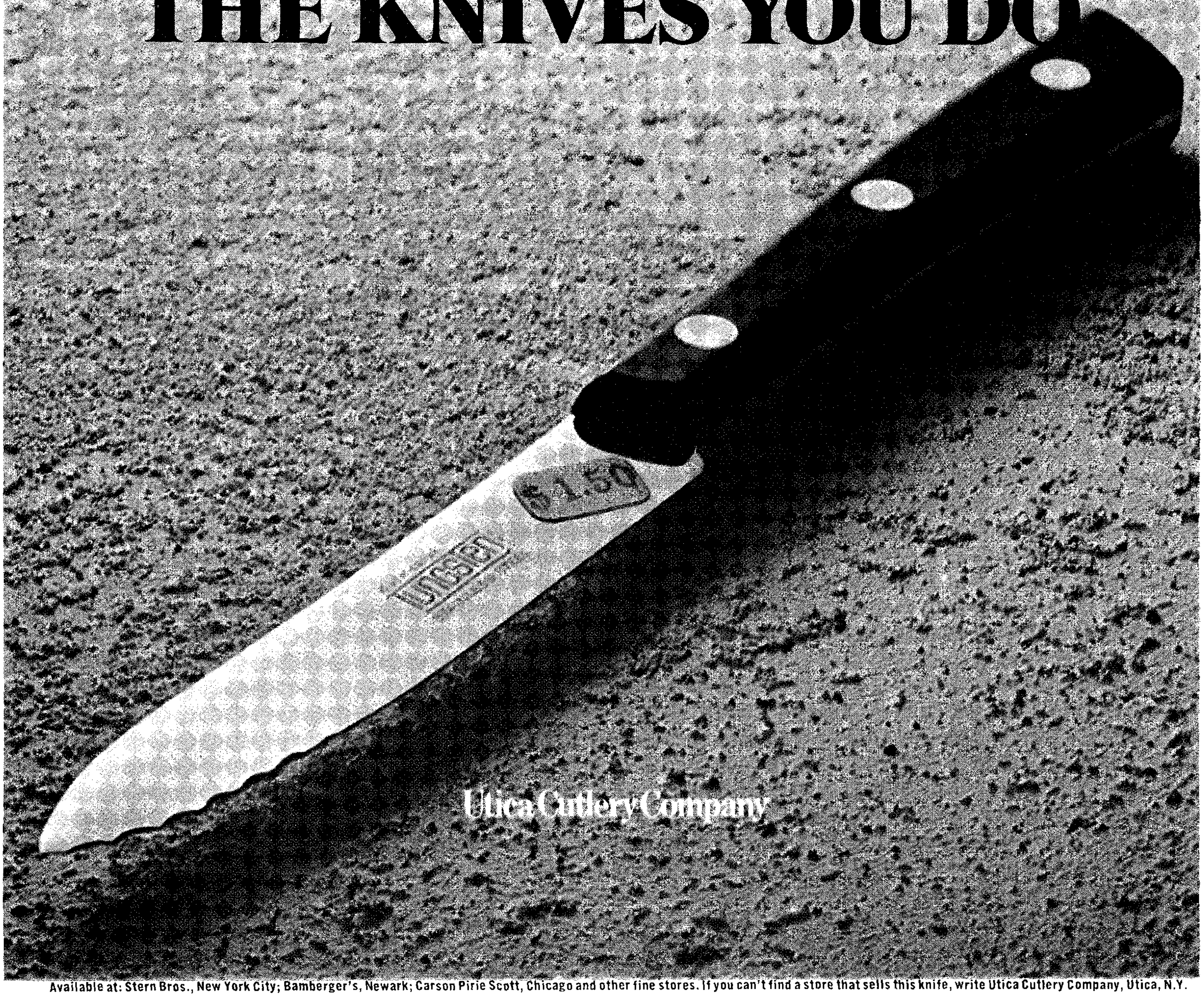

Available at: Stern Bros., New York City; Bamberger's, Newark; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago and other fine stores. If you can't find a store that sells this knife, write Utica Cutlery Company, Utica, N.Y.

said. I'm not avant-garde. I haven't said anything sophisticated."

Avram's left hand gripped his right one. He said, "It's incredible. No one has thrown anything."

Ulrich said, "She warned me. She said with you one has to be tolerant. You make terrible arguments with everyone."

"She did, did she?" Avram passed his hand again over his eyes. "Is anyone hungry?" he said. "I thought we might eat Chinese."

"Ah, God, no," Annetje said. "I can't. I can't eat. I will go home."

Ulrich asked her, "Do you refuse to eat with a German? Are you angry?"

"I have eaten with Germans," Annetje said. "I am not angry. I am not myself. It—"

Louise said to Avram, "You didn't ask me if I was angry."

Avram said, "We have put up with so much from each other over the years! I tell myself when the time comes you'll send me CARE packages in the concentration camp."

"Oh, pooh," Louise said.

Annetje was still talking. ". . . the idea of chewing, and in a restaurant *all* the people chewing, chewing . . ."

"But you ought to eat!" Avram cried, argumentatively. "It will *help* you."

"I will make myself spaghetti at home," Annetje said in a tone of pathos. "Please don't make me go to a restaurant." She was near tears.

"Annetje, you cannot go home," Avram said. "What will you do? Stare at the walls?"

"Yes, but that is all right. It is all I can do now."

Louise said to Avram, "Perhaps it would be better if Ulrich and I left. You could stay with your friend."

"No!" said Avram.

"No, no," said Annetje. "I don't want to be that kind of person. I have asked too much of Avram already."

Avram squirmed, he calculated his own villainy, decided it was extensive but not fatal, yet he did not want to be alone with Annetje, he wanted no private responsibility for her at all.

"I'll walk you home," he said. He said to Louise and Ulrich, "I'll be right back. Please wait for me." He rose.

Annetje began to prattle, "It is better this way. I feel much better. I don't want to interfere. I am very strange just now. I cannot bear myself, really, my strangeness. I know I will get better, I must wait out my punishment—all I mind is when I think it will never end. You know, I cannot bear the feel

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The difference.

American cigars are moist. They are purposely and painstakingly made to be moist. Wee Willems, on the other hand, are purposely and painstakingly made to be dry. In fact, Wee Willems are actually baked in ovens to make them dry.

The taste. Why cigarette smokers like it.

The taste and aroma of Wee Willems are very different from American cigars. People who smoke little cigars tell us Wee Willems are refreshingly mild. This is why many cigarette smokers like our baked cigars.

First of all, you'll notice the clear, direct taste. Dry in the sense that a fine wine tastes dry.

And here's a fact that many cigarette smokers will appreciate: Wee Willems are completely enjoyable without your having to inhale.

Wee Willem is here.

If you've never smoked a baked cigar, you really ought to give Wee Willem a try. You can buy them in most better smoke shops, restaurants and hotels. (If you can't find them, write us.)

Oh yes, there's one more nice thing. Wee Willems come in a thin flat box that will easily fit where you used to carry your cigarettes. 50¢ a box of 10.

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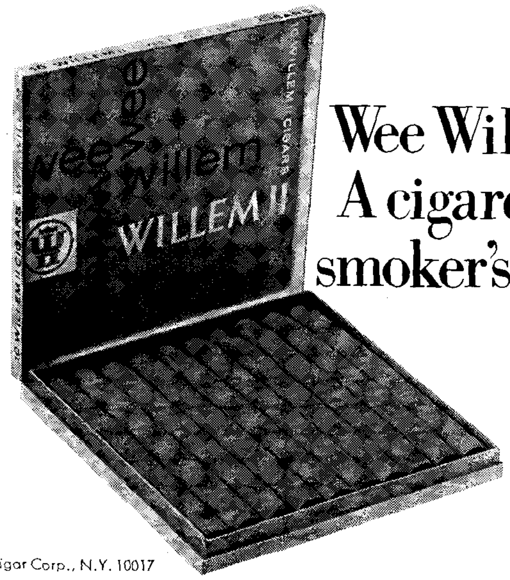

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A cigarette smoker's cigar.

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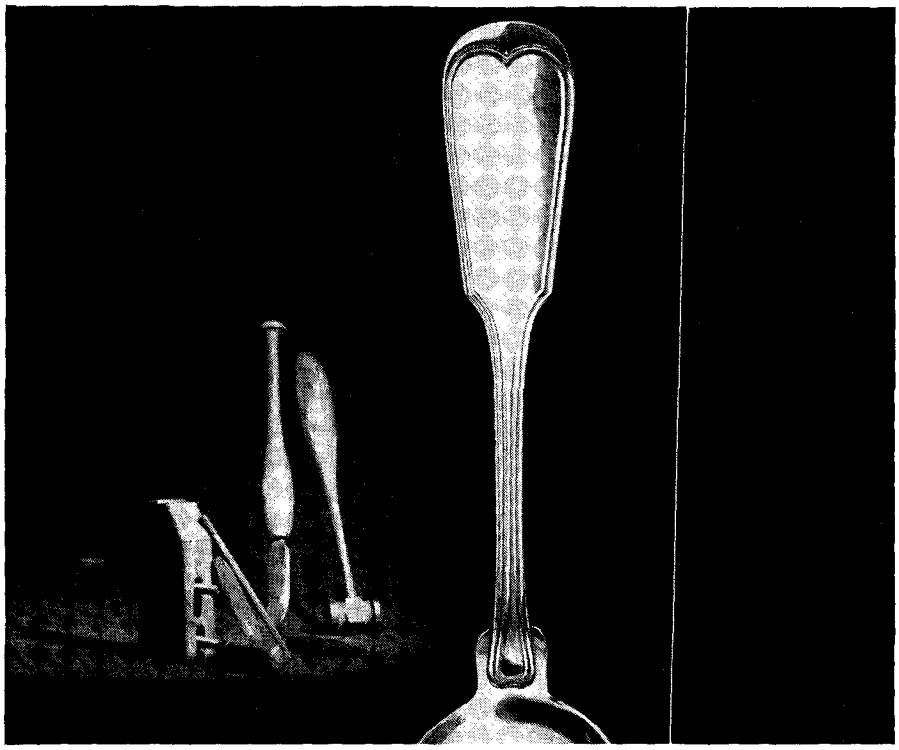

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of clothes just now? I have worn these for five days. I am afraid to touch them, these clothes."

Avram thought Louise looked resigned; he thought Ulrich listened at first with mere politeness and then with interest and even lechery. But Annetje went on and on and on, and after a while Ulrich began to utter rude little ironies: "Very interesting, I am sure. . . . You seem very interested in your own symptoms. . . ." But Annetje did not look at him.

Avram said, "Annetje, would you like to wait for me here?"

"No, no. I feel this apartment has lips." She laughed.

"You are very sensitive," Ulrich murmured.

"Yes," Annetje said. "I can hear conversations through the air, I can hear radio waves. I am quite mad."

Avram said, "You don't want to be alone."

"But it is better for me," Annetje said. She stood up. "I cannot be with people. I am too impossible." She turned to Ulrich and Louise. "I am sorry I am so crazy. Perhaps we will meet at a time when I am more myself."

Ulrich smiled politely; Louise stretched her closed lips.

Annetje slid her arms into the coat Avram held for her. He thought she appeared almost saintly in her obliviousness to the rudeness and contemptuous mood of the two on the couch. Although Louise had been angry before she could possibly have known, her anger was in part justified by how unimportant Annetje thought her—unimportant, unreal, uninteresting.

ANNETJE hesitated twice on the stairs in the hallway. "The steps frighten me going down," she said. "It's stupid—I'm stupid, yes? The steps are all right, they won't collapse under me?"

"I don't think so," Avram said. He said, "Will you really be all right alone? Can't you call someone to be with you?"

"Everyone is tired of me," Annetje said brightly. "Everyone I liked I have called and they have been with me and they have gotten tired and left and been angry with me. Five days—they get so bored."

Avram minded less than he would have thought, his having been the last resort.

"I have moods all the time," Annetje was saying. "They get tired." She stepped into the lower hallway and blinked, relieved to be free of the

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stairs. She said, "They owe me nothing. No one owes me nothing. It is John Herbert, that bastard, who should not leave me alone. I sat up with him many times."

Outside, the air was still hung with floating drops, visible beads of moisture, faintly pewter-colored with captured light, and very beautiful, Avram thought. The sidewalk was quite wet and held the dim, damp, shapeless reflections of lights in windows and over doorways and of street lights. Avram thought that Louise and Ulrich were very probably kinder to each other and closer to each other than Annetje and John Herbert. He said, to make it up to John Herbert that he had desired his wife, "You should not blame him. You took the LSD to hurt him."

"I wanted to help, I wanted to learn how to be good," Annetje cried, twisting her head.

"But you excluded him," Avram said. "You went off alone. You said he's been in bad shape lately. It was the same as if you abandoned him, you pushed him away. . . ."

"Yes, yes, I see that. Perhaps he isn't a bastard. I am so paranoid I imagine so many terrible things. I—" She broke off.

At the apartment house on the corner, a doorman stood behind the glass door, staring out. Avram said, "I didn't say he wasn't a bastard. I only said you excluded him."

"Yes, yes. How clever you are," she said, and leaned more closely to him as if for comfort.

Avram's heart began to swell inside him like a piece of fruit, he thought, ripening. He guided Annetje at the corner to make the turn. Too many debits, he thought. He burst into apology. "I am *not* clever," he said. "What was I doing when I asked you to join us? How could I not have known! What was I thinking of?"

Annetje said in a humble voice, "I am so sorry I was so terrible with your friends."

Avram halted on the pavement, in the mist. "You were terrible? No, no." Avram said, "*They* were terrible."

"They were?"

"They were unforgivably rude. They picked on you."

"They did?"

Avram peered into her face. "My God," he said. "You are confused!" He laughed, took a step onward, Annetje a weight against his arm. "You have no judgment at all, you are really quite wonderful."

Annetje said, "I thought they had closed minds, but I am so paranoid I

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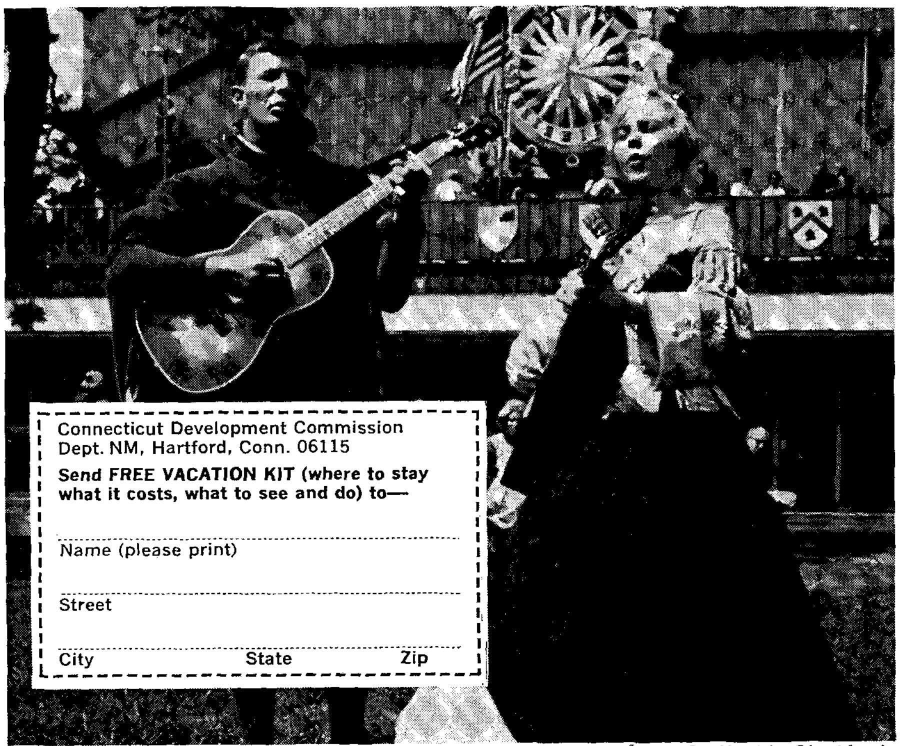

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thought it was just my imagination."

Cars trailed enormous red exclamation points along the wet macadam. Buildings ascended and disappeared behind veils of haze, which they then charged with mysterious, silvery glare. Between the buildings, the sky held patches of diluted red, of watery rouge. Avram said, "There is no ambiguity about it. They attacked you the moment you walked in the door. Annetje, I don't want to encourage you in a neurosis, but not all of a paranoid's fears are unfounded."

"Is that true? Oh," Annetje said with a little, wondering laugh. "Yes, that must be true. I see that." She stopped walking; she breathed. "I am so glad." She pressed Avram's arm. They turned and went into Annetje's apartment house. "I thought everything I felt was because I was so crazy."

"Well, you can have more faith in yourself now," Avram said firmly. He was silent in the elevator. When the elevator was gone, he said to Annetje, "There is a genuine irony for you—hostility helped make you better. The evening was not a failure." It seemed safer to him to be more emotional with her now that he knew he was the last person in her telephone book she had called. "Sometimes it horrifies me," he said, "that we dare talk about serious subjects—the camps, love, anything. We should leave the serious subjects to poets, who will tell us how to speak of them without lowering them; we should confine ourselves to the weather and the stock market like sensible people." Annetje was trying, with frightened hands, to work the locks of her door. Avram said, "Annetje, I am sorry I have to go back. I would rather stay with you."

Annetje turned and looked up, surprised, pleased, unbelieving, humble. "Would you like to stay with me?"

"Oh yes. But Louise is a very old friend. You can see she's decidedly odd—she wouldn't understand if I stayed with you. I'll tell you something about her: she never breaks a promise, she is never late for an appointment, she is utterly reliable."

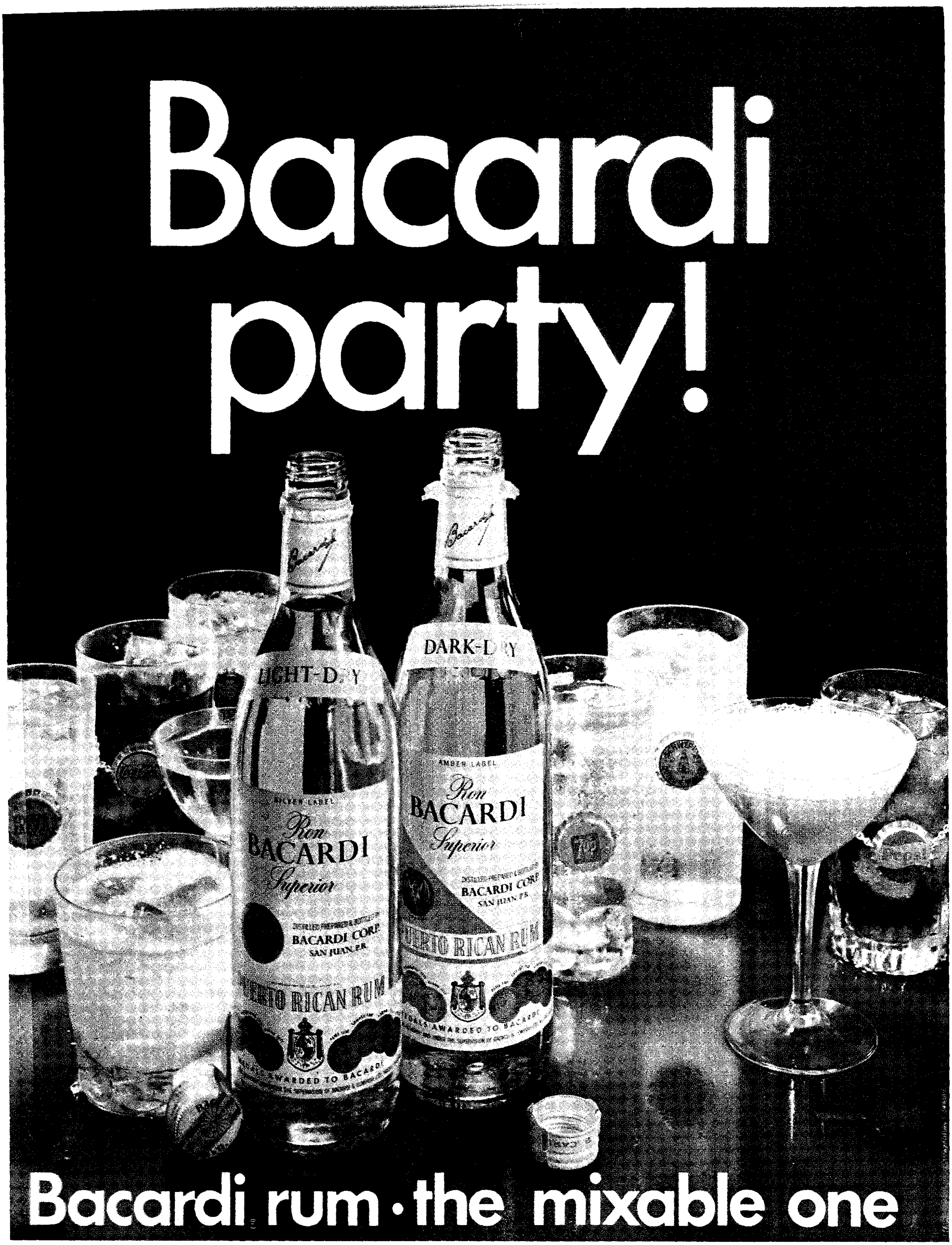
"That's wonderful," Annetje said. "I would like to know people like that. Sometimes it seems to me I live in a bowl of soup, nothing is solid."

"I think you are hungry," Avram said. "Promise me you will eat, that you will make yourself a little spaghetti or something."

"Yes. Maybe."

"No maybe. Just yes."

Annetje shrugged her fine shoul-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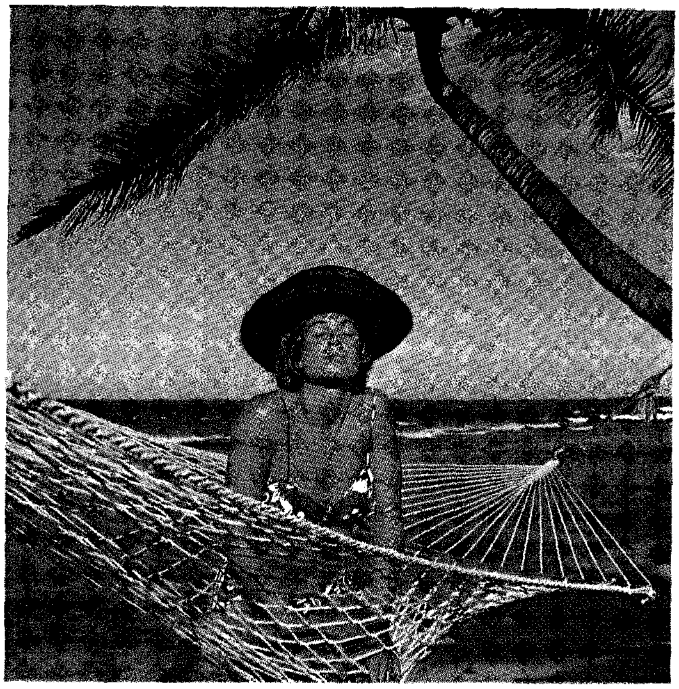

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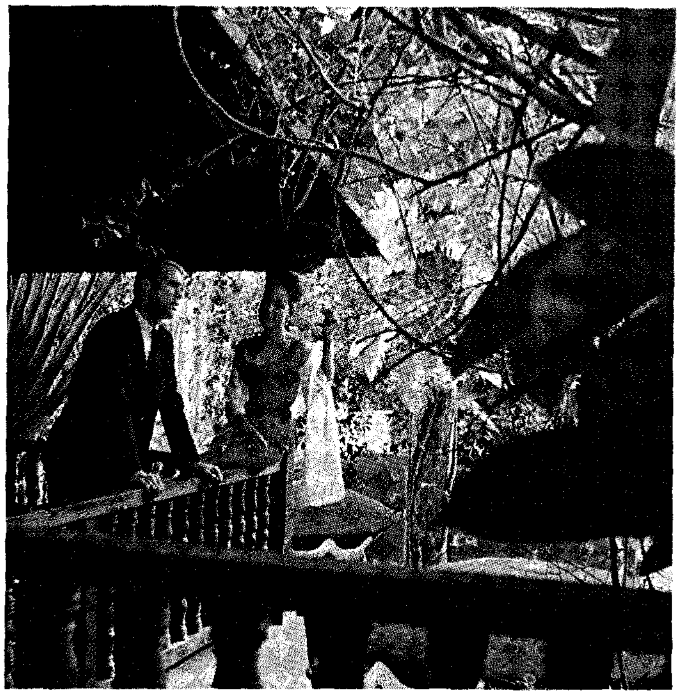

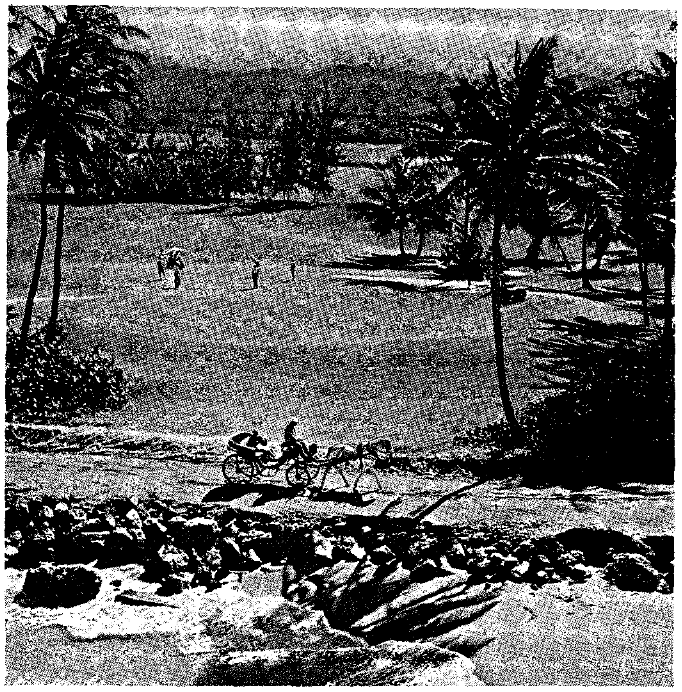

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ders. She said, "Your friends seemed very like Germans." She was frowning.

"Ulrich *is* a German," Avram said.

"Ah," said Annetje. "So that is the story. I am sorry for you to have to spend an evening with that one."

Avram smiled shamefacedly at her. She was not clear-minded yet. "Shall I call you after they leave?" he asked.

She looked up quickly, knowingly; she saw him, he was certain. "No, no," she said. She was ashamed, he thought, of having called on him, of having fallen so low. "I think tonight I will sleep."

"You will be careful? No more tranquillizers? You won't do anything to yourself?"

"No, no," Annetje said. "I am the kind who survives."

Avram listened to her snap the locks on her door. *Survives.* In the elevator, an elderly man and woman cast uneasy looks at him as if convinced he could not mean them well.

He hurried from the elevator; he reached the sidewalk; as he strode toward Lexington Avenue it seemed to him he startled the air. He was thinking. He did not expect simple goodness from himself or a simple anything anymore, but a minor integrity would have been nice.

He halted at the corner; he breathed in the wet, pewter-riddled dark. Louise. Annetje. For them, each living moment was muddied by rain from dead landscapes. They received spectral instructions from cemeteries. But no rain fell for him from his well-audited sky. He bent his head, thinking he ought to be depressed. It was no good—he was amused.

He thought, I am spiritually coarse. He made up his mind: I will bawl out Louise and Ulrich; I will say, "A little kindness toward people we differ from will improve the world. We mustn't shut all the doors." Louise will have all the money in the room, and I will have all the heart and niceness.

He smiled, he surrendered. He turned then and broke into an easy, boyish run up the avenue. He ran with resigned self-approval.

—Harold Brodkey

•

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Those nosy bums.

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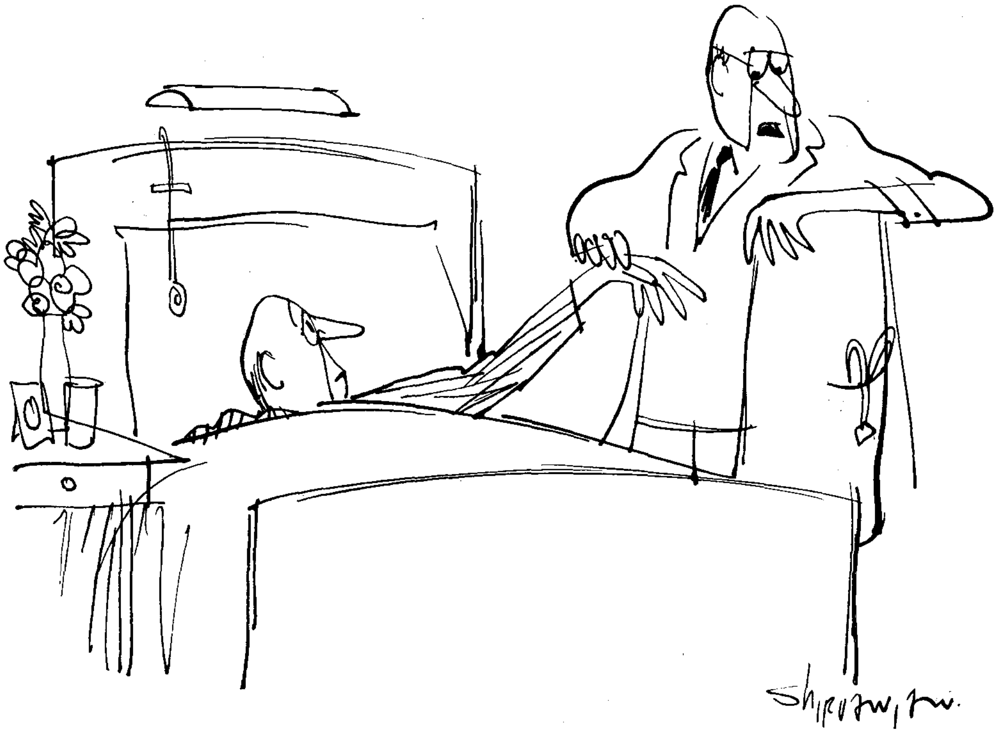
THE THEATRE

SAD FATTIES

ORDINARILY, I would consider it as rude to abandon a faulty play before it was over as to interrupt a stammering man on his way through an especially treacherous sequence of sibilants, but in the case of "Mike Downstairs" I felt that my making its single intermission serve as the occasion for a quiet departure amounted to courtesy—a formal gesture of sympathy to the beleaguered cast and an act of kindness to the author, George Panetta. I left the Hudson Theatre thoroughly irritated by Mr. Panetta's flimsy whimsey but not yet actually hating its fabricator; another few minutes of the wretched little play and there would have been no answering for my conduct. The nature of the evening revealed itself promptly. The curtain rose on a gratuitously complicated peekaboo set depicting a couple of street-corner tenements down on Mulberry Street. Propped on exiguous windowsills and doorsteps were a number of Segal-like plaster dummies, whose innate blindness and deafness I soon grew to envy. The live actors had at least one thing in common with these dummies, and that was a curious corpulency. Intentionally and, it appears, unintentionally, there were more fat people—fat, *homely* people—gathered onstage in "Mike Downstairs" than one would expect the proud ranks of Equity to be able to provide. Surely, where bodily ugliness is not called for in a script, bodily beauty may be aimed at without loss of verisimilitude?

As for the intentional corpulency, that was a supposedly hilarious feature of one of the two plots of "Mike Downstairs"—plots so loosely entwined as to awake the suspicion that they took shape in separate plays. The first plot concerned a lovesick young man's attempt to win a girl's hand by losing a considerable fraction of his two hundred and thirty-eight pounds. (He never does so, of course; as my canny companion of the evening pointed out, that would have required the hiring of still another actor, and the cast was already far too numerous for its own, and the producer's, good.) The second plot concerned a pair of bureaucratic popinjays from Civil Defense who journey down into Little Italy in order to prepare the inhabitants for a simulated nuclear attack and who encounter there an adversary named Mike Downstairs. The unofficial, self-elected Mayor of Mulberry Street, Mike owes his peculiar last name to the fact that he has never been known to go upstairs. A little of such debased Runyonism goes a long way, especially in a work that also boasts out-of-tune echoes of Wilder, Saroyan, and Chayefsky.


"Good heavens! I've been robbed!"

Actors enjoy seeing their names in print even under the most grisly circumstances, and in spite of the fact that this pasteboard play wisely folded after its fourth performance, I had better mention that the role of Mike Downstairs was played by Dane Clark, and that other fake-folksy, fake-Italian roles were played by Richard Castellano, Tom Pedi, and Eleni Kiamos. The skeletal setting was by Edward Burbridge, and the direction was by Donald Driver, who also directed "Your Own Thing," and who has thus managed to touch, in a single season, the top and the bottom.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Happy Birthday

AS you've probably heard by now, the boys of Mart Crowley's "The Boys in the Band," at Theatre Four, are eight homosexuals who gather at the apartment of one of them to celebrate the birthday of another. The beginning of the play is almost entirely comedy, made up of "inside" chatter—italicized, waspish, full of allusions to old movies and movie stars, and, as in other plays of this nature, extremely puzzling references to the game of Monopoly. Sexual jokes and expletives skitter harmlessly across the chatter, but there are strong hints of misery beneath it. Then, shortly before the intermission, an old "straight" college friend of the host's enters unexpectedly, and by his very presence becomes an anti-catalyst, or whatever you would call someone who makes everything fall apart. The host grows edgy and angry, his spite and savagery overriding his kindness and decency. He proposes a cruelly personal game, with a most elaborate scoring system, which he forces his guests to play. Alcohol is consumed in unlimited quantities. By the time the party is over, everyone's defenses are in ruins, there has been a fight, people have been told off or cruelly mocked, and the waspishness has edged into outright feroc-

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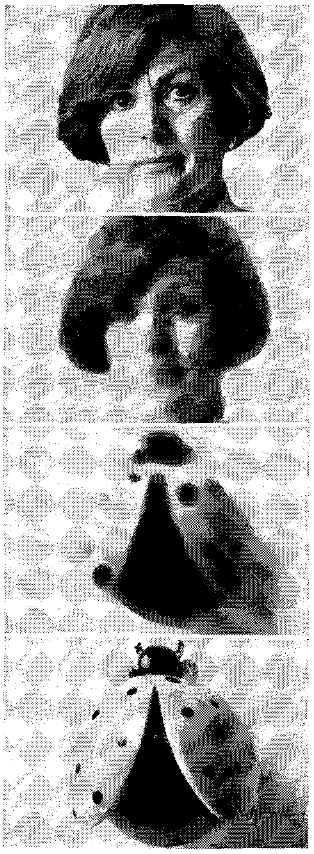

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ity. The party has been a disaster, yet one feels that the eight birthday celebrators will probably meet again at some other party and manage to make do.

I found "The Boys in the Band" funny and touching and almost always convincing. It is Mr. Crowley's first play, and as such it is an impressive achievement. Above all, it really is a play. Although the characters at first seem to have been deliberately chosen as types, they become human long before the evening is over, and their lines are never interchangeable. But there is a lot of talking. It never stops, through spats and squabbles and sudden bursts of jealousy, and sometimes exposition is rather awkwardly wedged into it—even the closest friends reveal bits of autobiography, often relayed from the analyst's couch, that the others would be bound to know already, and the game is a much too obvious expository device. There is some special pleading, and there are some moments of sentimentality, but the feelings they evoke from the characters seem genuine. Many of the lines are funny—certainly as delivered at Theatre Four. The performances of Kenneth Nelson as the host, Peter White as his old college friend, and Frederick Combs, Cliff Gorman, Keith Prentice, Laurence Luckinbill, Reuben Greene, Robert La Tourneaux, and Leonard Frey as assorted guests are faultless. Robert Moore was the director.

"KONGI'S HARVEST," at the St. Marks, the third production this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, is a political satire by the extraordinary Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka, whose "The Strong Breed" and "The Trials of Brother Jero" recently closed at the Greenwich Mews. "Kongi's Harvest," by far the most complex (and mysterious) play of the three, is set in an African country whose traditional ruler, an old king, has been deposed and imprisoned, along with his retinue, by a military dictator named Kongi and known as the President. The plot is about a conspiracy cooked up by Kongi's Organizing Secretary, which doesn't quite work out as planned. The secretary persuades the old king's nephew and heir to persuade his stubborn uncle to present a sacred yam to Kongi at a harvest festival, thereby winning a pardon for his royal self and retinue and at the same time bestowing upon Kongi a worldwide reputation for last-minute mercy. At least, I think that is the plot (much of

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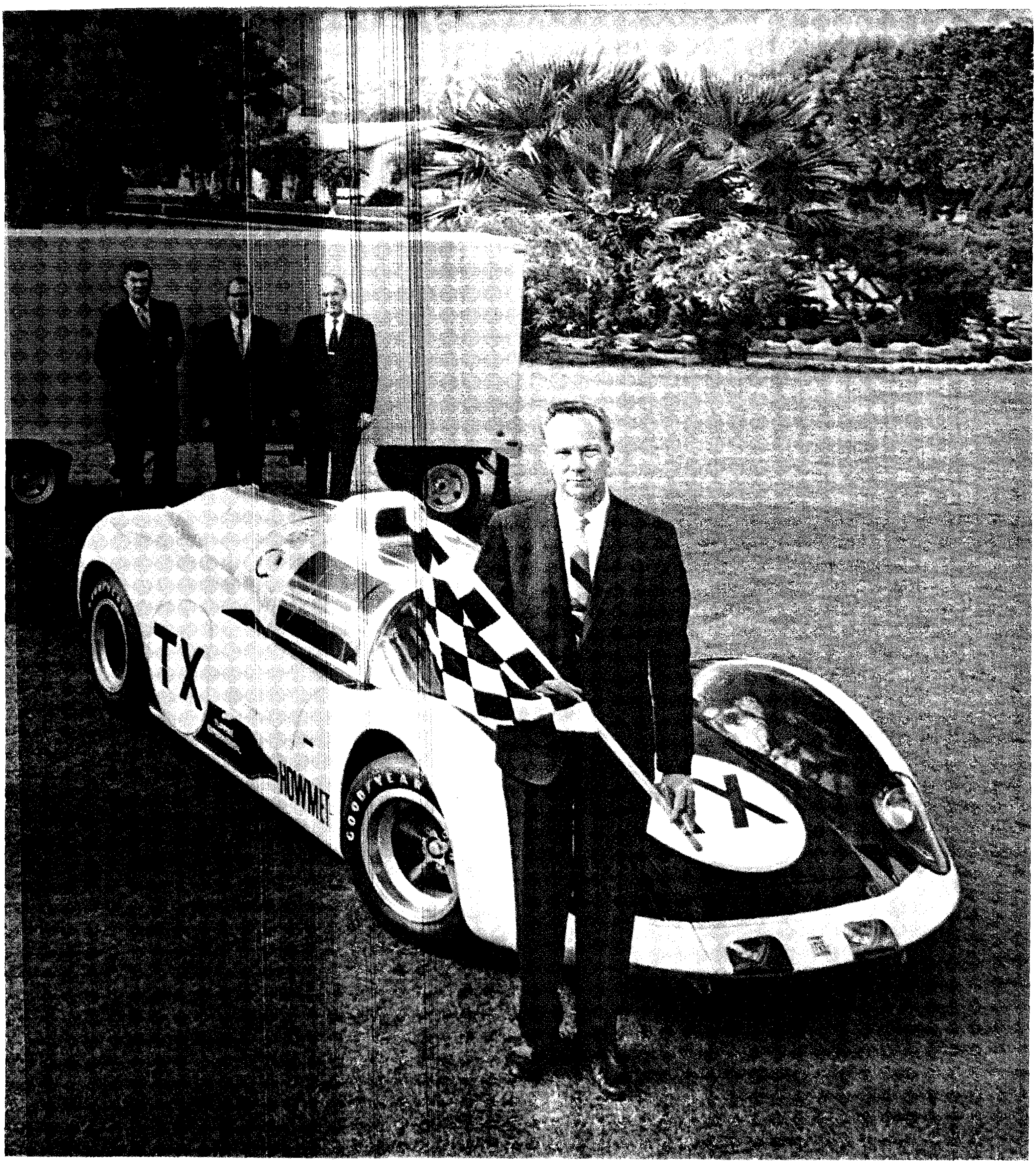

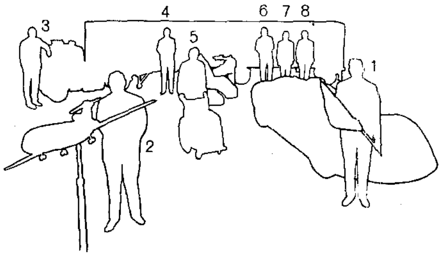

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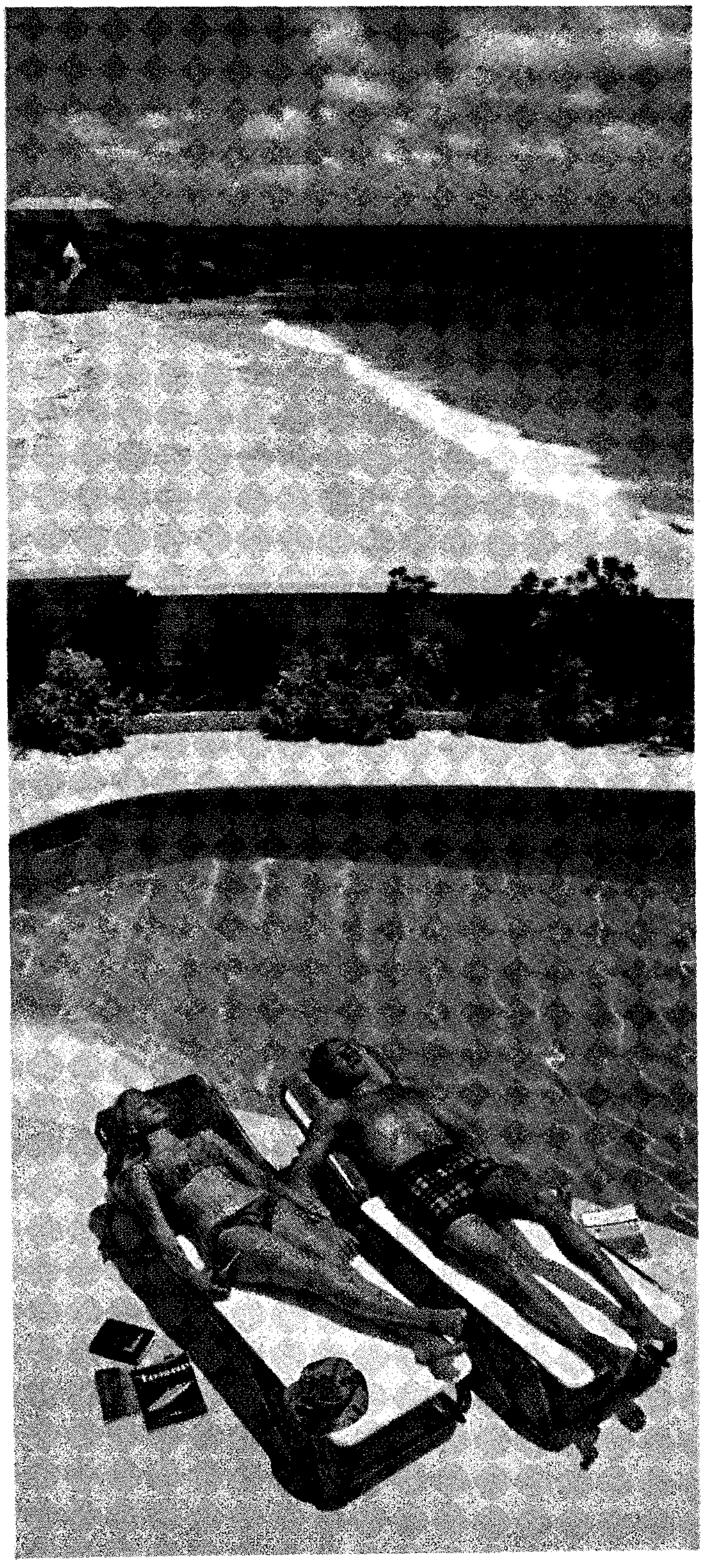

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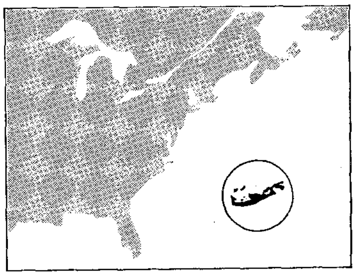

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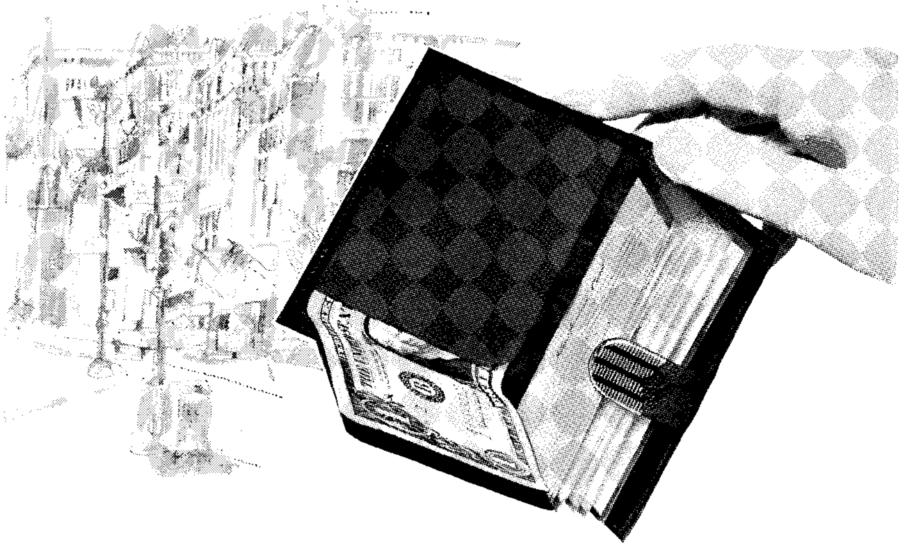
the time I had no idea what was going on), but in any case the plot is the least of it. The show as presented is much more a matter of scenes and atmosphere, and it is in conveying the atmosphere of the jungle and of the fearful, furtive life of the people under tyranny that we see the Negro Ensemble Company at its best; its singing and movements and choral speech are, as always, impressive and effective. There are some effective individual performances as well, and at least some of Mr. Soyinka's irony comes through. It is the old king (portrayed by Douglas Turner Ward) who is the shrewdest and most sophisticated man around, for all his stagy tantrums and regal struck attitudes, and it is the new President—superstitious, self-hypnotized, screaming his mad orders and making his mad demands on his followers—who is the primitive. Dressed in a white-and-gold military uniform, and seated most of the time on a platform high above the stage, Moses Gunn makes Kongi into a vacant-eyed automaton who is both frightening and ridiculous. Robert Hooks is quite good as the wary, worldly prince, never quite trusting in the scheme to use his royal uncle but allowing himself to go along with it, and so is Arthur French as the frantic Organizing Secretary—rushing around pulling strings, and plagued by delays and urgent deadlines. Also commendable are Rosalind Cash as a kind of beautiful sorceress, once the mistress of Kongi and now the mistress of the prince, and Richard Mason as the king's foolish, endearing servant. My favorite performance was that of Afolabi Ajayi in the small part of the fierce captain of a brigade of carpenters who demonstrate their military drill at the Harvest Festival. Mr. Ajayi alone seemed to me to hit exactly the right satiric note. In spite of the merits of "Kongi's Harvest," much of the sharp satire (as well as clarity) is lost—part of it, no doubt, in transit from Nigeria to New York, since many of the political allusions and some of the comedy are probably indigenous, but part of it, too, in performance. The company, under Michael A. Schultz's direction, never quite achieves a style that makes clear the dramatist's intent for the play. Nevertheless, I cannot imagine anyone interested in the Off Broadway theatre passing it up.

"THE HAWK," at Actors Playhouse, is a squalid nightmare about drugs that was originally im-



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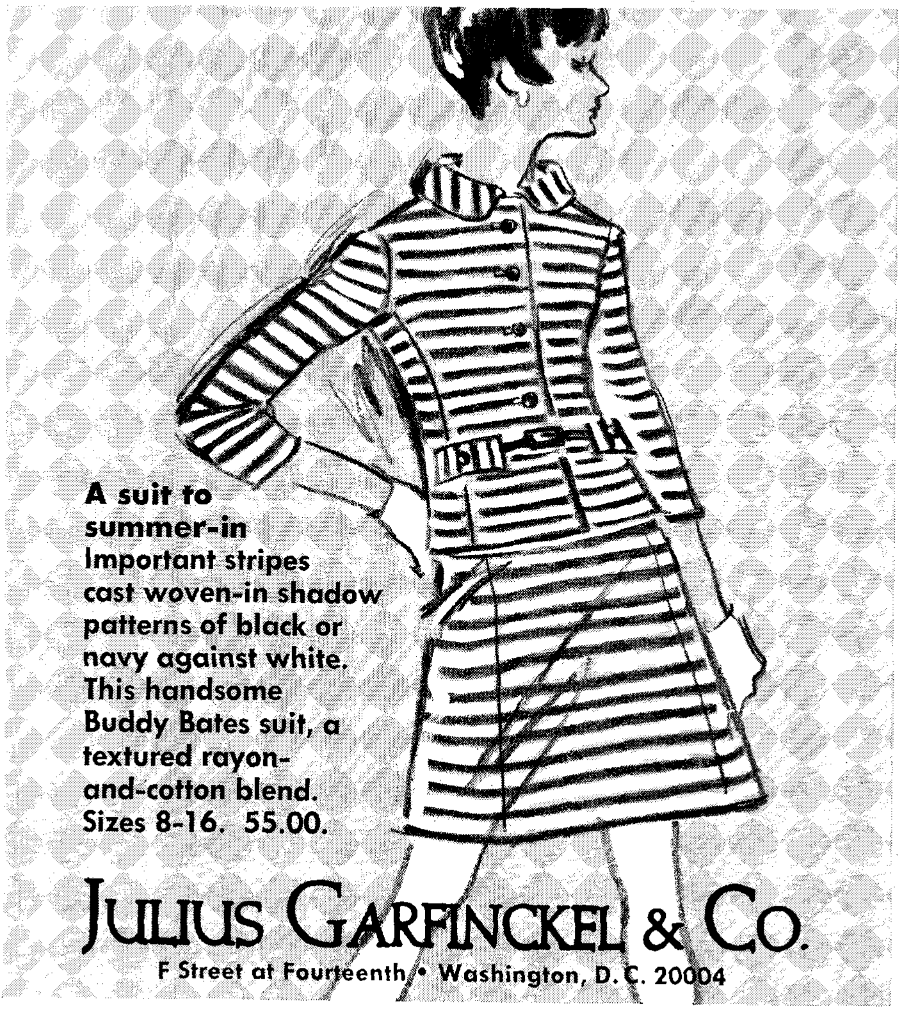

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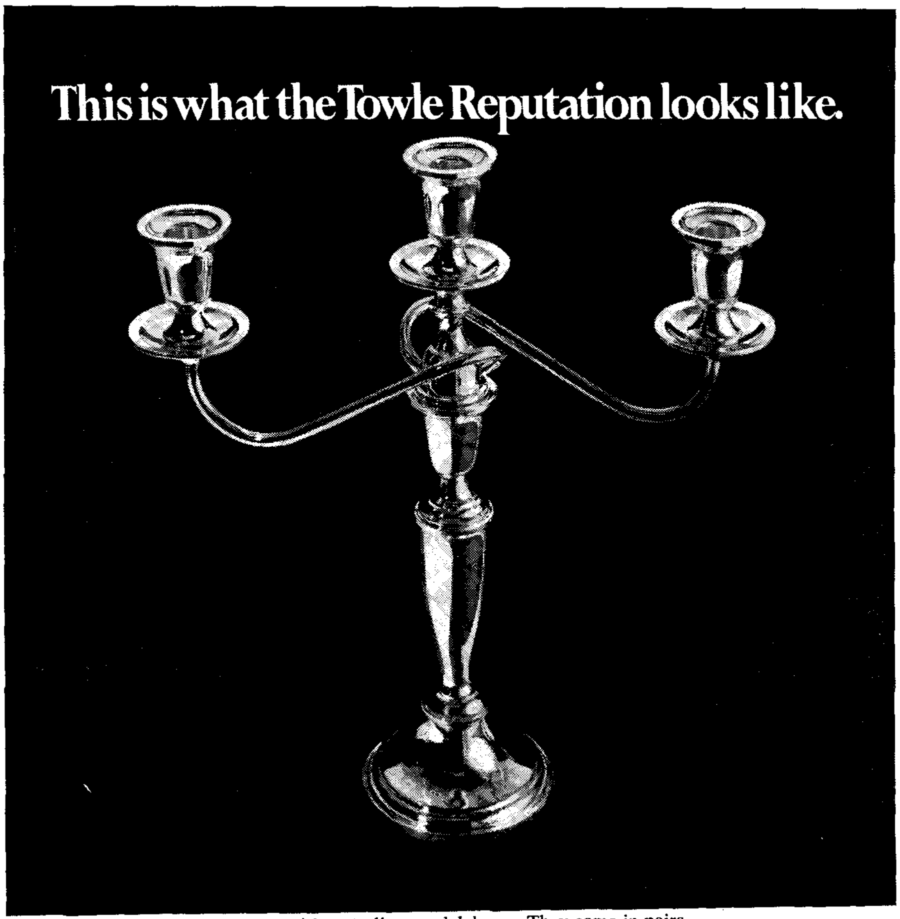

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provised by a group that calls itself Keystone. In the course of the evening, we watch a sexually aberrant pusher kill (or perhaps he just thinks he kills, or remembers killing) four women by administering an overdose of heroin to each of them. The action, most of it in pantomime, is accompanied by a man playing a tambourine and a man playing a guitar and singing unintelligible folk songs. The dialogue is ritualistic, obscene, culty (there's another imitation of Jean Harlow), and often dreadfully pretentious. The members of the cast handle their assignments well enough, I guess—Tony Serchio is properly vacant as the crazy murderer, and O-Lan Johnson is quite amusing as a compulsively chatty girl hippie in brocade pants—and among them are able to summon up, once in a while, the requisite spooky atmosphere. But whatever brief effect the play may have is artificially induced; it makes no inroads into our understanding, humanity, or sensibility.—EDITH OLIVER

◆

DEAR SIR:

Ever since the 1966 edition of the Membership List was published I have felt vaguely niggled by the relative untidyness of the Mac's and the Mc's, the fact that they are all jumbled together in a heap. Recently, I sought an explanation of this in the Foreword, on the well-known principle that when all else fails read the instructions.

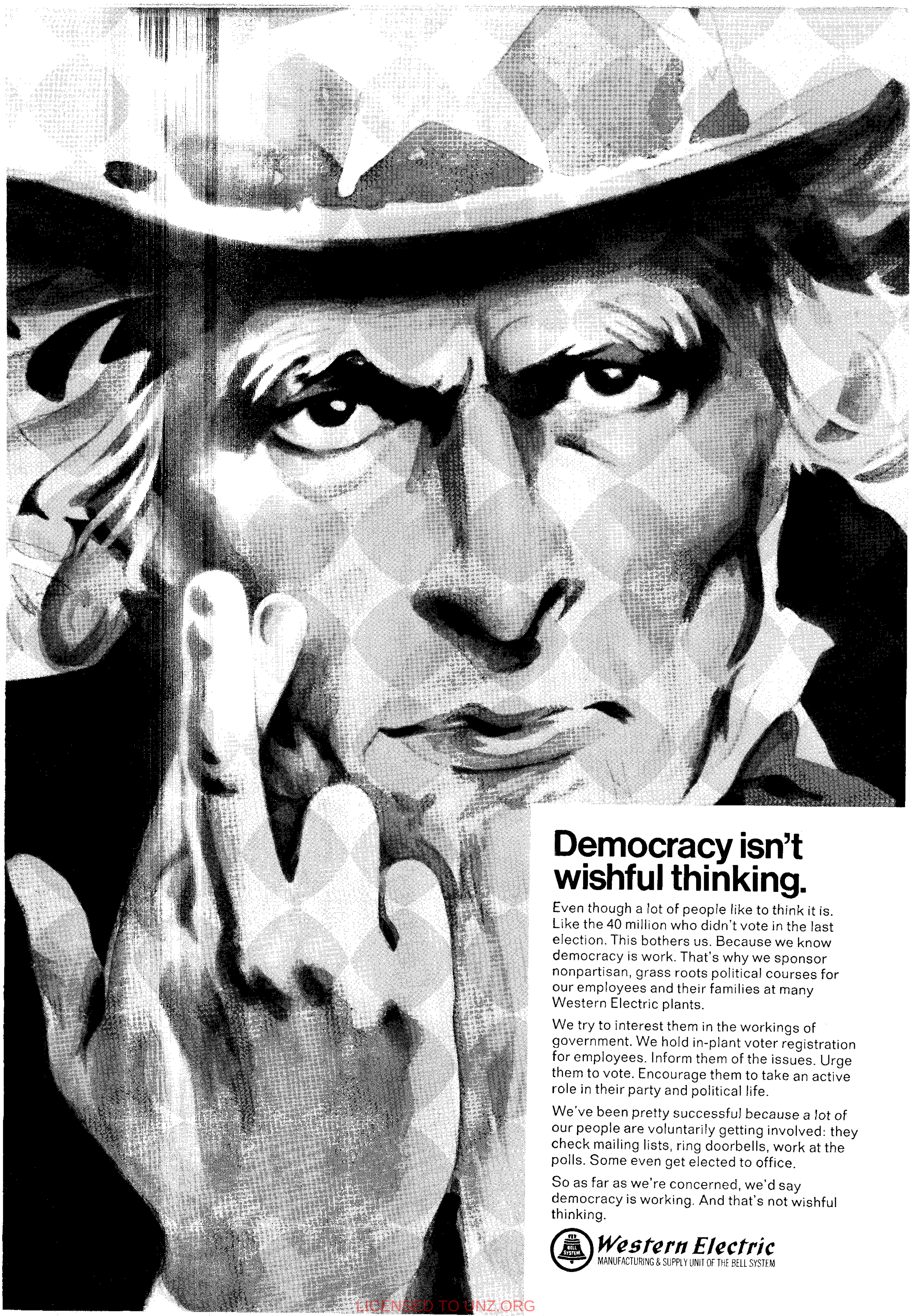
Well, it says in the Foreword that the Membership List is arranged in accordance with British Standard 1749:1951. What really caught my eye, though, was this "nothing-before-something" principle. I reckon I know an OK-phrase when I see one, having become something of a collector of OK-phrases since first coming across "all-singing-all-dancing" about ten years ago in England. My greatest treasure is "Nyquist's Criterion," but this is extremely difficult to work in most conversations. A useful one for bird-watchers is "apparently in good health"; and so on.

However, getting back to B.S.1749; during a recent lull in office activity I whistled upstairs to the library and withdrew the document for study.

Well!

It would appear that B.S.1749 is more honoured in the breach than in the observance, at least as far as the Membership List is concerned. I counted no fewer than fourteen failures to comply with paragraph 11.b, just for a start. To explain:

Para. 11.b states that a letter standing by itself shall be regarded as a word, and submits as an example C.G.S. preceding C. Gardner. This means, to take the first such occurrence in the list, that BALL, KENNETH, should be placed after BALL, K. J. That is, the initial K. counts as a word, and on the nothing-before-some-



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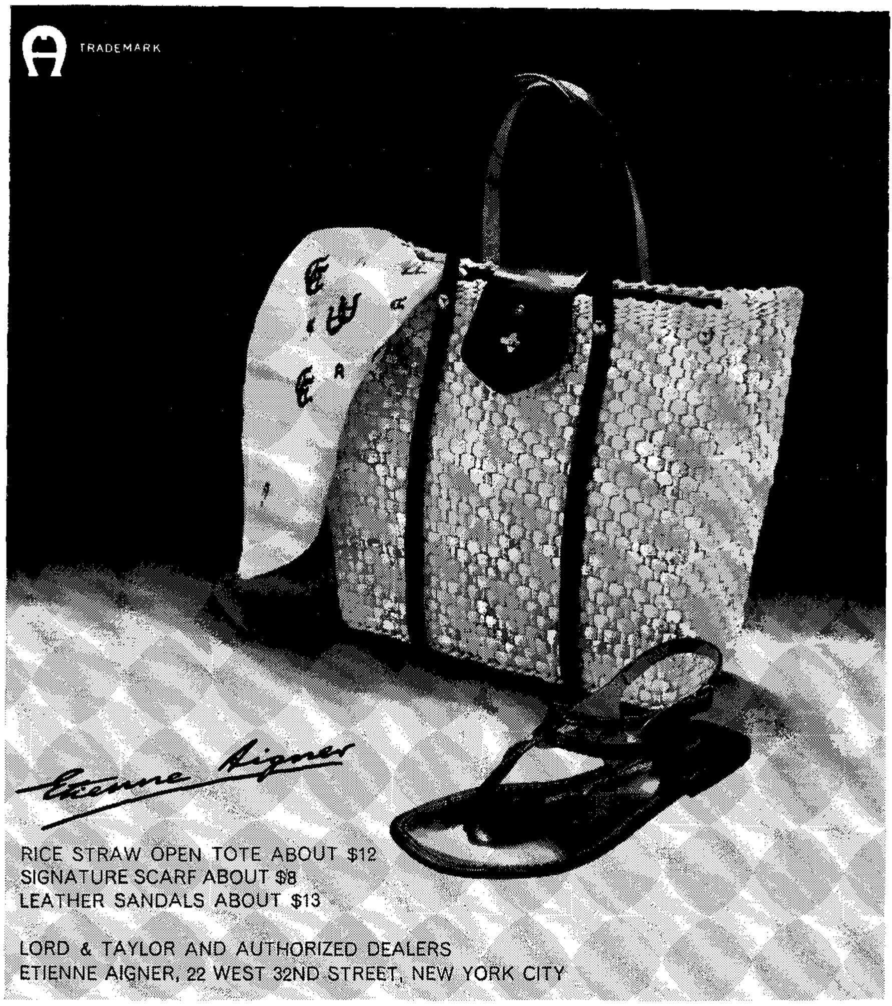
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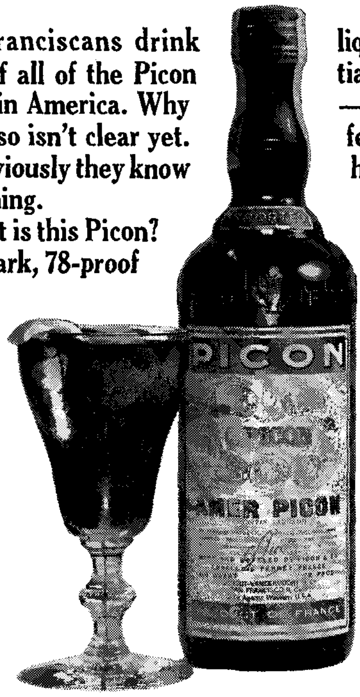
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thing principle must precede Kenneth. There are thirteen more such examples, and a prize consisting of a copy of my compendium of OK-phrases is offered to the first member to spot them all.

A more subtle failure to comply with 11.b occurs in the case of O'Beirne and O'Driscoll-Lumley. Here, the O' is an abbreviation for Of, and para. 11.b reinforced by 11.a (elided portion represented by apostrophe) and the example of M'Kenzie in 11.c clearly show that O'Beirne and O'Driscoll-Lumley belong after Oettinger, paragraph 4 notwithstanding. Para. 4 states that apostrophes shall not affect the order. However, it is a principle in writing such Standards that the general precedes the particular, and in the event of ambiguity or conflict the general must yield to the particular.

Daniells and Daniels represents an interesting case. Here we refer to paragraph 6, which states that when one word differs from another only by the presence of additional letters at the end, the shorter word shall precede the longer. There is nothing that appears later in the Standard to modify this requirement, and so Daniel must be followed by Daniels, leaving Daniells in third position. Another black.

There is a real gem: Jones, Dr. H. R., and Jones, H.R. Very rare this, the only such example in the book. Paragraph 22 supplies the answer—Epithets Preceding Transposed Names. Put simply, Dr. H. R. belongs after plain H.R.

A little more delicate is the matter of Weir of Eastwood, and I will merely point out that B.S.1629: 1950 Part Two para. 1.115 requires that peers be entered under their family names with reference from their titles, and gives as an example, THOMPSON, William, Baron Kelvin.

Finally, there are three failures to comply with para. 10, which lays down that words joined by a hyphen (as opposed to a hyphenated prefix) shall be arranged as separate words. The example given in B.S.1749 makes it clear that Ker-Lindsay, Ranald, should precede Kerfoot, L. H.; Russ-Turner should precede all the Russells, and Wood-Dow should precede Wooddin.

Now, what is the point to all this? Well, the damned Mac's and Mc's are all jumbled up in precise compliance with B.S.1749. You can't have it both ways; either the whole book should comply, or else it should be laid out according to common sense. As someone once remarked, a camel is a horse that has been designed by a Committee; and some Standards tend that way too.

My own vote would be for leaving everything exactly as it is now, but shove all the Mc's where they belong, after Mayne, William.

And winkle St. Leger-Chambers, G. H., up into the St.'s, B.S.1749 notwithstanding.

Yours faithfully,
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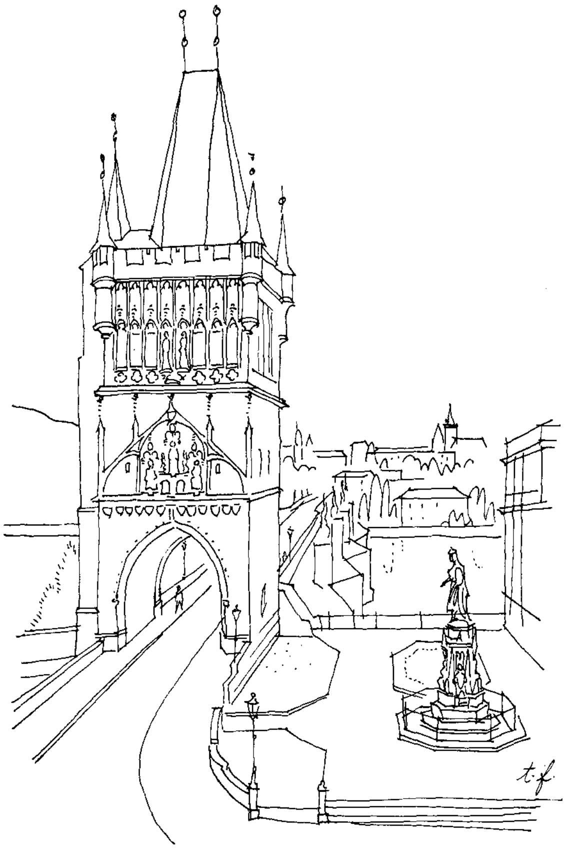
LETTER FROM PRAGUE

APRIL 15

ONE morning about a week ago, I noticed a small crowd in front of a bookstore on the Příkopy, a broad avenue leading toward Wenceslaus Square. Stepping closer, I saw in the window of the store an old photograph of Tomáš Garrigue Masaryk—Czechoslovakia's President-Liberator, as he was known until the Communists took over, in 1948. Above the picture was a sentence from one of Masaryk's books: "Our renascence must be a renascence of the soul—we must again look for the truth, listen to the truth, study the truth, love the truth, speak the truth, defend the truth until death." The hush among the people at the window seemed to shut out the noise of the street. Men and women bowed their heads; some had tears in their eyes. An elderly woman said, to no one in particular, "Thank God! I had lost hope that I would ever see *him* again." She was not exaggerating. For the past twenty years, Masaryk had officially been an un-person. It was dangerous to mention his name. Ten weeks ago, anyone publicly displaying his picture might have been arrested. When I passed the bookstore again, in the afternoon, two small water glasses had been placed below the picture, one filled with violets and one with snowdrops.



After a quarter of a century of fear, police brutality, and enforced ignorance—"first under the Nazi protectorate and then under the Stalinist protectorate," an acquaintance of mine said—many people here are having difficulty adjusting themselves to the new situation. They wake up in the morning with a sense of unreality. "When I listen to objective news reports on our radio and hear heretical questions asked on television, I feel I'm still dreaming," one man told me. An account in *Rudé Právo*, the Communist Party paper, of how eight hundred workers in an electrical-appliance factory in Písek were led in a protest strike by the chairman of the factory's branch of the Communist Party caused people to exclaim in wonder. Only a few weeks ago, the same paper was printing ominous warnings against strikes, written by Stalinist editors. (The editors are gone, but they will get their full salaries for a few months.) For the time being, anything goes. A report in *Lidová Demokracie*, the official organ of the Catholic People's Party, read, "Young soldiers held a meeting in Pardubice and came to the conclusion that General Lomský, the Minister of National Defense, should resign and thus set an example for other Army leaders." Even in many Western countries, this would be unusual behavior. The satirical magazine *Dikobraz* ("Porcupine") captioned a cartoon of Lomský "The Minister of Self-Defense." Another paper has been running an account of former President Antonín Novotný's misdeeds, in daily installments.

Novotný's name has become the symbol of an era that is past—the Czechoslovaks hope. "I am afraid to be as happy as I would like to be," I was told by a man I have known since the thirties, when I lived in Prague. "It's almost too good to be true. After all, the police are still around, though they look the other way now, and the Stalinists haven't disappeared, though they keep quiet." On walls here and there, in fresh white paint, one sees the words "LIDÉ BDĚTE!" ("People, Be Watchful!"). This was the last message that the Czech Communist writer Julius Fučík, a national hero, smuggled out of prison before he was executed by the Germans in 1943. The people of this country have always tended to be realists, and their history has given them ample reason to be watchful. After losing the Battle of White Mountain, in 1620, they had three centuries under the Hapsburg yoke, until modern Czechoslovakia was established in 1918. Then came the Nazis, in 1938, and the Communists, in 1948. Many people here are wondering whether this exhilarating "Pražské Jaro" ("Prague Spring," the name of a world-famous music festival) will one day be known as nothing more than "an anarchist interval" in the history of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic (as Hungary's Party theoretician Zoltán Komócsin has predicted) or whether it may be the beginning of a development that could shake the Communist world to its foundations.

PEOPLE suddenly realize that unbelievable things have been happening before their very eyes, and they still don't know exactly how it all came about. "Sometime around Christmas, the Communist Party simply fell to pieces," one of the most astute Western observers here told me. "It wasn't just one event or another but a confluence of many powerful streams of thought." The beginnings of what the non-Communists here call "revolution" and the Communists call "reform" go back to the Twelfth Czechoslovak Communist Party Congress, in December of 1962, which decided to "investigate and correct" the "excesses" committed during the Stalinist era. But the investigation and correction were pretty well sabotaged by the arch-Stalinist Novotný and the people around him until last June, when the Fourth Congress of the Writers' Union, held in Prague, started a public revolt against all the "doctrine and dogma" that had been the stock in trade of Novotný's leadership. "The writer's fight to express himself will continue as long as a writer, a ruler, and a reader are left on earth," said Jan Procházka, editor of *Literární Noviny*, the Writers' Union weekly. Procházka was also a candidate-member of the Party's Central Committee. Indeed, all the writers who talked openly about freedom, tolerance, and humanity were faithful Communists, and so were the members of other groups who began to express "heretical" thoughts: the students of Prague, suddenly displaying an unusual sense of political responsibility; the young economists, dismayed at the

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prospect of the country's going bankrupt; the intellectuals, tired of being treated like dirt while the Novotný government gave every preference to "workers and peasants;" and the Slovaks, insisting on the full equality that the Czechs had been promising them for years. After the Writers' Union Congress, criticism of the Novotný government could be heard everywhere, but the explosions that effected the breakup of the Stalinist regime occurred at the very center of power—in the Presidium and the Central Committee of the Party. The men who lit the fuses were relatively young Communists (most of them in their forties) who wanted not to overthrow Communism but to liberalize it.

Many superficial parallels have been drawn in an attempt to interpret the events of this spring in Prague. "SCHWEIK'S REVOLUTION" was a headline in one Viennese weekly. The condescending title is misleading. Schweik, Jaroslav Hašek's sly little soldier who confounds authority by obeying its stupid orders to the letter, played no part in the recent overturning of authority in Prague; his sort of revolution may come later, if the reform doesn't succeed. Another false analogy goes back into history. In March, Alexander Dubček, the First Secretary of the Communist Party, made a trip to Dresden, in East Germany, that has been compared with Jan Hus's journey to Constance in 1415, after the Emperor Sigismund had promised him an imperial safe-conduct guarantee. The guarantee was broken, and Hus was arrested and charged with heresy. When he refused to recant, he was burned at the stake. But Dubček has certainly not been burned at the stake by the Communist leaders who summoned him to Dresden. Moreover, the Hussite movement, which has sustained the identity of the nation for five hundred years, overthrew the entire structure of the society it was in rebellion against, and this is not the goal of today's reform in Prague.

I have heard no talk in Prague about overthrowing Communism, but many people here do want Communism plus freedom. "We define freedom as you do in the West," Professor Eduard Goldstücker, the new chairman of the Writers' Union, has explained. "The only difference is that there will be no freedom of ownership of the means of production." No one wants to give the Petschek family back their banks and coal mines. "Ideally, we want enlight-

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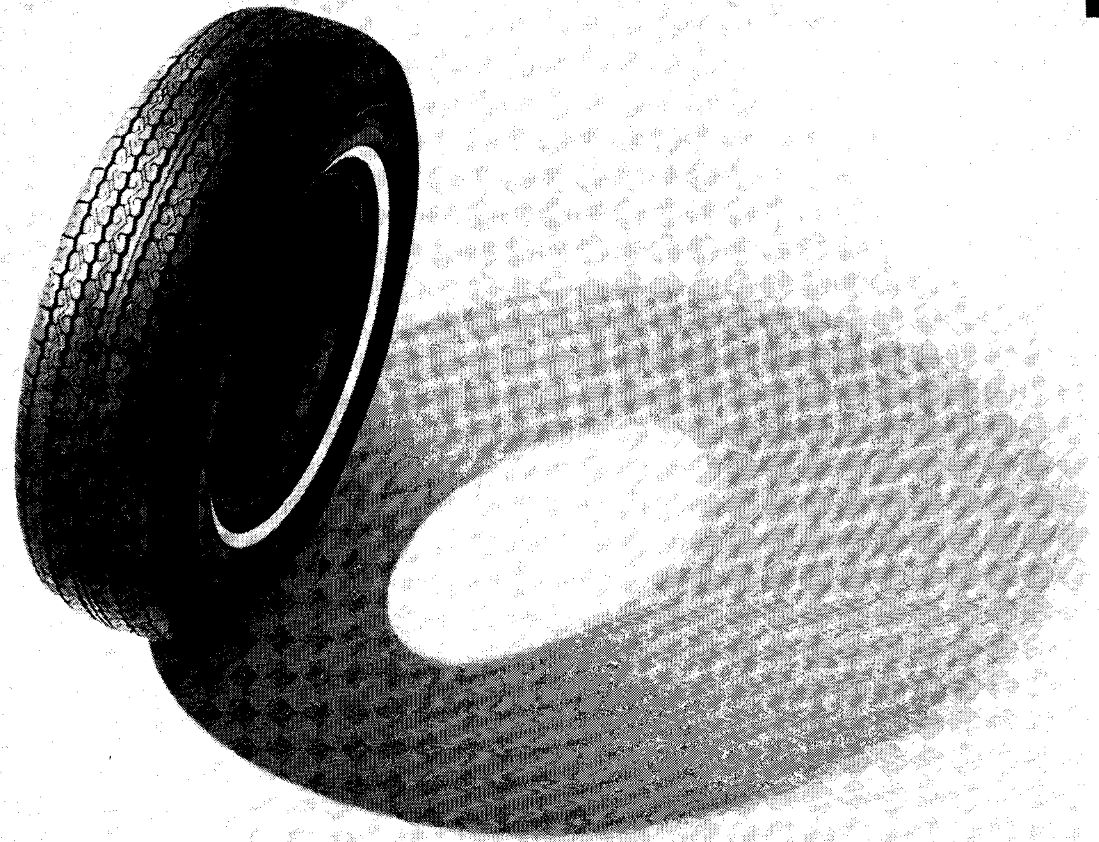
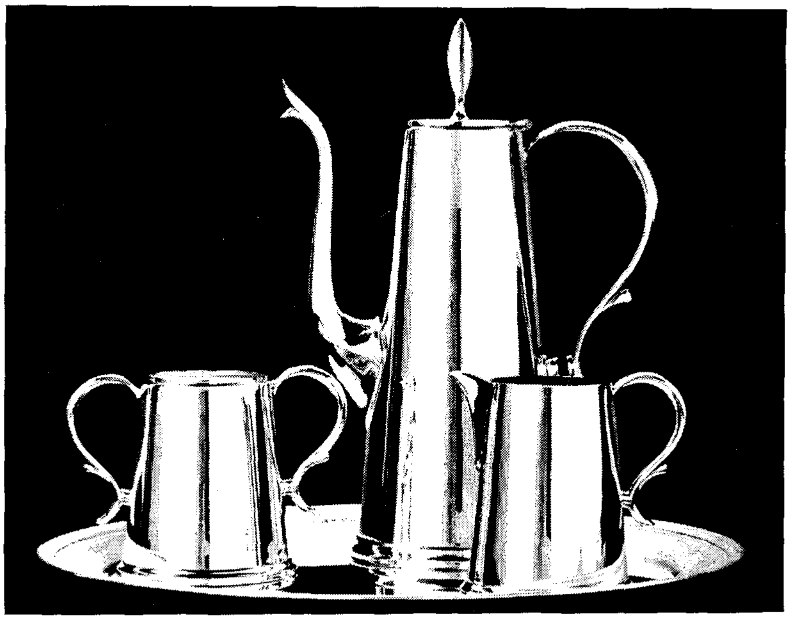


ened Communism," a young writer told me. "By that we mean a Communist system that provides constitutional rights, free speech and a free press, a secret ballot and elections in which the voter has a real choice to make, a responsible parliament and a genuine opposition, a passport for everybody, higher living standards, and, gradually, a chance for us to become masters of our own destiny." The young man's use of the word "gradually" was typical of the realism I have noticed here, even among those who are most enthusiastic about the recent developments. The Czechoslovaks know that any demand for a change in their foreign policy now would be thoroughly unrealistic. The Russians are not loved (though there has always been a strong Pan-Slav feeling here), but they are, as one young Communist frankly admitted, "the lesser evil." At a large meeting of students, Josef Smrkovský, a member of the Presidium and one of the ablest of the reformers, was asked why Czechoslovakia could not reorient her foreign policy. (It was Smrkovský who organized the liberation of Prague in 1945. Later, when he publicly debunked the legend that the Red Army alone had done the job, he was purged by order of Stalin.) "When you get home tonight, look at a map," said Smrkovský. The students laughed, understanding quite well what Smrkovský was telling them about Czechoslovakia's exposed position between West Germany and the Soviet Union.

In the late nineteen-thirties, at the time of Konrad Henlein's successful campaign to make Czechoslovakia give up the Sudetenland to the Nazis, it was not advisable to speak German on the streets of Prague, and for some months after the end of the war it was downright unsafe. Today, one hears so much German spoken—a lot of it by prosperous West German businessmen—that Prague seems practically a bilingual city. (Not all the Germans seen in Prague are businessmen, and not all of them, of course, are West Germans. The city is now a favorite meeting place for friends and relatives from the two parts of Germany. From either Dresden or Nuremberg, it's only a few hours to Prague by train. I have witnessed some moving reunion scenes in the Main Railway Station here—it was formerly called Wilson Station, after Woodrow Wilson—in the middle of the afternoon, when the Vindobona Express, which runs between East Berlin and Vienna, pulls in. You can usually tell the East



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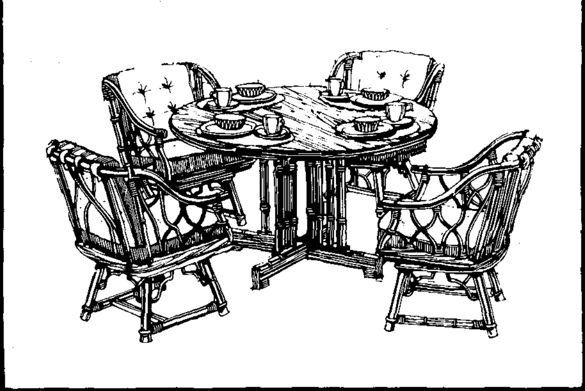

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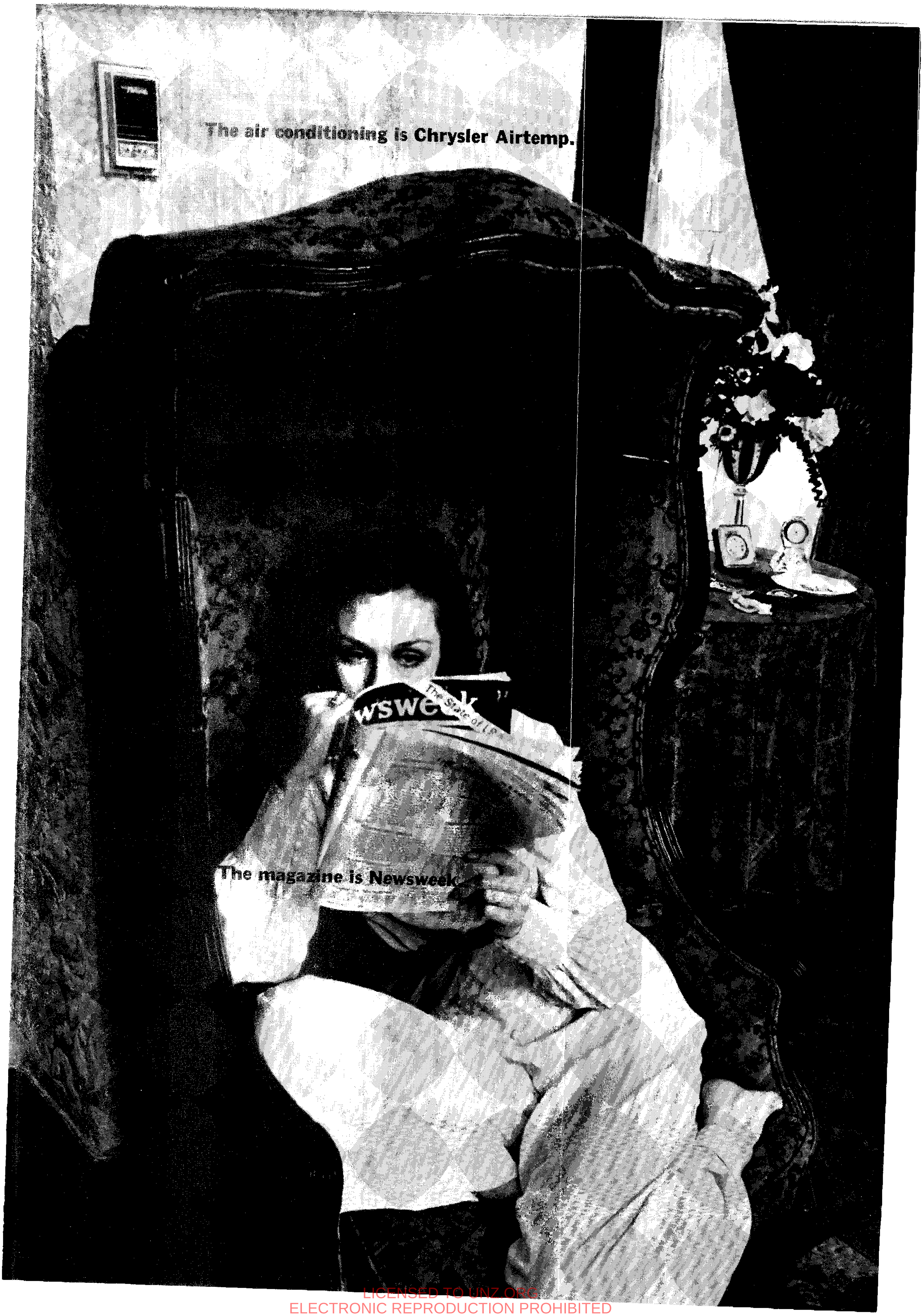
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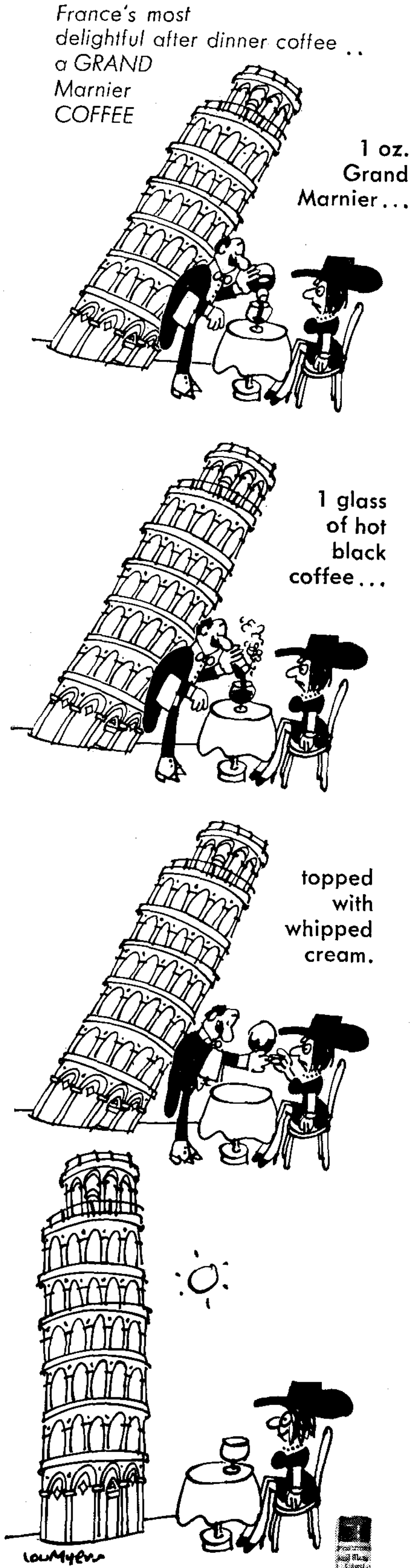

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Germans and the West Germans apart by their dress.) A Czechoslovak writer I know once told me that everybody in Prague has a love-hate complex in respect to the Germans. "The West Germans are fair. We like them as customers," you will hear one minute. (Czechoslovakia does more trading with West Germany than with any other country in the West, although the two nations do not have formal diplomatic relations.) But the next minute you will be told, "The West German revanchists plan to get the atomic bomb and will surely threaten the existence of Czechoslovakia once again." The people here have never fully recovered from the trauma of Munich, and there is an almost atavistic fear of "those Germans." As a consequence, no one would dare break away from the Soviet Union. The Czechoslovaks don't want to leave the Warsaw Pact. The Rumanian attitude of independence is watched with sympathetic interest, but the Czechoslovaks point out that the Rumanians are not directly threatened by Germany, that they have a psychologically important opening to the sea (Czechoslovakia is landlocked), and that even the "independent" Rumanians haven't left the Warsaw Pact but have merely demanded that both pact systems, Warsaw and NATO, be eliminated. (Internally, there is no freedom whatever in Rumania, one of the most tightly policed Communist countries in the world.) What the reformers here want is for Czechoslovakia to be a full-fledged, independent partner of the Soviet Union, not just a subservient producer of finished goods for the Eastern bloc.

An estrangement has developed between Czechoslovakia and its allies since Dubček was summoned to that hastily arranged meeting in Dresden to answer for his behavior. A bombastic communiqué was issued at Dresden after the meeting ("Confidence was expressed that the proletariat and the working people in Czechoslovakia, under the leadership of the Communist Party, would insure further progress of Socialist construction in the country," it proclaimed, among other things), and this caused consternation and anger in Prague. Some people feared Soviet economic or military interference. According to Yugoslav diplomats, there are about two thousand Soviet Army specialists in Czechoslovakia, mainly near rocket bases, but no regular Soviet troops. Warsaw Pact and Soviet troops were now rumored, however, to be undertaking "maneuvers" in East Ger-

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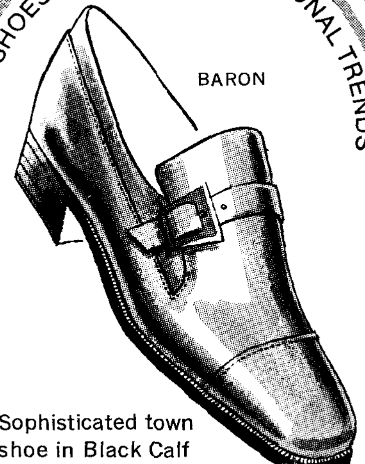

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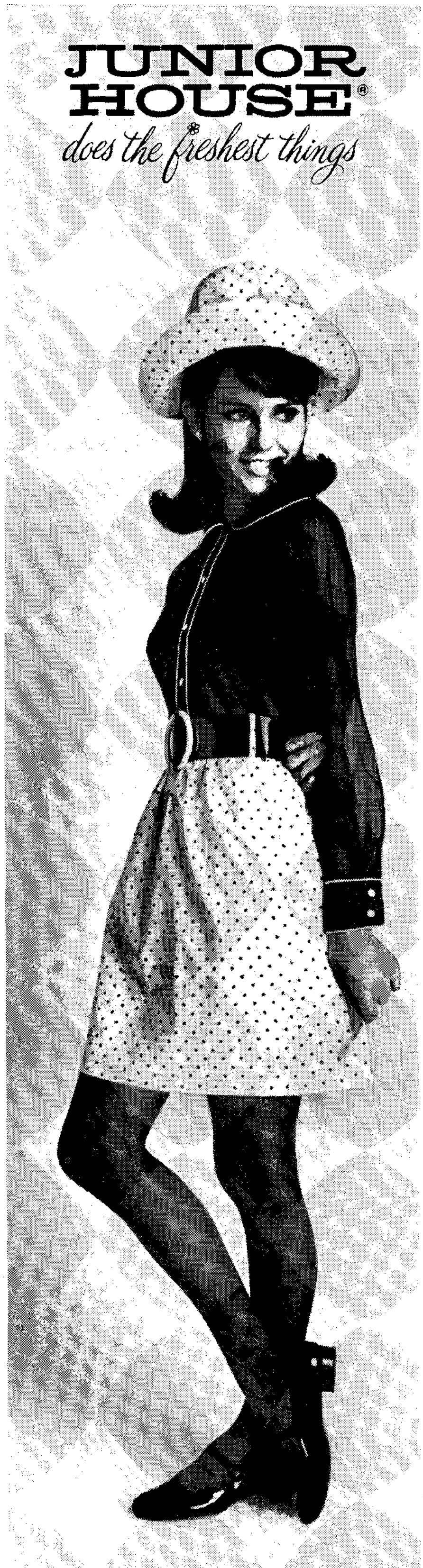

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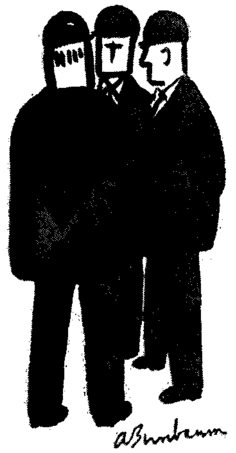
many near the Czech border. Still, there was no failure of nerve in Prague. “Just as we do not want to accept the role of the United States as a super-gendarme, we should not accept the notion of letting somebody play the part of auxiliary policeman on the European continent,” declared *Lidová Demokracie*.

Czechoslovakia's allies have reacted to the recent developments here in very different ways. The Soviet Union maintains a watchful, neutral attitude (which puzzles many people here), and so does Bulgaria. East Germany and Poland are furious and also worried. In Budapest, the Hungarian Party paper, *Népszabadság*, warned Prague about “the tragic consequences of a similar liberalization in 1956 that got out of hand.” (This parallel, too, is inaccurate, for the Budapest revolt was the work of anti-Communists.) The Rumanian Party chief, Nicolae Ceausescu, has expressed open approval of the Czechoslovak reforms. The Yugoslavs consider them a step on the road toward Titoism, but none of the reformers I have talked with here acknowledge Titoism as their model. When East German Chairman Walter Ulbricht's chief ideologist, Kurt Hager, publicly criticized the Czechoslovak reforms and the two heroes of the moment, Dubček and Smrkovský, all hell broke loose in Prague. *Rudé Právo* called Comrade Hager's statement “gross and inadmissible interference in the internal affairs of Czechoslovakia.” *Mladá Fronta*, the official paper of the Youth League, wrote sarcastically, “We wouldn't openly criticize the East Germans' cultural policy, and we must claim the right not to be criticized by them.” An ironic note of the sort that the Czechoslovaks love was added when the workers of Prague's Wilhelm Pieck Works—named after the former East German President—sent a letter of violent protest to the East German ambassador, giving “unreserved support to the promotion of Socialist democracy in Czechoslovakia.”



IN response to the writers' open defiance of Party dogmatism, Novotný's chief ideologist, Jiří Hendrych, accused them of having “an entirely alien viewpoint.” But, apart from name-calling, the punishment meted out to the writers was mild—especially compared to what has happened to outspoken Soviet writers. Procházka lost his candidate-membership in the Central Committee; three others—Ivan Klíma, A. J. Liehm, and Ludvík Vaculík—were expelled from the Party; and *Literární Noviny* was placed under the “supervision” of the Ministry of Education and Culture. Some of its editors were dismissed, and the others quit. So did many readers; the circulation dropped suddenly from a hundred and thirty thousand to less than half that figure. Then, in October, a harmless march of fifteen hundred students who were protesting against bad housing and a power failure at the Strahov students' home became a political event when the police attacked the students, wounding seven of them. Instead of being good boys and keeping quiet, the students asked for a parliamentary investigation, and, to everyone's surprise, some of the highest Party officials were all for it.

Around that time, the name of Alexander Dubček began to appear frequently in the papers. He was then almost unknown outside the inner Party circles. (So was Nicolae Ceausescu before he became Rumania's Party boss.) Some people in Prague call him “a *summa-cum-laude* student of the Russians.” He is that, and more. In 1963, Dubček was the Party boss in Bratislava, the capital of Slovakia, when a group of writers there attempted an earlier democratizing reform. The attempt was suppressed, but Dubček took no part in any measures of retaliation. During my stay in Prague, I've heard no derogatory mention of Dubček's being a Slovak, and this is remarkable in itself. The Czechs have never liked the Slovaks, and vice versa, though the dislike is never officially admitted. The Czechs have traditionally treated the Slovaks with contempt, and the Slovaks have naturally resented it. The tension has always been strong. “No one in Bratislava wants independence,” a prominent Slovak Communist once told me. “But we have often wondered why the Slovak people, who make up nearly thirty per cent of the fourteen million people in this country, should have to stand for being treated like the Czechs' poor relations.” Obviously, with Dubček as First Secretary of the Party this situation has undergone a profound change, and it is a

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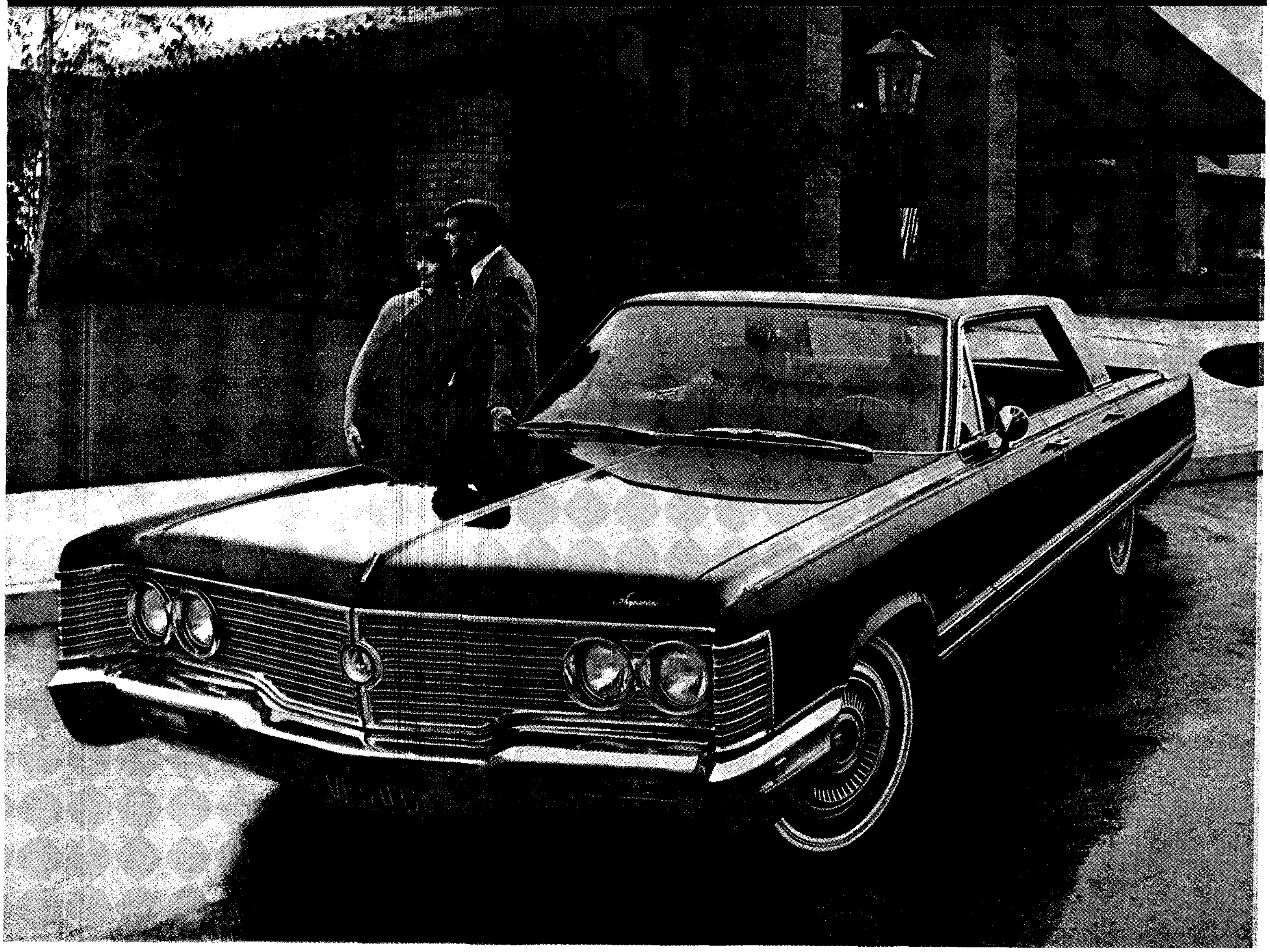

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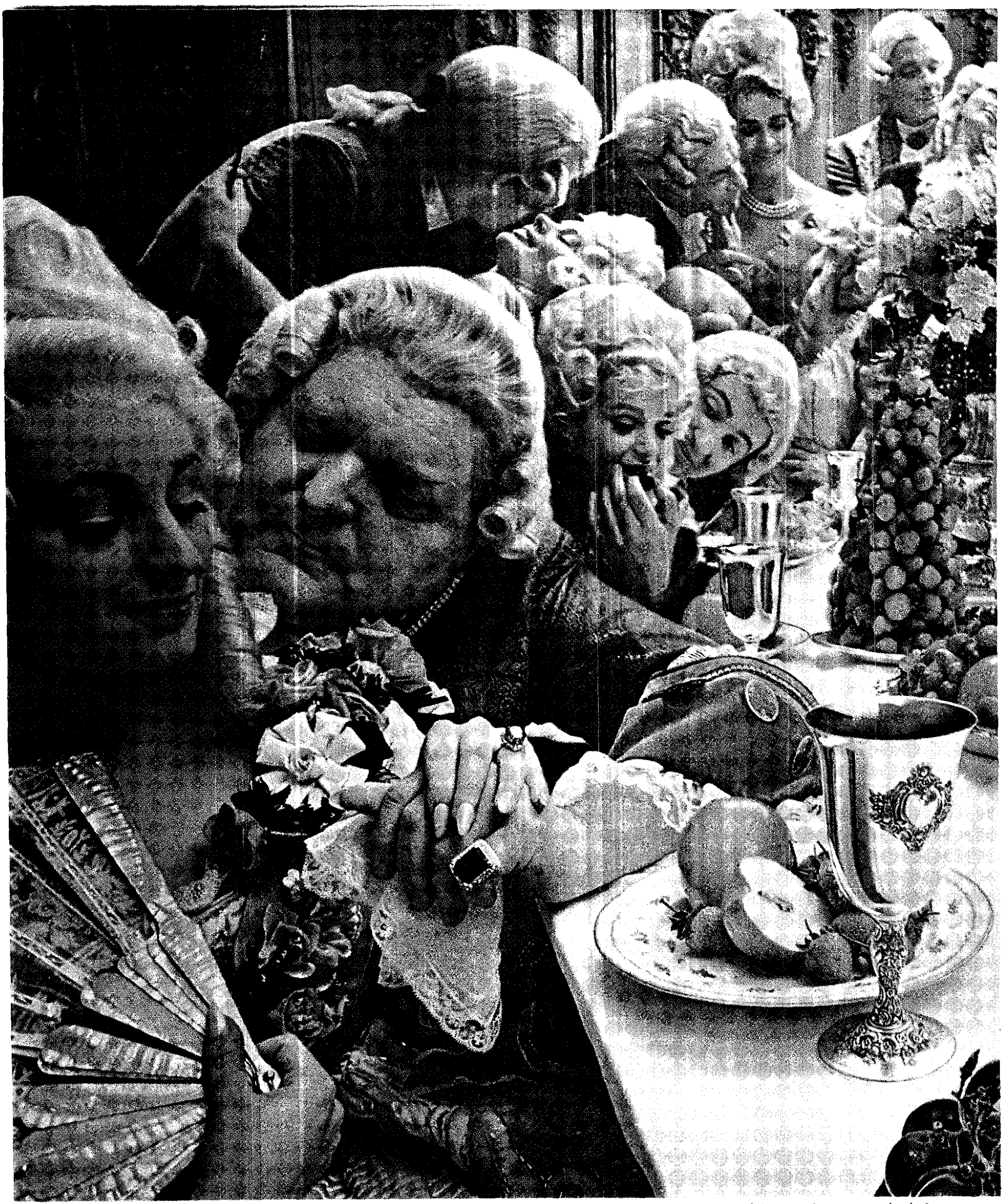

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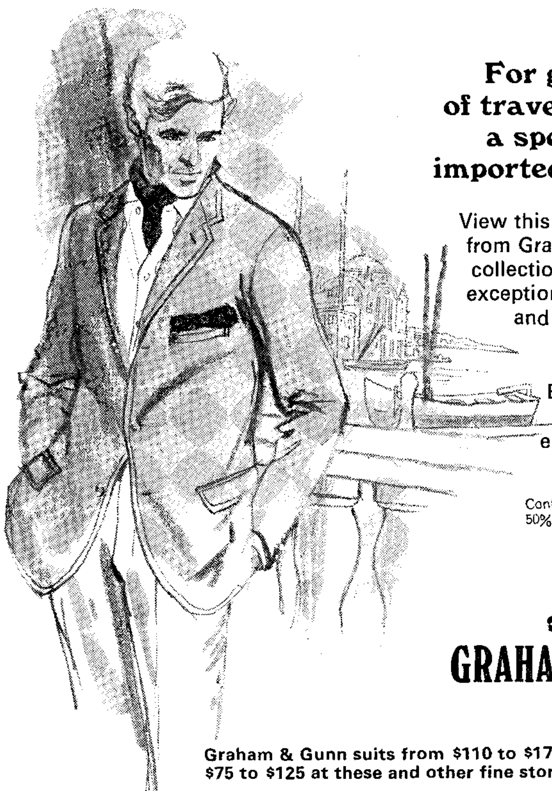
change that seems to suit the Czechs.

In many ways, Dubček suits the Russians, too. No matter what else one may say of him, he is a shrewd man, and the present Russian leaders respect shrewd men. Dubček is the son of one of the original members of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia. He and a brother joined the Žižka Brigade in Slovakia during the uprising against the Germans in 1944, and both fought bravely. The brother was killed, and Dubček himself was wounded. He studied Communist tactics at the Higher Political School in Moscow from 1955 to 1958. In 1962, he became a member of the Presidium in Prague—the highest-ranking Slovak in the government.

Dubček was the first member of the Presidium to dare to attack Novotný, and this was last fall, while Novotný still had great power as both President of the country and First Secretary of the Party. Dubček's opposition took courage, especially after Novotný called him a "bourgeois nationalist." That would have been a death sentence a few years earlier. How Dubček managed to achieve a fusion of the progressive forces of his nation under the very eyes of Novotný's secret police will undoubtedly make fascinating reading someday. His most powerful support came from his fellow-Slovaks and from certain economists. Many people in Prague believe that, more than anything else, the implacable facts of the economic problems the country faced enabled Dubček to bring down Novotny.

IN a Marxist state, the economy is the foundation of everything, and politics, social life, and culture are merely the superstructure. Four years ago, Professor Ota Šik, a noted economist who had been a dogmatist of the Stalinist era, told the Party leaders that they would have to "take the ideology out of business," because rigid ideological thinking had brought the once flourishing Czechoslovak economy to the brink of bankruptcy. Though statistics showed that Czechoslovakia's industry was growing, the quality of its products was deteriorating rapidly—something the statistics did not mention. There was widespread overproduction, and unsalable inventories were accumulating. In many factories, politically appointed managers were making a mess of things. The foreign-trade agencies were full of people who spoke no foreign languages. Too much money was being spent, for



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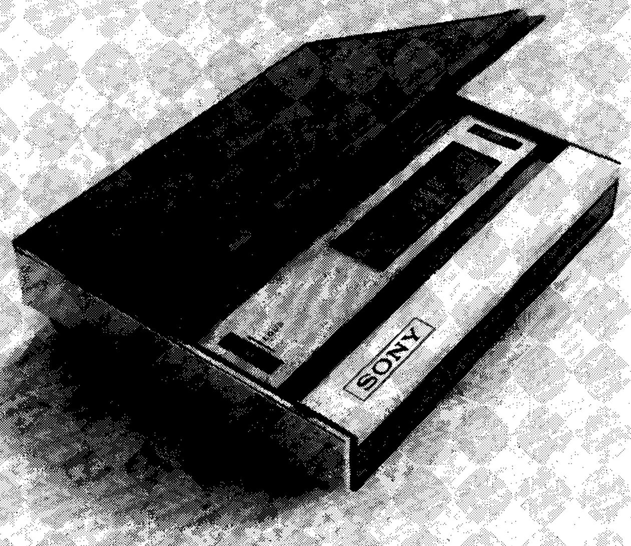

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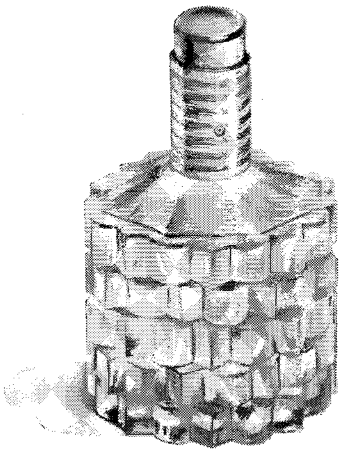
political reasons, on aid to the Congo and Cuba. (Later, a good deal was to go to North Vietnam.) The country still had its biggest asset, a pool of highly skilled workers, but it wasn't making proper use of their skills. The workers' morale was low. No one cared about finding out what people wanted to buy or how to sell it to them. So little money was being spent on research that new scientific developments were likely to bypass the country, which had once been famous for the quality of products marked "Made in Czechoslovakia."

To make the economic system viable, Šik told the stunned Comrades, it would be necessary to introduce "elements of a free-market economy," to pay more attention to the despised customers, to shift from quantity of production to "profitability" of production. Just turning out a certain quota of products wouldn't do; the products would have to be good enough to be sold in the West for convertible currency. This meant that unprofitable enterprises would have to go, that there might be temporary unemployment, that everybody—even the coddled "workers and peasants"—would be obliged to make sacrifices. The managers would have to assume personal responsibility, and the bureaucrats in Prague would have to give up some of their powers. The pricing system would have to be simplified, too; it was ridiculous to charge different prices for the same product, depending on whether it was sold in the East or in the West. And individual enterprises would have to be permitted to keep part of their earnings. If a factory earned dollars by exporting fine Bohemian glass to America, there was no reason for it to hand its foreign currency over (as the rule was) to the National Bank, which might give the dollars to a factory producing third-rate nails for a barter deal with Bulgaria. In short, Šik insisted, Czechoslovakia's industry would have to start thinking in terms of world markets. All these suggestions, Šik was careful to state, were "further advances in Socialist thinking," and not—God forbid!—a return to capitalism.

When the Comrades recovered from their shock, they realized that they had only two choices: to send Šik and the progressive economists who supported him to prison or to do as they were told. They chose the latter course. The Central Committee decided, in January, 1965, to "reform" the economy, and the so-called New Economic System went into effect on January 1, 1967. Unfortunately, the results have



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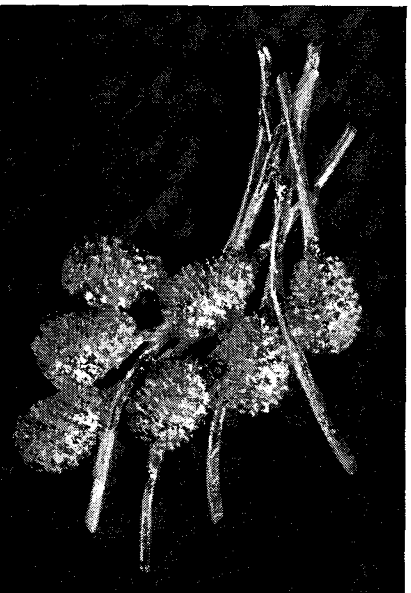

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You're not a camera fanatic . . . in fact, you may not even own a camera. But you are interested in things going on around you. You like to travel, watch sports, maybe even participate. You enjoy doing things, being part of things. Well did you ever stop to think that a great part of the enjoyment you get out of doing these things, comes after the fact, from your memories. That's what a camera is all about, it's merely a way of recording things that are happening around you. Recording them, not just for your immediate pleasure, but for years from now. For instance . . . suppose you're going on a trip to Europe, you'll have a great time and see all kinds of wild things . . . now if you had a camera along with you, you could capture everything you see on film. Then on a dark winter's night you can drag out the pictures and slides and have a ball reliving the whole trip. (But, please don't put on a show for your friends . . . they'll only be bored stiff. It's never the same for someone else, just you).

Well anyway that's enough about cameras in general. Now lets talk about cameras in specific. There are literally hundreds of cameras on the market. Maybe that's why you never bought one . . . the whole thing seemed just too confusing. Really it's all very simple . . . there are small cameras and big cameras. The Hasselblad is an in-between camera. This means that the pictures you take with a Hasselblad don't have to be looked at through a magnifying glass. So when you have enlargements of your best shots made, the quality is superb. There are very simple cameras and very complicated cameras. The Hasselblad is an in-between camera. What we mean by this is that the Hasselblad could not be operated by a five year old child . . . but after five minutes with the instruction booklet it could be operated by you. Proof of this is the fact that most of the NASA space pictures taken to date, have been taken with a Hasselblad. You see when you are an astronaut, you don't have time to mess about with complicated cameras. You just want the best pictures it's humanly possible to take, and you want to be able to take them as simply as possible. (Incidentally the pictures were not taken with a specially built camera, but with a slightly modified, off the shelf Hasselblad.)

The Hasselblad is not cheap. In fact, this is one time the Hasselblad is not an in-between camera. It happens to be expensive. Here's why.

The Hasselblad camera is part of what is known as a "system". This means that starting with the basic camera body, you can by means of various instantly interchangeable parts and accessories make the Hasselblad take pictures of anything, whether it's under a microscope, or under the ocean, whether you're holding the camera or you're a mile from it.

The standard body in the Hasselblad System is the 500C. This is known as a 2¼ square, single lens reflex camera. Now before you drop the magazine in disgust, all this means is that it takes pictures that measure 2¼ inches by 2¼ inches. And you look at whatever it is you're going to photograph through the lens of the camera. So you always know exactly how your finished picture will turn out.

There are seven lenses made for the 500C from very wide angle (that means you can take pictures in confined spaces, or shoot outside and get a lot in your picture) to very long telephoto lenses. (That's for shooting things that are a long way away and bringing them up close.) There are also five interchangeable film magazines to fit the 500C. The beauty of this is that not only do the magazines allow you to take pictures in different sizes, but half way through a black and white film you can change to a color film. Then after you've shot the color pictures you want, you can switch back to the black and white. Hasselblad was the first camera to offer this advantage.

There are many, many different accessories you can buy for the Hasselblad, but these can come later as you become more enthusiastic about your photography. (They don't have to come at all. You can just stay with the basic 500C if you like.)

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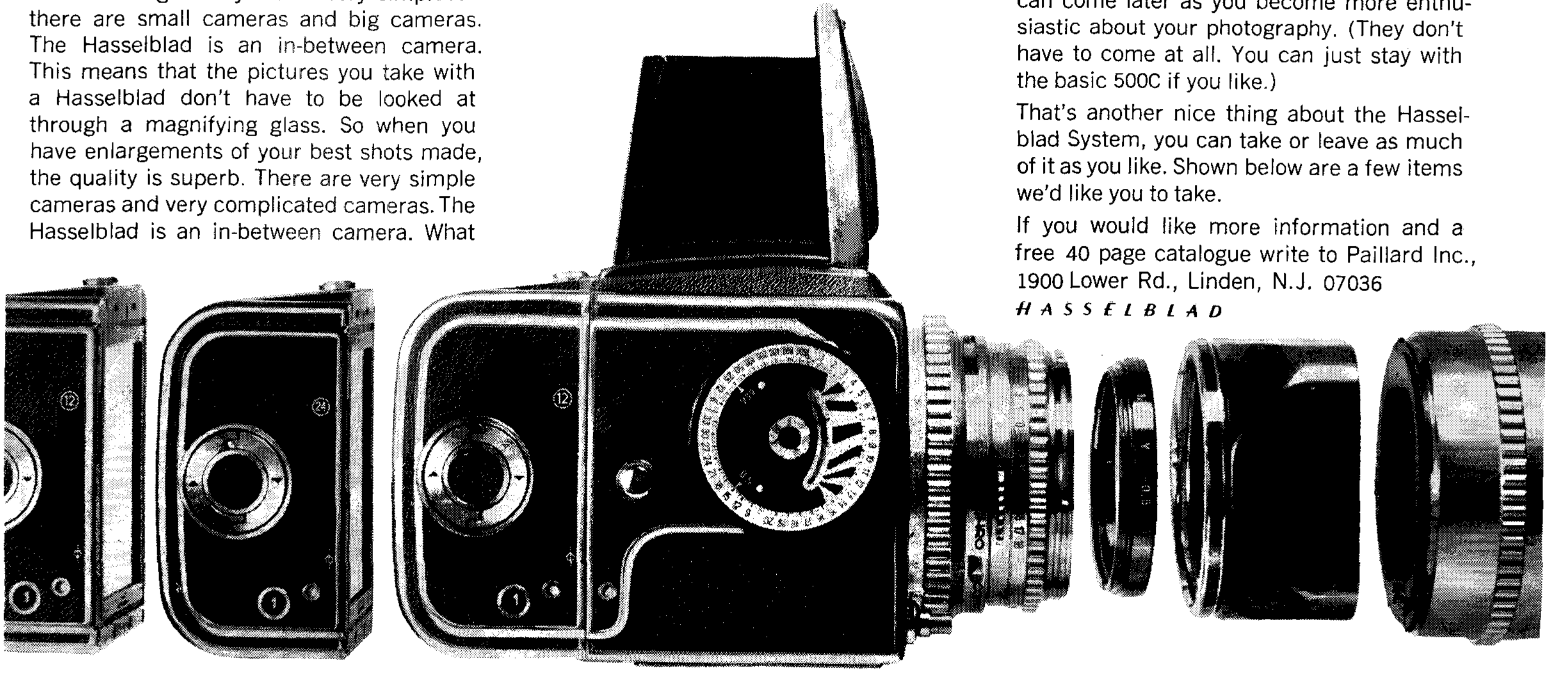

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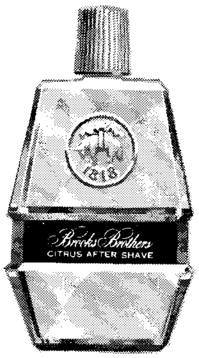
been disappointing. (Last year, in an interview, Professor Šik said that "the reform has not been carried through in practice with sufficient consistency.") The main thing that caused Šik's plan to break down was not theoretical opposition but human nature. "After getting used to working as little as possible in the past twenty years, people have lost the habit of hard work, and they will have to learn it all over again," I was told by a man here who is not an economist but drives a taxi, and a factory engineer said, "As long as we know that a considerable percentage of our national product goes to the Soviet Union practically as a gift, we will not work harder." And that was not the whole trouble. The same bureaucrats still held their unproductive jobs, the same inefficient managers still sat in their factory offices, and no one really tried Western-style salesmanship or established a competitive system in order to make the better goods that would bring higher prices in the world market. During the last year, prices went up but quality didn't. After all, the people of Czechoslovakia are so starved for consumer goods that nearly anything can be sold. (Everybody wears the same blue raincoat.) When second-rate goods are exported, though, there is trouble, and prices may have to be cut drastically to earn currency for the purchase of badly needed imports.

All this must have influenced the thinking of Dubček and his friends, and it was surely no accident that late last fall Šik was once more to be heard speaking at meetings and was once more quoted in the papers. People began to understand that it wasn't enough to meet production quotas and to send members of the intelligentsia to help with the harvest. Novotný, a former ironworker and plumber, has always been known as a hater of intellectuals. Dubček, on the other hand, recognized that it was the intellectuals who would have to carry out the country's scientific revolution. By the middle of December, the Presidium was split between dogmatists and progressives. Novotný then tried to fire Dubček as leader of the Slovak Communists, but the Slovaks stood solidly behind him. Next, on the advice of Major General Jan Šejna, Novotný tried to assert his authority by mobilizing the workers' militia and the First Armored Brigade—an élite unit of the Warsaw Pact forces under the command of Colonel General Vladimir Janko. On January 5th, in front of the whole Central Committee, Dubček



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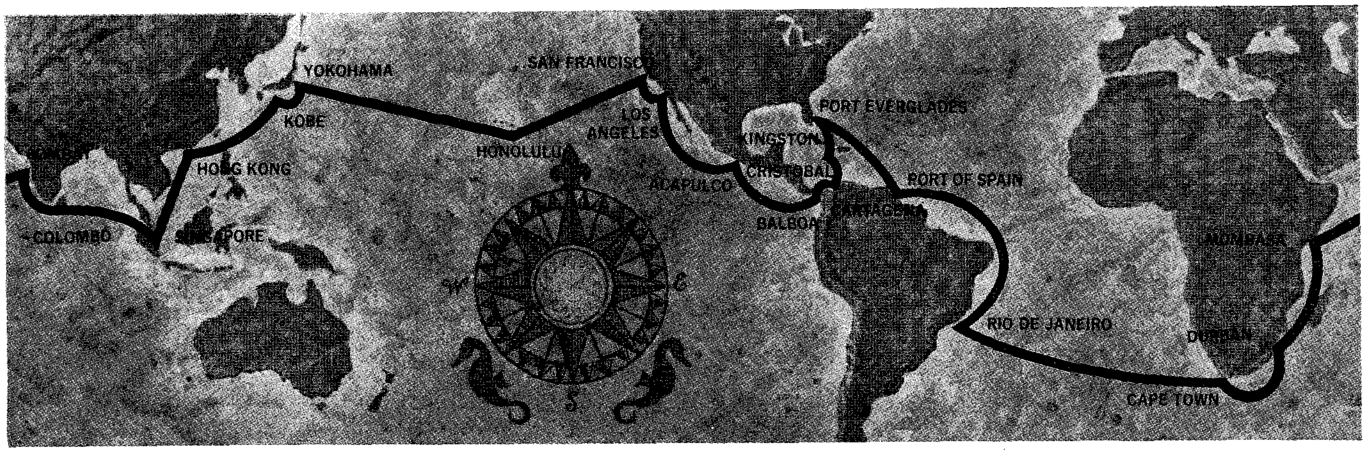

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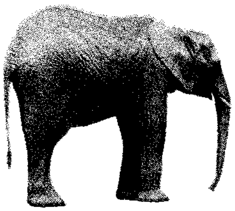

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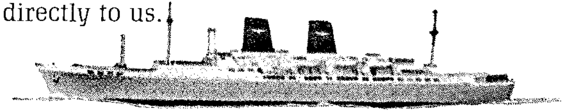

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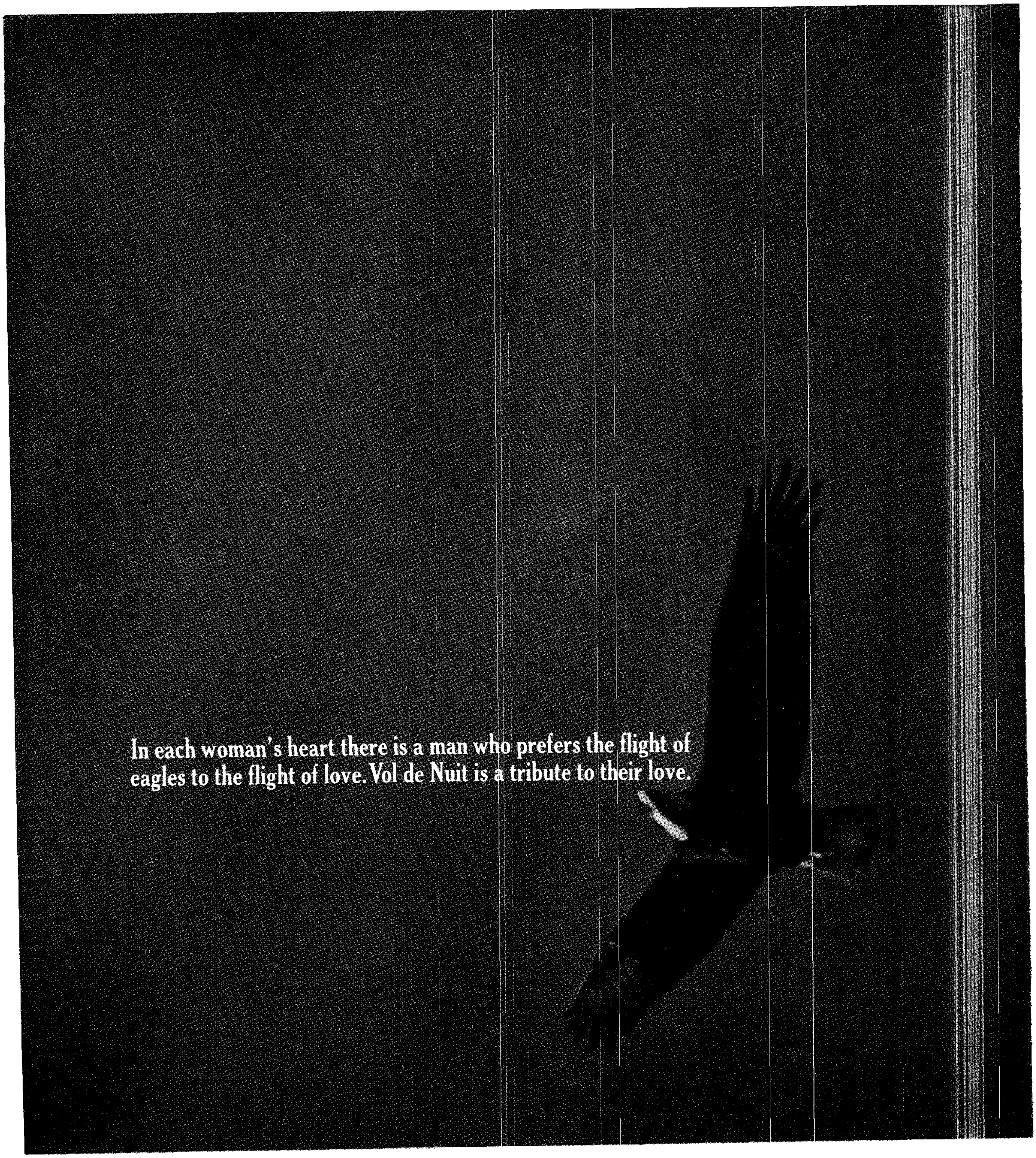
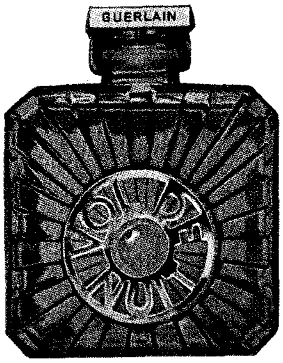

In each woman's heart there is a man who prefers the flight of eagles to the flight of love. Vol de Nuit is a tribute to their love.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To a woman who wears it, Vol de Nuit is far more than just a perfume. It is the memory of the man who conquered her heart. Then left her to conquer the world.

accused Novotný of having attempted a *Putsch* against his own party. That same day, Novotný relinquished his post as First Secretary of the Party, but for weeks no one except those present knew precisely what had happened at that meeting, though Prague was soon filled with rumors and there were speculative articles in the Western press. Late in January, a thousand-page protocol of the top-secret meeting was circulated among Party officials in the country, and that is said to have persuaded many comrades to jump on the Dubček bandwagon. Early in February, *Rudé Právo* mentioned the Party's "consistent and sincere democratization" and called the Central Committee's December and January meetings "a therapeutic shock." Everyone understood that the Party paper wouldn't publish such things unless there was a very good reason for it. General Šejna defected to the United States, General Janko shot himself, and, on March 22nd, Novotný ceased to be President.

The writers, who set the reform in motion, were among the first to benefit from it. That same month, Dubček gave the Writers' Union the right to publish its own periodical again, and Professor Goldstücker announced at a press conference that the Party Presidium had abolished its own resolution of August, 1966, that had endowed the censors with powers over and above those stipulated by the Press Law. "Henceforth, only military and state secrets will be subject to censorship," he said. "As a matter of fact, we are going to oppose any censorship prior to publication, which is still the rule." When a man I know went back to the *Literární Noviny* offices to take possession of his desk, he found everything there as he had left it weeks before; apparently the editors appointed by the Party to run the paper had not been very sure of their tenure. The staff is now putting out a weekly called *Literární Listy*, and it is planning to publish a daily paper, having been promised an ample supply of newsprint by the Party. The editors say that their position will be "complete independence and constructive criticism, caring about issues of national interest but never about persons." For the time being, one of them told me, without a smile, they are going to support Dubček.

THE election of General Ludvík Svoboda on March 30th as the eighth President of Czechoslovakia ended the first phase of the "reform," which was characterized in large part

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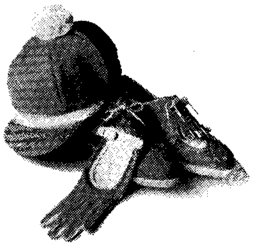

Gino Paoli color-coordinates you from your hat to your shoes.

by wishful thinking and by oratory. "Many things needed to be said that couldn't be said for twenty years, but now they've been said and that's that," a friend of mine told me. Svoboda, unopposed, was elected by the first secret ballot in Czechoslovakia in twenty years. The students had staged a brief Presidential campaign on behalf of Čestmír Císař, the former Minister of Education and Culture, who had shown "dangerous" progressive leanings during the Novotný regime. Císař had abolished the detested, though unofficial, *numerus clausus* that favored students from working-class backgrounds, and ordered that admission to the universities should be determined strictly by scholastic merit. Two years ago, his daughter had been arrested during a May Day demonstration (in which the students elected the American poet Allen Ginsberg as their May Day king), and Císař had been exiled to Bucharest as Ambassador. Now, carrying their campaign right to the entrance of Vladislav Hall in Prague's Hradčany Castle, where the National Assembly was preparing to elect the new President, the students displayed placards reading, "CÍSAŘ NA TRŮN" ("Císař on the Throne," "*císař*" being the Czech word for "emperor"). But then Císař himself pointed out to them that in his new position—he had just been named Party Secretary for Education—he could be very useful to them, whereupon the students took up a collection and sent flowers to General Svoboda.

Everybody likes Svoboda, though it is agreed that he will be only a transition President. The Czechs like him because he is a patriot, the Slovaks like him because he helped to liberate eastern Slovakia in 1945, the civilians like him because he prefers to wear civilian clothes, the Army officers like him because he has sixty-six decorations from Eastern and Western governments and is one of them, and the world at large seems to like the fact that the word "*svoboda*" means "freedom." He commanded Czech troops in both World Wars as an ally of the Russians and was named a Hero of the Soviet Union. During the Stalinist years, he worked as a bookkeeper in an agricultural cooperative in the countryside, and was rescued from exile when an old admirer of his, Nikita Khrushchev, came to Prague and asked about him. His son was executed by the Nazis at the age of seventeen. A daughter is married to the present Czechoslovak Ambassador to the United Nations. Forthcoming constitutional reforms will al-

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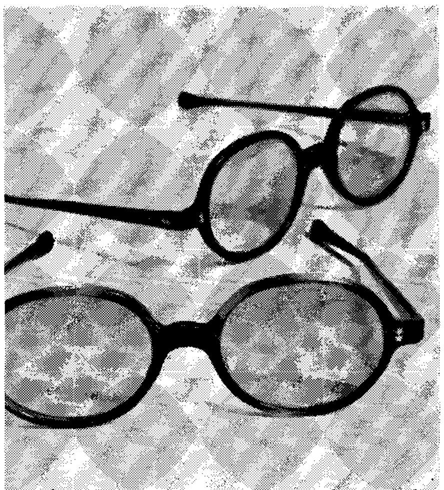

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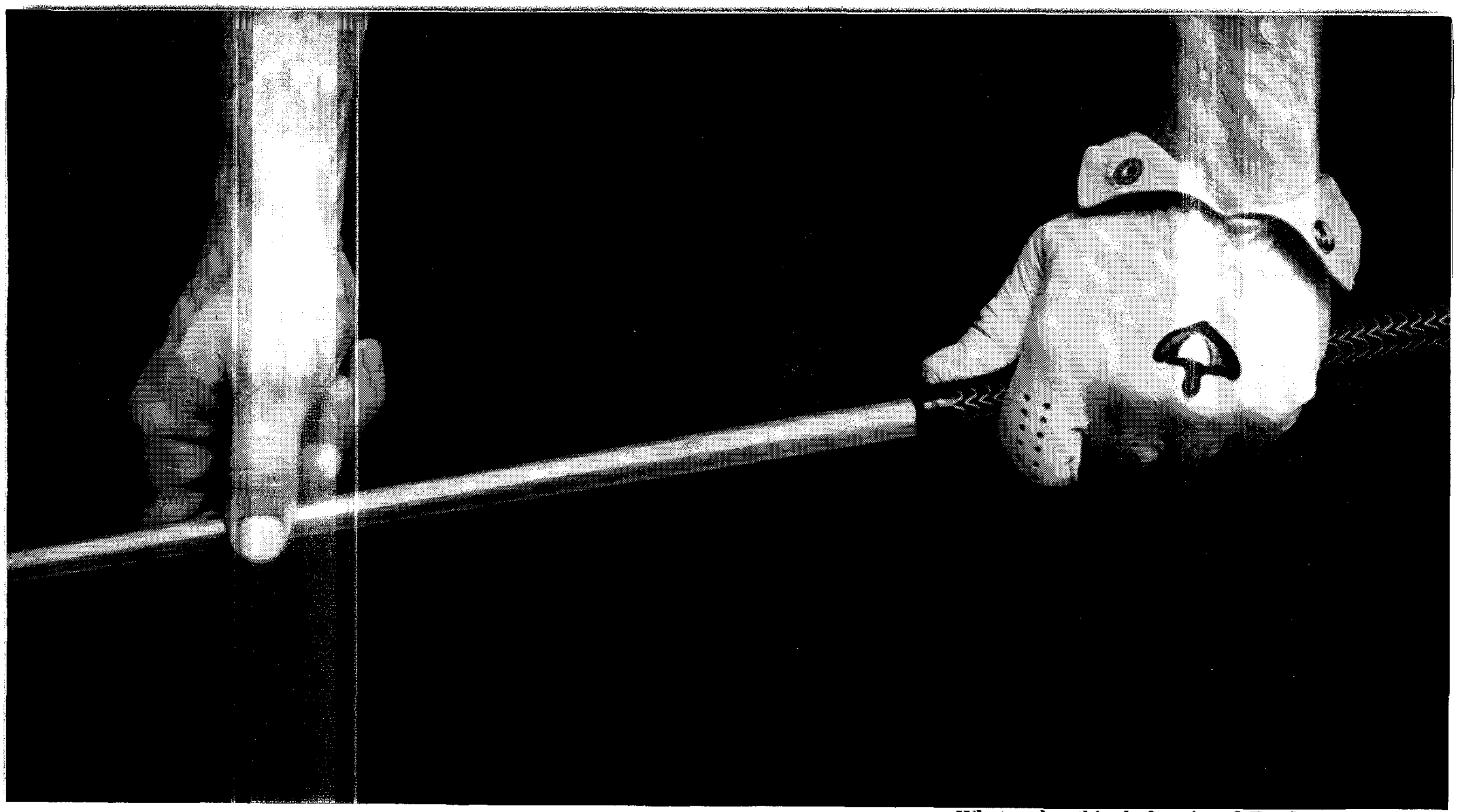

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most certainly curtail the powers of the President. It is expected that he will no longer be commander-in-chief of the armed forces and will no longer be able to fill the Cabinet with his own people. Novotný's activities along these lines will be remembered for a long time.

Public *mea-culpa* speeches by various Stalinists and the formulation of a so-called Action Program, which was published on April 9th, have started the second phase of the reform. This phase, if it is to succeed, will have to be characterized by accomplishments instead of words, and by sober reflection instead of clouds of euphoria. As a beginning, Dubček has apparently convinced the leaders in Moscow that he has not become First Secretary of the Party in order to preside over the disintegration of Communism in Czechoslovakia. He has kept firm control during some dramatic and emotional moments in the past few weeks, and has apparently been able to steer the reform safely into channels of Communist pragmatism. He has appointed able people to high positions. Though there has been some grumbling—that was almost inevitable in the new atmosphere of outspokenness—he has the confidence of many groups: the writers, the students, probably also the Army, at least a large number of the workers, and, naturally, his fellow-Slovaks. He got the support of the economists by declaring, "Our aim is to establish a profound economic reform and an entirely new kind of Socialist economy, relying on a synthesis of the plan and the market." Changes in the management system are to be accompanied by extensive changes in the structure of production. "This will be a difficult transformation, but we have no choice," Dubček has warned. (An economist here told me the other day, "If we had *real* structural changes, and if prices were rationalized, we might have temporary unemployment and discontent but we would have a genuine reform.") It came as something of a disappointment to admirers of Šik that he was not elected to the Presidium, but at least he was made a Vice-Premier. Possibly some Comrades in high places still have their doubts about Šik, who recently told a nationwide television audience that the new Czechoslovak investment policy "might open possibilities for economic coöperation with the German Federal Republic." The Soviet Union and East Germany are reported to have offered loans to Dubček while he was in Dresden, but what Czechoslovakia's ailing economy needs most is a loan of readily convertible hard currency from the West. Both the World Bank and the West German government have been mentioned, with some trepidation, as possible sources of such a loan. How would the Russians react? Everybody in Czechoslovakia accepts the hard truth that the country is economically dependent on the Soviet Union. Ninety per cent of Czechoslovakia's gasoline and a quarter of its grain come from Russia. The large metallurgical plants here would have to close down in a few days if Soviet deliveries of raw materials stopped. One economist has said, "The best we can do is to look for new markets in the West and perhaps later, very cautiously, cut down on unprofitable deliveries to the East. But we must not rock the boat now." It is, of course, much easier to be exhilarated by political gains than by economic necessities, and Dubček has less support among the workers than among the intellectuals. The workers distrust many features of the reforms, and fear that their privileges will be cut for the benefit of the intelligentsia.

Walking a tightrope between hopes and suspicions, dreams and fears, is a difficult feat, but thus far Dubček has kept his balance very ably. He is a surprisingly mild-mannered, even colorless man. His health is far from robust, and his friends worry that his constitution may not withstand the tough physical demands of his job; he has been working as long as eighteen hours a day in recent months. He is a poor speaker, but what he says obviously carries conviction and authority. In a big speech early in April before the Party Central Committee, he said:

> Everybody should clearly understand that we are concerned not with just any democracy but with Socialist democracy. We are concerned not with weakening the role of the Party but with its full implementation under new conditions. Freedom of speech is considered a very important prerequisite. Criticism of the old system will have to be more consistent in exposing the causes of trouble than in exposing the consequences. Old wrongs cannot be replaced by new ones. The wave of criticism has been one-sided—almost a monologue, without opponents. Freedom of speech, freedom of criticism, and freedom of the press are no longer demands but facts. Some personnel changes have also been effected. All these are first steps only. Our aim is to express all the positive accomplishments in legal form . . . to establish a type of Socialist democracy corresponding to Czech conditions.

Dubček can be quite blunt with peo-

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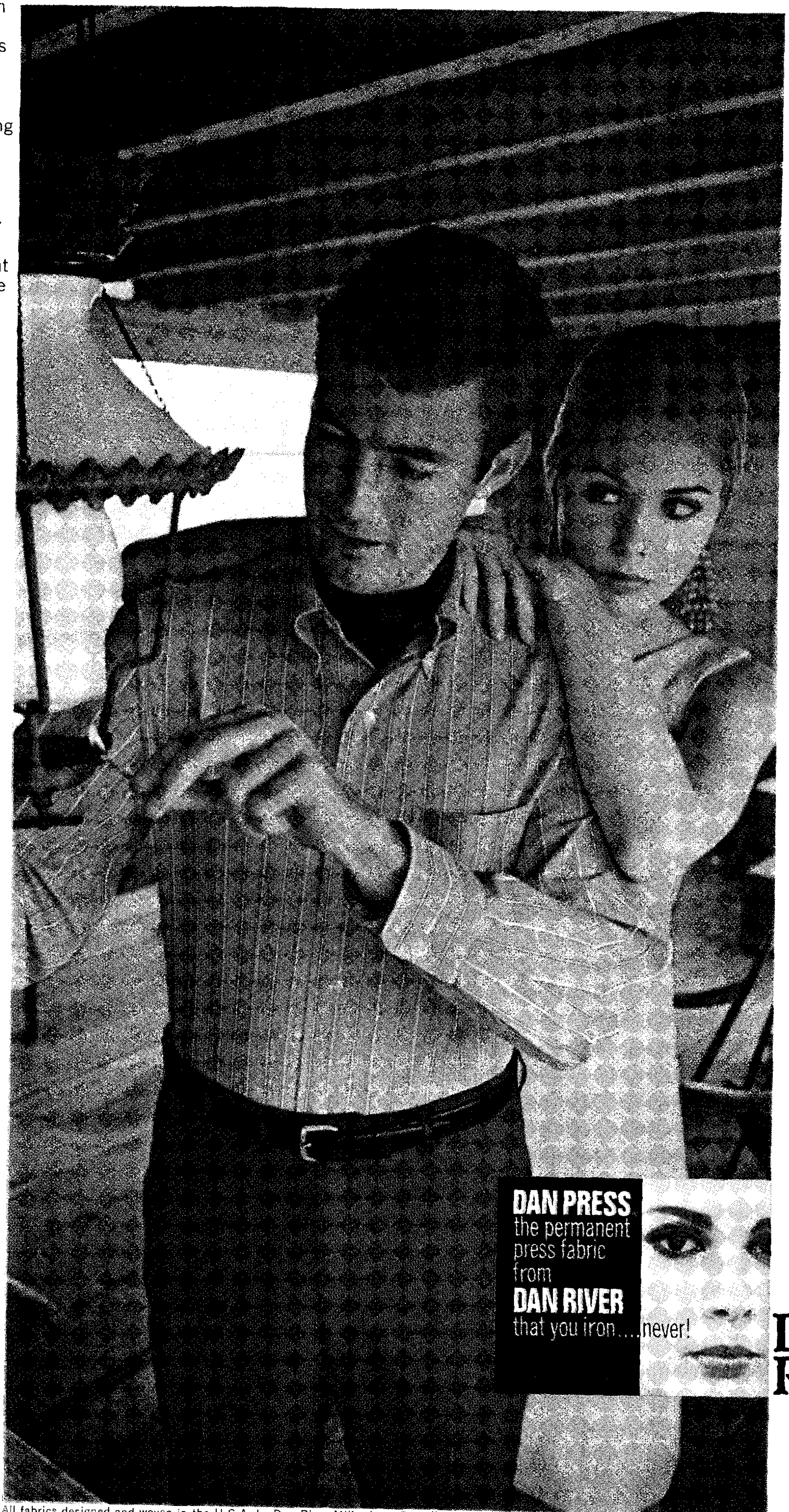

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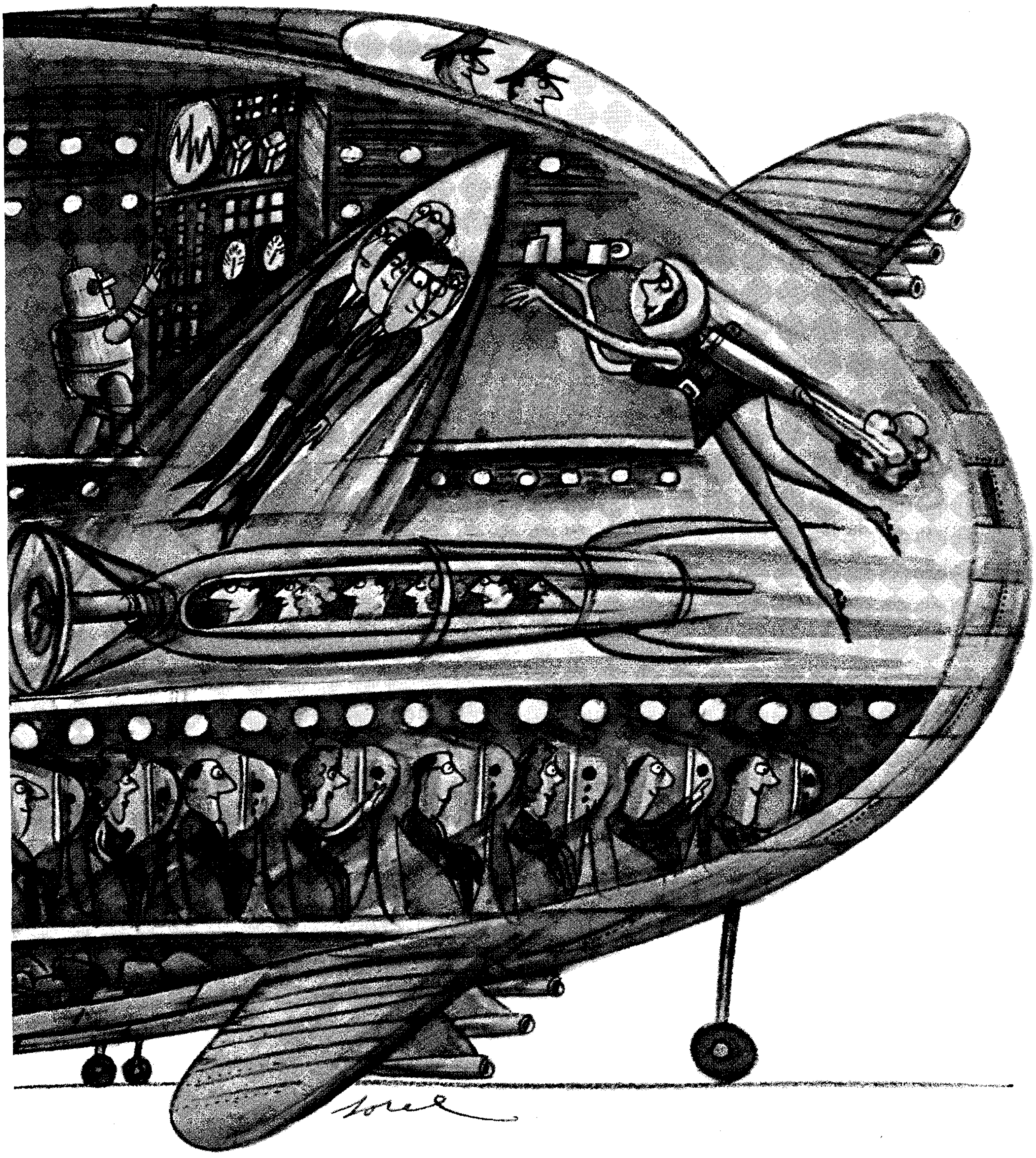

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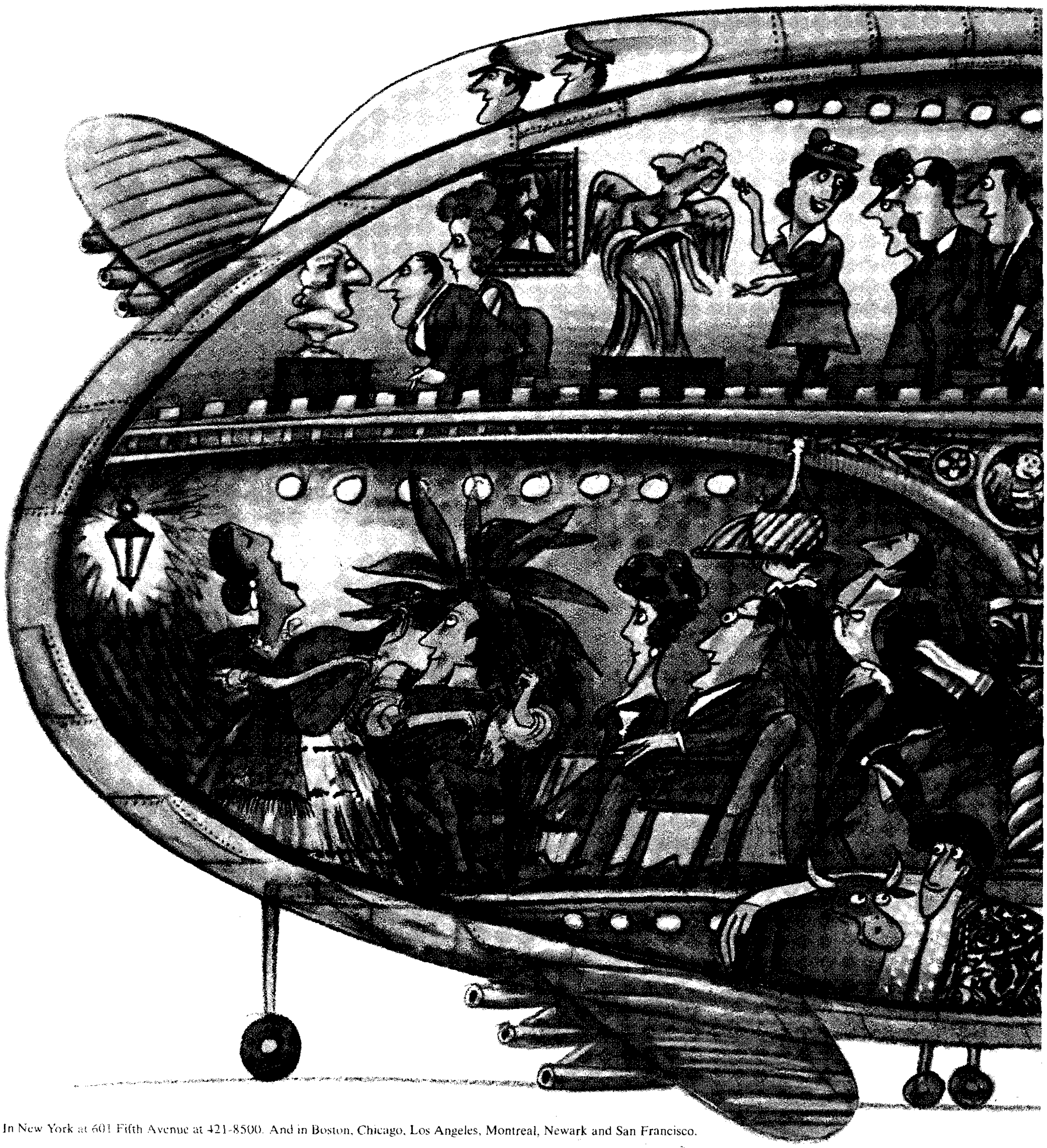

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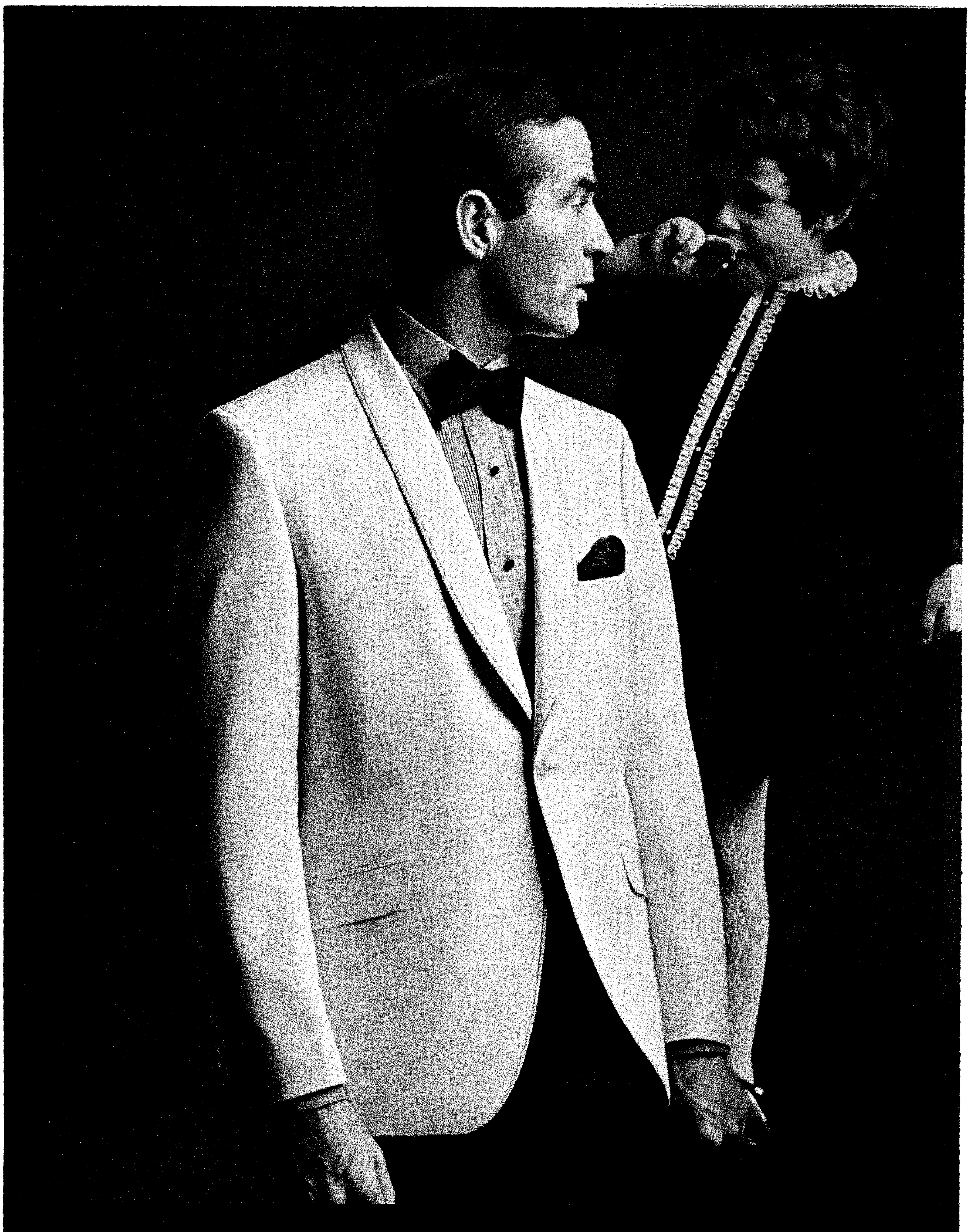

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ple who disagree with him. The Action Program which, among other things, greatly curtailed the powers of the secret police, was criticized by some of the more ardent reformers as not going far enough. Dubček fired back a warning that the whole movement could disintegrate into mere anarchy if it went to extremes. Unless the minority accepts the decisions of the majority in good faith, he said, democracy is only "a pretty façade instead of a means of self-government."

If Dubček's version of Socialist democracy succeeds, it may well become the most important export product ever to be marked "Made in Czechoslovakia," and could have a greater impact on Communism than either Titoism or Maoism. But the difficulties of such a venture are fully appreciated by the leaders who have set it in motion. Czechoslovakia is the only country behind the Iron Curtain that has a Western democratic tradition—Prague is actually west of Vienna, and educated people here have traditionally looked to Paris, London, and New York, rather than to Warsaw or Moscow, for their intellectual and social standards—but the Czechoslovaks have had no opportunity to practice the methods of democracy for a whole generation. At a recent workers' meeting in Ostrava, which happens to be my home town, the chairman suggested that they should use a secret ballot; everybody applauded, but then it appeared that no one knew exactly how to conduct a vote by secret ballot. "There has never before been a peaceful transition from a revolutionary dictatorship to a system that legally guarantees democratic rights," Professor Goldstücker has said. "We are trying, probably for the first time in history, to carry out this complicated process. This is not a restoration of bourgeois democracy but a wedding of Marxism and freedom."

"FREEDOM" and "democracy" are the two big words of the moment, but what do those words mean in Czechoslovakia? A few days ago, a Western journalist asked several people at random what "freedom" meant to them. The answers differed widely: "The police don't beat you up anymore, and they have to wear shield numbers and can be identified." "At last our radio has told Ulbricht what we think of him." "Now we will be able to see the movie of 'Doctor Zhivago.' " "My children will have religious instruction in school." "The censors themselves have asked for the

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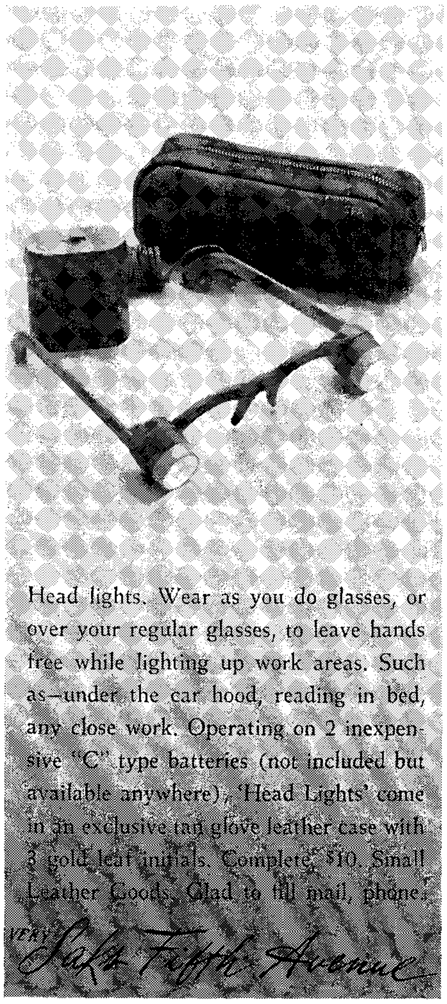
complete abolition of censorship." (Kafka, who has recently been coming back into vogue in his native country, would have enjoyed the request issued by the members of the Central Publication Administration—better known as the censorship office—that "preventive political censorship be abolished at the present state of development," and he wouldn't have been at all surprised to hear that the censors were still sitting in their offices, doing no censoring.) Perhaps the clearest definition of "freedom" was "We can now openly say what before we didn't even dare think."

A third big word of the moment is "rehabilitation," and as it is defined here it often seems to involve retribution. Although Dubček has said that "no heads must roll," the new reforms have sent shock waves through the nation. "We are witnessing a terrifying study of human nature," a friend told me. "Don't forget that in this country tens of thousands of people have suffered terribly, and now they want to square accounts with those who made them suffer. And if those who suffered are dead, their widows and children and friends demand rehabilitation of the dead men's reputations and punishment of those who made them suffer." At a large public meeting, the noted writer Pavel Kohout said, "With the exception of West Germany, Czechoslovakia is the only country where a state prosecutor who murdered eleven people is walking around free." He was referring to the state prosecutor who demanded, and obtained, eleven death sentences during a political trial in 1952 in which the chief defendant was Rudolf Slánský, former First Secretary of the Party. The widow of another victim—former Foreign Minister Vlado Clementis—recently told the newspaper *Student* that she had been arrested, too, and that after her release she had asked for her husband's ashes and had been told that "they were dropped into a drain at Pankrác Prison." Mrs. Clementis has asked that "the main culprits"—former Ministers Vilém Široký and Karol Bacílek—be punished. Former President Novotný, who also had a hand in trials that are now being reviewed, declared in May, 1963, that "Clementis was not guilty of the acts *with which he was charged*." There have been many demands for an investigation of the mysterious death of Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk in 1948. Up to a few weeks ago, no one dared visit the small cemetery in Lány, near Prague, where the President-Lib-



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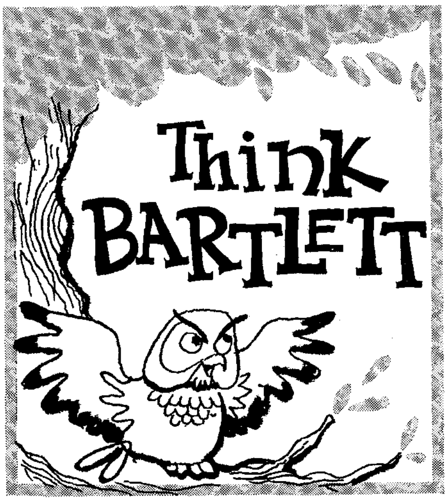

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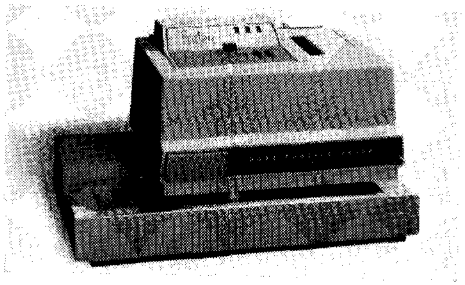

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erator and his son Jan are both buried, but it has now become a place of pilgrimage for thousands of people every day. Many judges have promised to "rehabilitate people who were innocent." Dr. Jozef Břeštanský, Vice-President of the Supreme Court, who was a "working-class cadre student" and rose to his eminent position in a remarkably short time, after studying law "extra-murally," is one judge who will not be able to rehabilitate anybody. He was recently found dead, his body hanging from a tree in a forest south of Prague, and the announcement that he committed suicide has led to public speculation about the sort of verdicts he may have handed down in past years. Terrible instances have become known of Czechs torturing Czechs during the Stalinist era, and there is a widespread belief that, as one man put it, "our people were sometimes more brutal than the German Gestapo."

To be sure, amid all the demands for vengeance there are also voices of moderation. Professor Goldstücker, when he was asked to join a new and militant political group made up of former political prisoners and called "K231," after the law under which they were tried during the Stalinist era, published a letter in *Mladá Fronta* explaining his position on the "rehabilitation" question. Goldstücker, to whom a great deal of the credit is due for the revival of Kafka's reputation here during the past five years, has been a leading figure in the reform movement, and he was nominated for the Presidency by the students of Prague's Philosophical Faculty. In the present climate, the fact that he is a Jew serves to strengthen his ties to the students and intellectuals, who have strongly denounced Poland's "anti-Zionist" campaign. (During the war between Israel and the Arabs last June, nearly the entire population of Czechoslovakia was on the side of Israel, though the Stalinist regime favored the Arabs. The writer Ladislav Mňačko was deprived of his citizenship when he went to Israel to demonstrate his opposition to the official policy of his country.) Goldstücker, who was sentenced to death in the early fifties and was saved only by the intervention of Khrushchev, set forth his views on vengeance in these terms:

> I have been wondering whether one can ever rehabilitate anyone who was humiliated as a political prisoner. A man who was in prison may get back his freedom, the accusations against him may be retracted, he may even get back his citizens' rights and obtain financial indemnity, but no one can indemnify him for the loss of human dignity that he suf-

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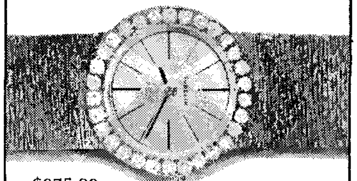

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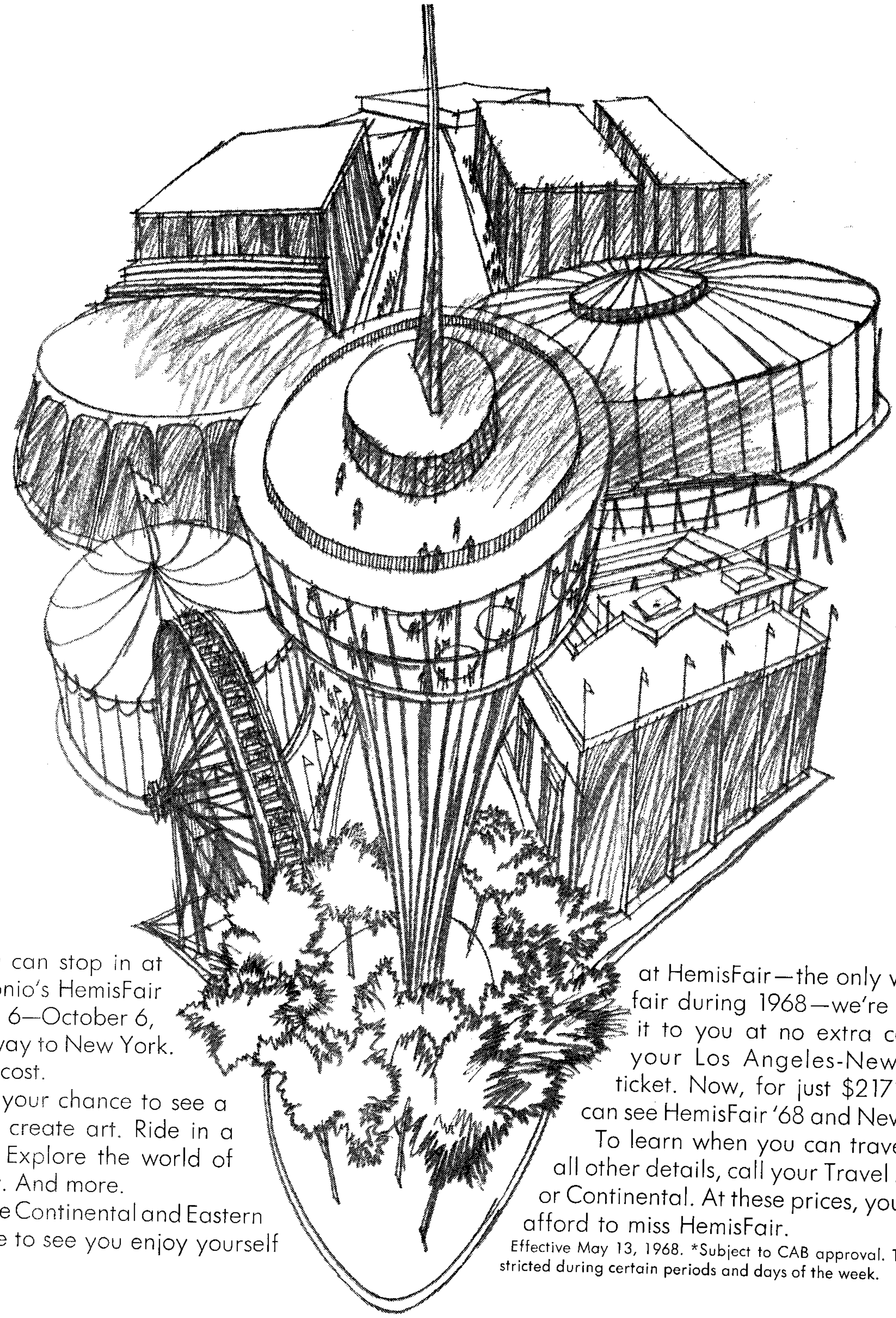

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fered. Because I belong to a minority that suffered so much, I am especially careful about looking for the guilty ones who made me suffer, and I will not summarily condemn my fellow men. Today I can understand and forgive more than before. I write to you because today it is getting very easy to become unjust and because I do believe in tolerance among men. Tolerance must begin at home.

Many people say now that they would like to forget the past, but that it is impossible to forget some of the awful things that they were exposed to only yesterday—the spies and informers, the stupidities and crimes. A man I have known since we were both boys described his feelings to me the other evening over a glass of wine. "You walk along the Moldau," he said, "and you look up to where the government ordered the enormous Stalin monument built that cost two billion *koruny* and made us a laughingstock everywhere—and then the government had to pull it down. For that money we could have built a small town, or a couple of hospitals. We are not a stupid people. We know that we are broke because the Stalinists gave away billions of goods to the Russians in ridiculous barter deals. And when you opened your mouth, some old woman who was a member of the street council might denounce you as a 'reactionary,' and you and your family would be in trouble. We have been deceived so many times that it's hard to believe *any*one."

The fate of the huge Stalin monument on Summer Hill, overlooking the entire city, has acquired a special significance here in Prague, and it will surely stimulate generations of satirists. (In Ivan Klíma's excellent play "The Castle" there is a character known as the Head of the Commission for the Correction of the Statue.) The actual events were comic enough. Having decided, after painful deliberation, that the statue had to go, the authorities called in an English outfit to do the job in one night. But the work proved unexpectedly complicated, and eventually Stalin's head was lifted from his shoulders in broad daylight, with nearly everybody in Prague watching. Now only the empty pedestal remains. Children play around it during the day, and at night couples go there to look down at the lights of Prague reflected in the Moldau.

WESTERN observers in Prague have been amazed by the bloodless character of the revolution and its aftermath. There has been much drama but little violence. There have been no defenestrations, and so far no

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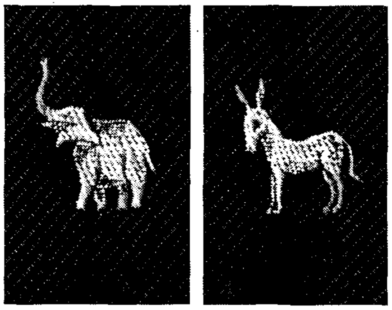

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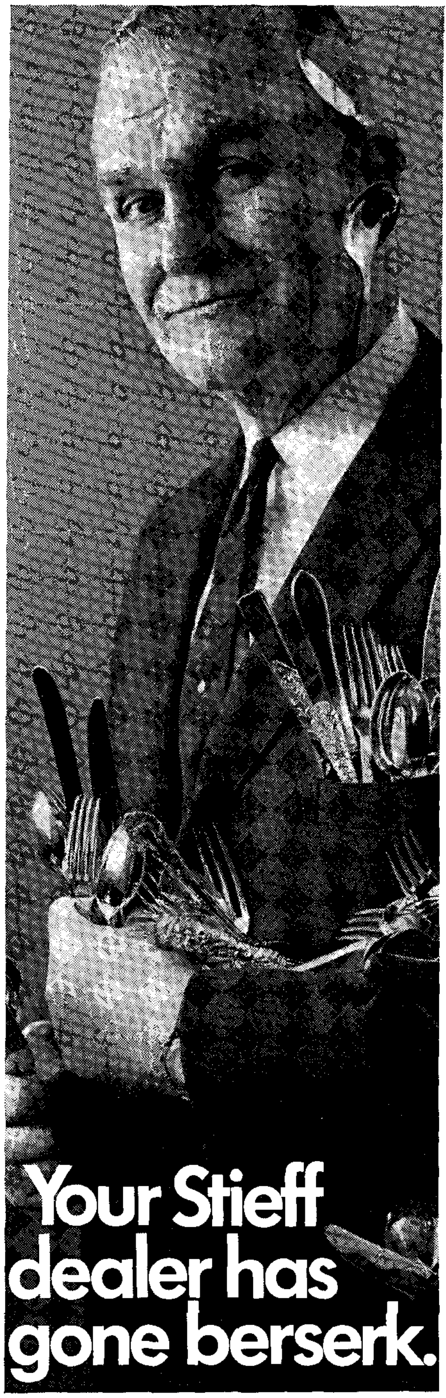

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one has even been arrested. "That the government didn't fall at once, which might have created chaos, is proof of our political maturity," *Rudé Právo* has declared. It is also proof of the traditional Czechoslovak dislike of melodrama and heroics. Poland's national composer is Chopin, and during the war the strains of his "Revolutionary" Étude rallied citizens in the cellars of Warsaw's bombed-out houses against the German oppressors. Czechoslovakia's national composer is Smetana, whose masterpiece, "The Bartered Bride," is all clear-eyed happiness. The political sophistication the students here have shown in recent weeks has been very different from the behavior of their fellow-students in Warsaw or Budapest—or, for that matter, in West Berlin, Rome, or Berkeley. The students of Prague, by and large, are progressive (in the present local meaning of the word), and the radical fringe is very small. During a time of upheaval, the students here get angry, but they do not cross the boundary line between youthful indignation and uncontrolled violence. Early in March, some students started to talk about marching on the Polish Embassy to demonstrate against police brutality in Warsaw. Dubček himself went to discuss the situation with the students, and the discussion was "extremely frank," according to a girl who was there. Ultimately, he persuaded them that although their indignation was justified, they must avoid any action that might be considered a "provocation" by the country's Warsaw Pact partners. The students called off their demonstration. Some students from Slovakia who appeared at the American Embassy to submit a protest against the war in Vietnam displayed a degree of moderation and political maturity that surprised the Americans. "They showed that they understood what was going on," an Embassy official told me.

Eighteen thousand students recently attended a mass meeting at which they were able to ask questions directly of prominent Communist reformers; the meeting was televised nationally and kept people at their TV sets until one-thirty in the morning. Nearly everybody I know in Prague stayed up to look and listen, and everybody who did agreed that it was fascinating to hear the students ask questions of a sort that older and more cautious people would not dream of asking, even today. It was during this meeting that Smrkovský had the exchange with a student about Czechoslovakia's position on the map of Europe. At the end of the meeting,

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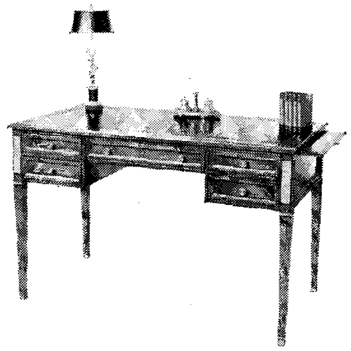

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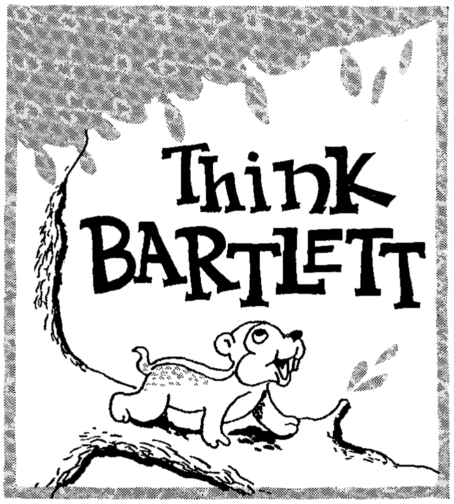

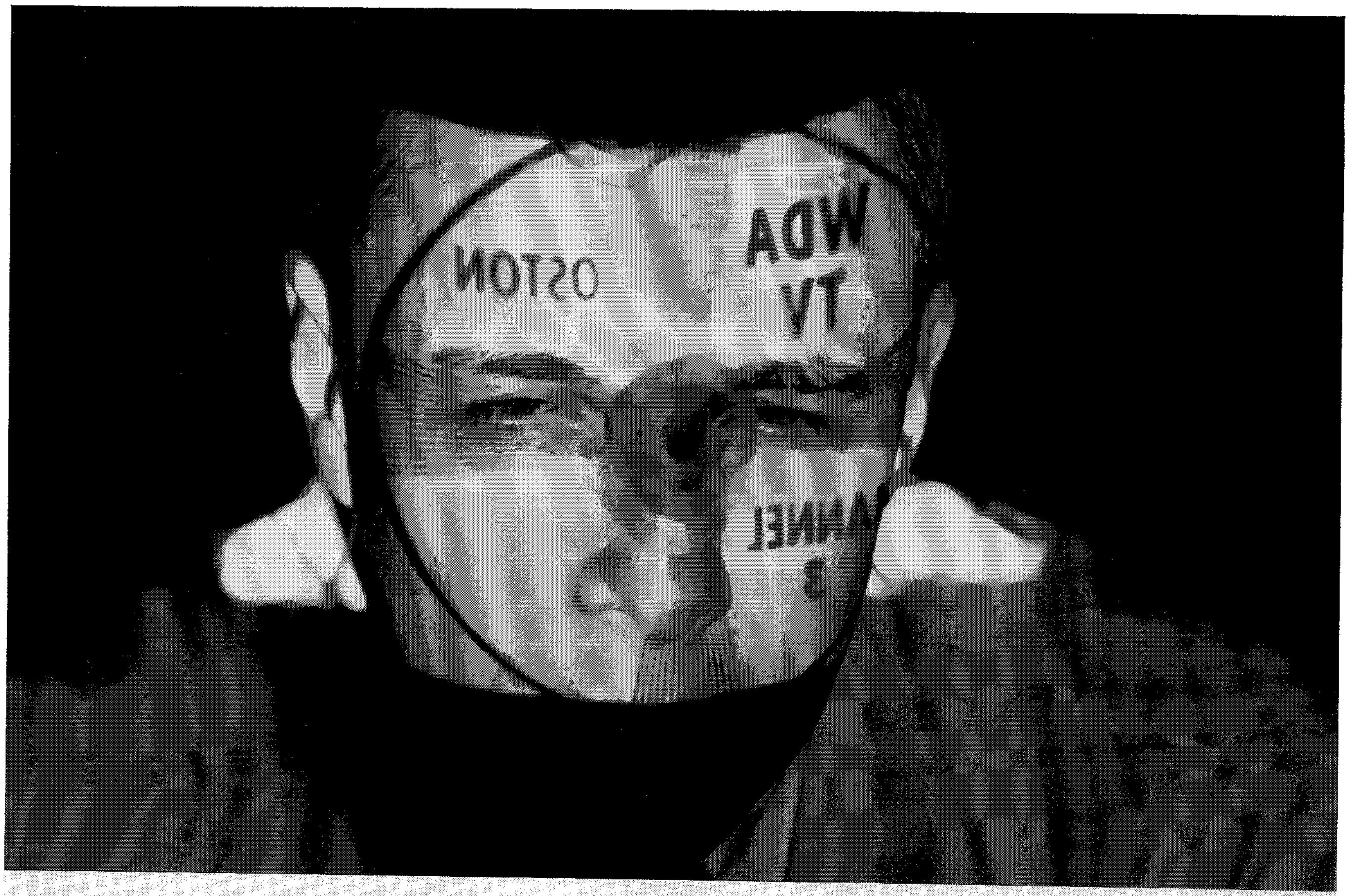

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which became fairly vehement at times, Smrkovský told the students to "go home quietly," and they did. What amazed the nationwide TV audience most was the absence of policemen. "Eighteen thousand demonstrators and not one policeman," I heard a middle-aged man say. "What a remarkable display of democratic discipline!"

Though the works of Tomáš Masaryk, Karel Čapek, and other writers admired by those of us who lived in the "bourgeois" Republic were officially forbidden for many years, young people apparently got hold of them somehow. Relatively few of the present generation of students are Communist Party members—possibly only one in ten—but nearly all the students I have talked with understand and accept their responsibilities as the future leaders of a Communist nation. Though there are close ties between the students and the writers, the students maintain their independence when it comes to politics. An editor of *Student* told me, "We read the writers' *Literární Listy*, but that doesn't mean that we always do what they suggest." I asked him whether they would support the reform, and he gave me the same answer I got from an editor of the writers' weekly: "For the time being, we are behind Dubček."

In a recent issue of *Literární Listy*, the playwright Václav Havel—his work ("The Garden Party" and "Memorandum") continues the satirical tradition of Kafka, Hašek, and Čapek—began a discussion of the future role of the opposition in Czechoslovakia. Though the reformers agree that an opposition is needed, there is no agreement on who should form it or how it should work. One obvious solution would be to let the mass media—the press, radio, and television—carry out the duties of criticism. The mass media had a great deal to do with the changes that have taken place in the last few months; people in remote areas have been able to follow events in Prague, and Dubček has been supported by instantaneous "resolutions" from Party groups all over the country. In many ways, the media have already become the watchdogs of the reform. On one new TV program, people telephone in complaints, which are supposed to be taken care of immediately. While I was watching it the other day, several callers claimed that at a certain Prague post office there was still a secret unit reading letters sent abroad. Reporters in the studio telephoned the post office and various Ministries; everybody denied that there was such a unit, but the re-

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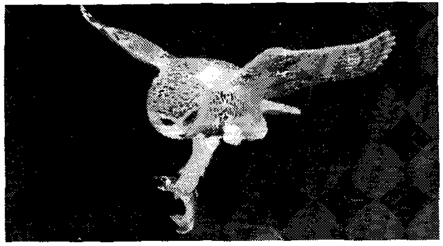

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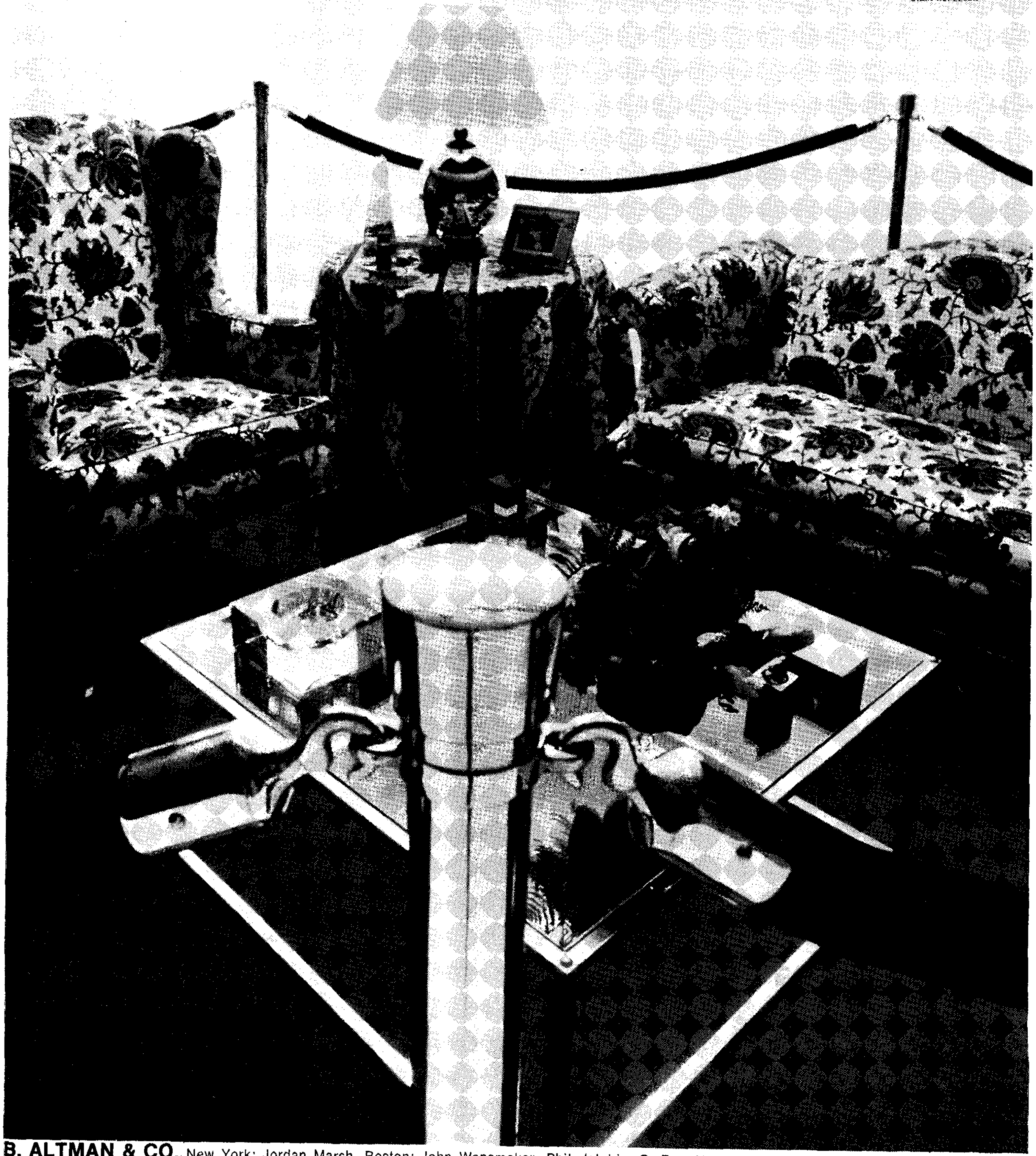

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porters promised the audience to investigate further and tell them the results within a few days. Such activities may not be welcomed in high Party circles even now. Dubček has spoken of the responsibility of the mass media in the matter of "erroneous or non-objective reports that may meet with a mass response."

Some people believe—or perhaps one should say hope—that the Social Democrats and the People's Party, both of which were permitted a moribund existence in support of the Communist Party as members of the so-called National Front, may now take over the role of a constructive opposition. But these parties have been discredited in most people's eyes by dubious accommodations they made with the Stalinists. The chairman of the People's Party, Josef Plojhar, is an unfrocked priest who served as Minister of Public Health in the Novotný regime; he is ridiculed even by the Catholics, but even after he was ousted as a member of the government he managed to get himself elected "honorary chairman" of his party. Obviously, a new generation of leaders would be needed to revive these parties. Under a proposed new law to reform electoral procedures, the names of candidates, rather than the names of parties, will appear on the ballot. And, what is more important, the new law will guarantee a secret ballot. Apparently, the Communist Party feels that it is strong enough to risk such an election; after all, it has the country's best-trained and ablest politicians. No one in Prague is apt to forget that back in 1946 thirty-eight per cent of the popular (and secret) vote was cast for the Communist Party, while the party of Eduard Beneš, Tomáš Masaryk's student and successor, got only twenty-six per cent. It was not the election of the Communist slate, headed by Klement Gottwald, but the way Gottwald took over that caused night to fall upon the city.

Among certain Communist intellectuals, an extremely interesting new method of forming a political opposition is being discussed. One of them outlined it for me this way: "Suppose that in two or three years it is realized that the events of early 1968 created a split between the conservative and the progressive wings of the Communist Party, so that there are really *two* parties, which agree on the fundamental tenets of Marxism-Leninism but disagree on methods and practical politics—just as the two big parties in the Anglo-Saxon countries agree on the fundamentals of their system but not

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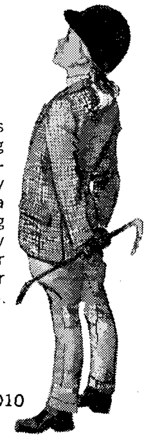

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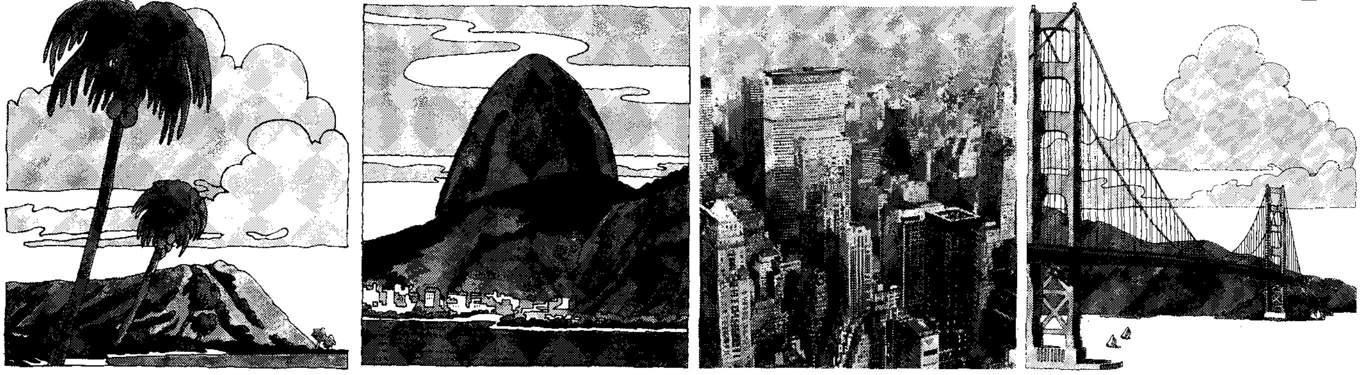

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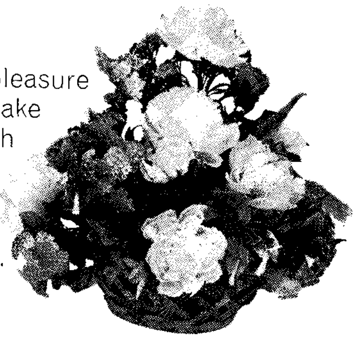

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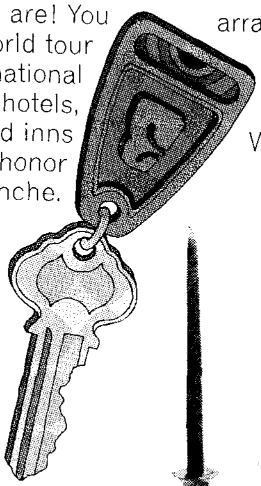

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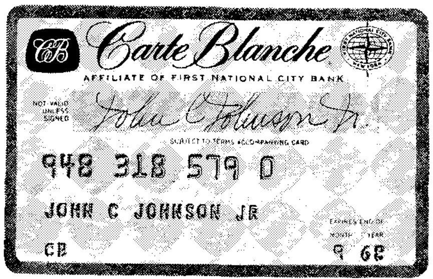

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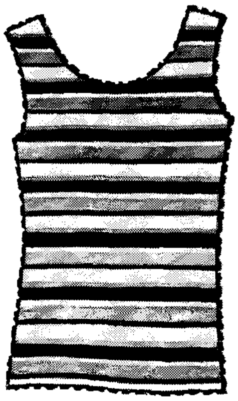

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on how it should be run. It is conceivable that Czechoslovakia could become the first Communist country with a two-party system. This would not be incompatible with the Communist gospel. Think of the abyss that divides the Communist Party in the Soviet Union from the progressive Communists in Italy—and I've read in Western papers that some of the ideas of our reformers could have been taken from Togliatti's testament. Ideally, Czechoslovakia could become the testing ground for a new, enlightened Communism."

NO one in Prague expects the future to be easy. "During the honeymoon, one doesn't like to think about money," a writer said to me the other day. "As you say in America, it's 'Fly now, pay later.' But eventually the bills will come in, and they will have to be paid, and that will be the time of crisis." At the moment, people are enjoying the delightful game of publicly attacking men in high places, but what would happen if they began to attack Dubček and his supporters? Would the leaders be as tolerant of free speech as they are now? So far, the top members of the Stalinist Old Guard have been neutralized or put off by themselves in some corner, often after they have made abject apologies. But what about the vast army of bureaucrats and Party officials all over the country—the faithful Party hacks who served Novotný loyally and have now declared their loyalty to the new regime? There are said to be half a million of them. (The Czechoslovak Communist Party now has one million seven hundred thousand members. Every eighth citizen is a Party member, though a great many people joined simply out of the need to make a living.) Will it be possible to replace the "dogmatists" by able young Communists who can practice Socialist democracy as Dubček has envisioned it?

As the spring advances, many of the groups that have been supporting Dubček are sending him their demands. But, come summer and harvest time, will it be possible to meet all those demands? A case in point is offered by the Catholic Church, which has already "recognized" the regime but has expressed "expectations." Bishop František Tomášek, the Apostolic Administrator of Prague, told the papers that the Church will demand an increase in the number of bishops, expansion of the seminaries, and the removal of the obstacles to religious instruction for schoolchildren. (In the past, both parents

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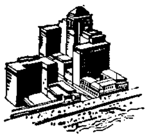

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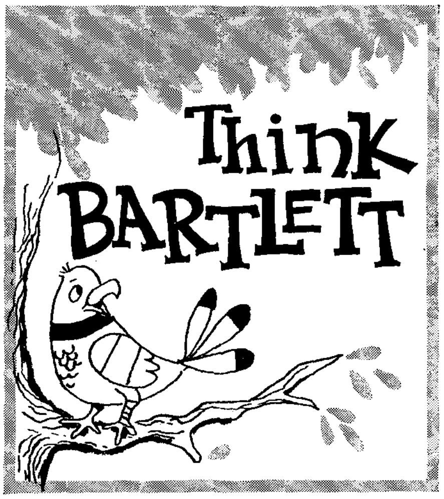
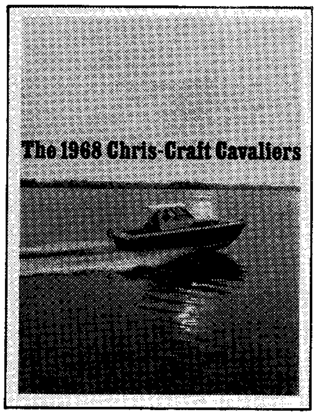


See what's new in boats for '68!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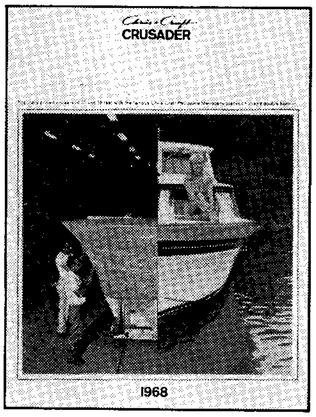
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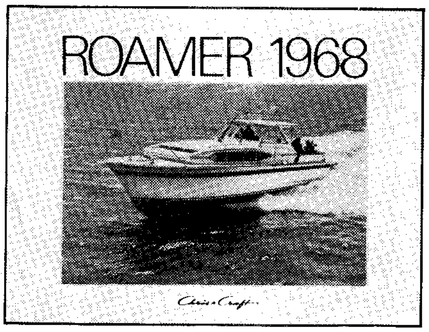
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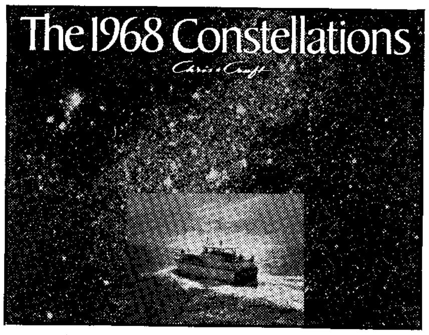
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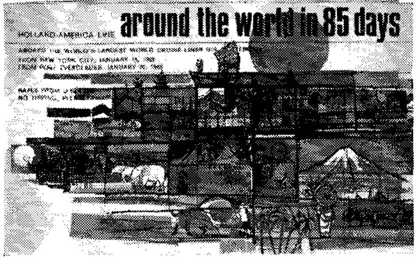

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had to sign a petition if they wanted their child to have religious instruction in school, and even then permission was not always granted.) It has already been agreed that priests who were sent to work in factories and on farms will be permitted to return to their parishes, and the Vatican may appoint a chargé d’affaires to occupy the seat of the Papal Nuncio. (The Nuncio’s palace, across from the Prague Castle, has been empty for years.) The Theological Faculty of the University will be permitted to publish a magazine of its own, and the Catholic press will get a larger supply of newsprint. But it is doubtful whether Josef Cardinal Beran, who has been living as an exile in Rome, will return to Prague, and no one expects the Party to restore to the Church all the property that was seized when the Party came to power. The demands of the Church, like those of many other groups in the country, cannot be fully met. Nevertheless, anticipations are growing stronger in the spring weather here, and hopes are increasing in scope and intensity. After the long binge, there is certain to be a nationwide hangover.

But if no one can say now that the great experiment in Prague is going to succeed, it is clear that, even as an attempt, it may have tremendous consequences for other countries. The Czechoslovak reform is already a much bigger thing than János Kádár’s “goulash Communism” in Hungary or even Titoism in Yugoslavia. “We made greater progress in personal freedom in twenty days than the Yugoslavs made in twenty years,” a friend of mine boasted. If the Czechoslovaks prove that Communism can coexist with freedom, their success will unquestionably affect not only the intellectuals but the entire populations of other Communist countries—Poland, Hungary, East Germany, and perhaps even the Soviet Union.

The Czechoslovak movement might also have sizable repercussions in the West, where it has always been claimed that Communism is synonymous with dictatorship and terror; in no country have the Communists ever stayed in power through secret ballots that expressed the true will of the people. A Czech writer who has been in and out of jail several times in the past two decades told me the other day, “Perhaps in a few years we shall be able to create something that is acceptable to both the East and the West—a combination of enlightened Communism and Western-style personal freedom

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that could form a bridge between the world's two most powerful ideological systems and a basis for peace in the very heart of Europe. If anybody can do it, we can. We have the idealism and the tradition. And we are not impractical dreamers but hardheaded realists."

NOW that my visit here is approaching its end, I have taken a long walk through some of the streets I knew before the war. A number of people were out enjoying the fair weather. Old men and old women sat on benches in squares and in small gardens that have been laid out in vacant lots. Even some valuable lots in the Old Town Square have been turned into improvised recreation grounds. Benches have been put up around the statue of Jan Hus—erected near the spot where twenty-seven Bohemian nobles were beheaded in 1621—and, sitting there, I had a fine view of the Old Town Hall, where in 1618 angry members of the Bohemian Diet threw two Austrian councillors out a window, in the famous defenestration that started the Thirty Years' War. Beneath the window, I noticed, there is a plaque commemorating some Czechs who were shot there by the Germans during the Occupation. The clock of the Old Town Hall struck, and a couple of sightseers photographed the medieval clockwork pageant that takes place every hour.

The Jewish quarter dates back to the ninth century, when the city became a flourishing trade center on the route that connected the Near East and the Baltic. The Nazis, who destroyed synagogues all over Europe, didn't touch the buildings in the old ghetto of Prague, because some German scholars had persuaded Hitler that the ghetto should be preserved as an ethnological museum, in which relics of the Jewish race could be shown after the race itself had been exterminated. I wanted particularly to have a look at the Pinkas Synagogue—named after a man who owned the site on which it was built, in the fifteenth century. The synagogue was rebuilt several times, and incorporates interesting late-Gothic and Renaissance elements. But few people notice the architectural details. In 1950, the Pinkas Synagogue became a memorial to the Jews of Bohemia and Moravia who died at the hands of the Nazis. The walls of the synagogue are covered with the names of men, women, and children, arranged by cities, towns, and villages, in a roll call of death. There are seventy-seven thou-

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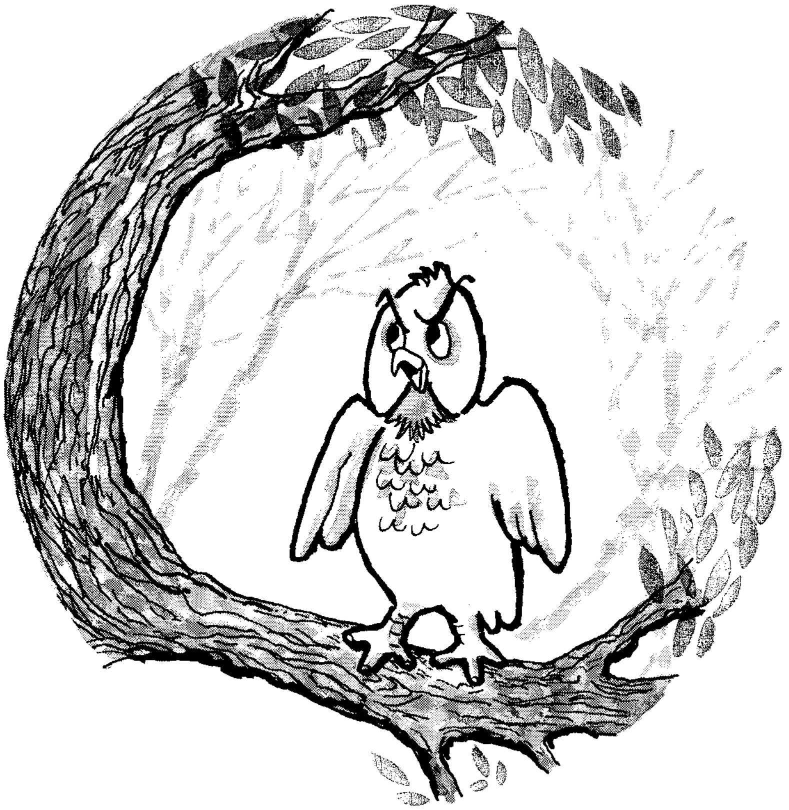

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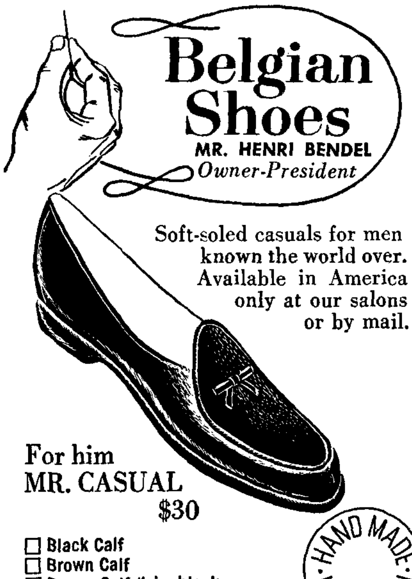

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sand two hundred and ninety-seven names. An old woman who offered me her services as a guide was quite definite about the figure: seventy-seven thousand two hundred and ninety-seven. After each name, there are two dates—the date of the victim's birth and the date he was taken away. I asked the woman to show me the names for Ostrava, and after she had pointed them out to me, she walked a little distance away. They were all there.

I walked on, in the late afternoon, past houses that seemed cold and empty to me, because the friends of mine who had lived in them were no longer there, and then I reached the Moldau and walked across Charles Bridge, the finest of Prague's fourteen bridges. It was put up by Charles IV in the fourteenth century and was later lined with statues of saints. A walk across Charles Bridge provides by far the best views of Prague's medieval past. From the Moldau a bluish haze was rising, and down on Kampa Island, which the people of Prague call their little Venice, the shadows were already very dark. The city was no longer reflected in the water. Just ahead of me was Malá Strana Square, whose St. Nicholas Church many people—and not only in Prague—consider the finest baroque church in Europe. At its best, the Prague baroque is finer than either the Viennese or the Italian baroque—less flamboyant, more meditative. I stood there watching the last rays of the setting sun bathe the Gothic silhouette of Hradčany Castle, high above the river, in liquid gold, and then, suddenly, the whole thing went deep blue. It was incredibly beautiful.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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A third reason the 41st Precinct may report more crimes than many other precincts is that it is far more crowded. According to estimates prepared by Consolidated Edison engineers, every dwelling unit—apartment or a room—in an area embracing the 41st Precinct has 3,033 people living in it.—*The Times.*

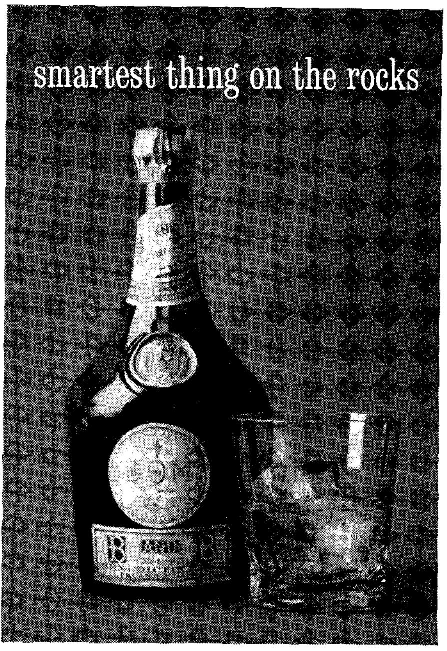
You should have seen the first two reasons!

•

MOST TITILLATING NEWS ITEM OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune*]

No hippie, Joanna was born in England and raised in Canada. She was orphaned early in life, is unmarried and uninhibited.



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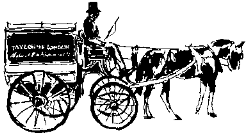

A last link with Old London, Taylor of London's coach can be seen in the West End delivering their famous perfumes, soaps, Wedgwood china pomanders and caskets of colourful Pot Pourri. Now at Lord and Taylor, Neiman-Marcus and exclusive stores.

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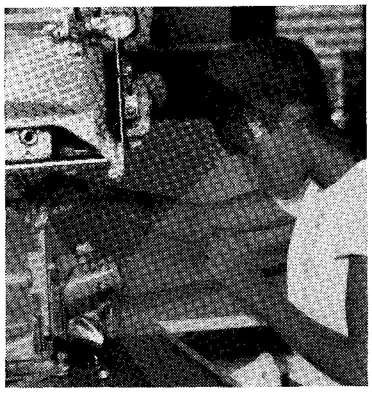
In hope of doing each other some good

—and a minor in Photo-Interpretation



United Nations

When setting off to the isle of Jamaica for some fun, forget about looking up the place where this picture was taken. The establishment is supposed to improve the quality of life on the island. That's no fun.

Ruth Masters is working here with aerial photography. The United Nations is helping the citizens of Jamaica learn to use it more effectively both for mapping and for "P. I.," which is a military term. Photo-interpretation, a fallout from the art of war, is now rapidly moving into a new phase. People are getting into it who know nothing about war. They operate on the understanding that objective study of the physical environment must guide improvement of the economic, social, and psychological environments. Yet what's good economically may be bad for the body or the spirit, whether or not your choice in theologies tells them apart. The physical world does matter.

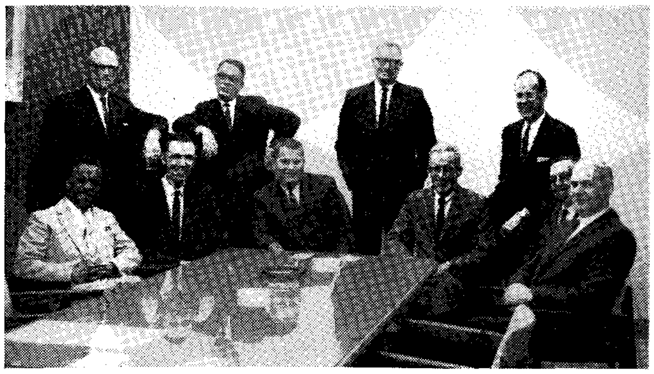
There is a citizen of Norway at the U.N. Secretariat in New York who argues that peaceable photo-interpretation should now drop its guise as a separate craft, that students preparing themselves to serve in fields from political science to limnology, from geology to anthropology, need firsthand knowledge of photo-interpretation if they are to do a better job for humanity, including themselves.

The man may be addressed as follows:

Chief, Cartography Section
Resources and Transport Division
Department of Economic and Social Affairs
United Nations, N. Y. 10017

Do you have any questions for him?

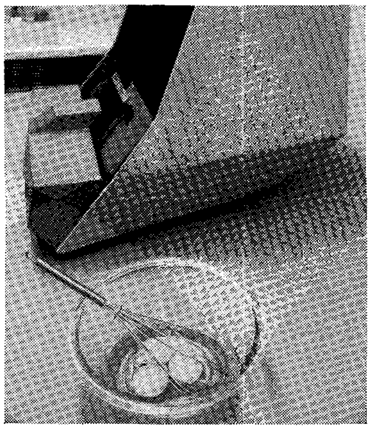
Sharing the brains



All ten men in this picture hold down jobs in the manufacture of Kodak cameras and projectors. One of them is an assistant vice president of Eastman Kodak Company, and two of them happen to be mentally retarded. The latter two are here representing all the young adults working in the plant of a subcontractor of ours, the local chapter of the New York State Association for Retarded Children. With them are Kodak men who have used their brains to perfect procedures whereby the subassemblies produced at the Association's Work Training Center pass the same rigid reliability standards that have for generations maintained Kodak's position and reputation.

Hold back the medals. This has been going on for years, and with the physically handicapped as well. We have sacrificed nothing. The cost is the same as if the work were done in-plant. For many of the retardees the work experience has ultimately led to job placement in the community at large. Ten good, sensible guys, all in all.

Vision of a well-equipped home



The low price of RECORDAK EASAMATIC Reader PFCS is significant. It gives quick access to data such as parts lists, catalog pages, and buyers' guides, many pages of which can be compacted on a 4 x 6″ or 3¼ x 7⅜″ microfiche. In truth, very few of this particular model are likely to be purchased for use in the home. Nevertheless, as microfilm readers become mass-produced items and the unit price continues to drop with rising volume, the more pervasive will microfilm become. When microfiche readers are found in as many homes as dishwashers are today, there may be quite an effect on the manner of publishing anything of a nature at all specialized.

Questions about the RECORDAK EASAMATIC Reader or about any other aspect of microfilming are answered by Business Systems Division, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

Hungry?

From three eggs in a mixing bowl can grow a masterpiece of self-fulfillment to fill the self, family, and guests full of purring satisfaction. All it takes are talent, time, inclination, and a comfortable income.

There is a magazine called *Food Technology* whose very name suggests a colder view of food preparation, where eggs get beaten in 300-pound batches because there are several billion people waiting to be fed and relatively few of them keeping their own laying hens. One of our chemists, Gerald T. Luce, has an article in *Food Technology* for November 1967. He writes not of eggs but of acetylated monoglycerides.

These were first proposed by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and were put into commercial production by us. Metabolizable and nutritious themselves, they form coatings of low permeability to oxygen and water vapor. Consequently foods coated with them stay appetizing and wholesome longer. This works particularly well with fish steaks cut from the frozen round fish – a promising development with the switch from hunting the sea to farming the sea.

Luce's paper goes into detail on nuts, raisins, meats, cooked lobster, breast of chicken, and many other good things to eat.

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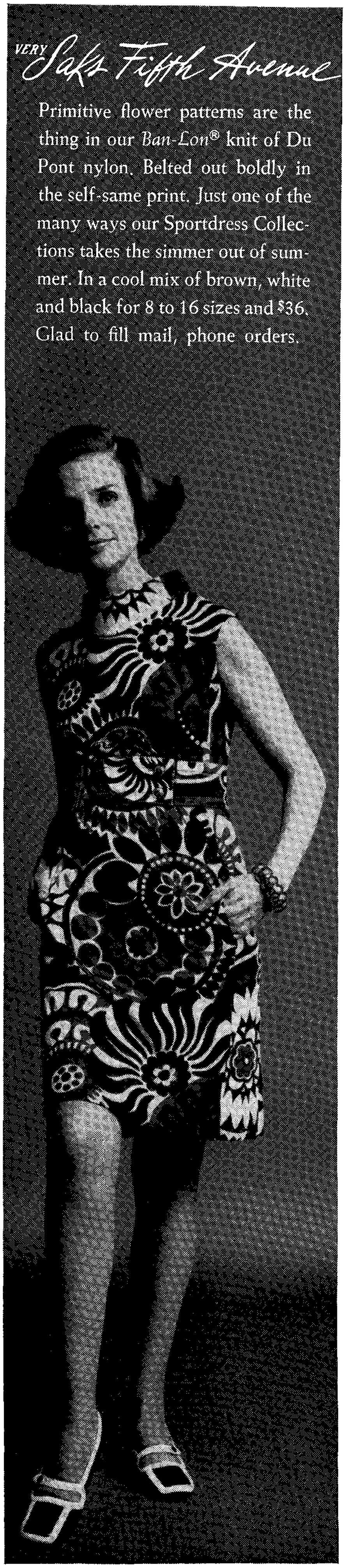
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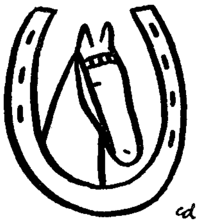
THE RACE TRACK

Spit and Image



THE Wood Memorial Stakes, won by Dancer's Image at Aqueduct last Saturday, was more than a supremely exciting horse race. It shattered my cozy theory that the three-year-olds of 1968 were so evenly matched that none would win as many as two of the important stakes this spring. Instead, the Wood was a convincing repetition of the victory of Dancer's Image in the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie, for this time he beat Iron Ruler, who was a top runner in Florida last winter; Verbatim, who has been a whiz at the Big A; and half a dozen others. As in the Gold Cup, he began slowly, and for half of the mile and a furlong was so far behind that it seemed impossible he could close the gap. Iron Ruler, who at first glance looks narrow enough in front to squeeze through a picket fence, was always well placed. He took the lead in the stretch, and with a furlong to go I thought he was home free, but Dancer's Image, storming out of the pack, caught him in the last sixteenth of a mile and beat him by three-quarters of a length. Verbatim was third, seven lengths away. Of the ten colts who went to the post, only nine ran; Danny's Runaway unseated his rider at the start. And two stars who had been expected to run didn't. The day after Clever Foot arrived from Maryland, he developed leg trouble, and shortly before post time Wise Exchange was scratched because of a tender ankle.

If I had a computer, I daresay I could tell you how many horses are named This or That's Image—for one, there's Noor's Image—but Dancer's Image, who is by Native Dancer out of Noor's Image, is the only one I've seen in years who resembles the horse he is supposed to be the image of. His coat is about the same shade that Native Dancer's was at three, his make and shape are similar—a big, powerful build, with good length for his height—and when he is in action you'd almost say that there went the Gray Whirlwind himself.

THE day before the Wood, Captain's Gig turned in another smart effort at Keeneland, winning the Forerunner Purse at seven furlongs by three and a half lengths from T.V. Commercial, with Master Bold third. Captain's Gig will skip the Blue Grass Stakes there this week but will run in the Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs on Saturday. If it matters in your Kentucky Derby calculations, something named Proper Proof won the California Derby by nearly five lengths from Don B. at Golden Gate Fields last weekend.

FOR various reasons, not many two-year-olds have been out this season, and up to now none has been worth talking about. With this in mind, I ambled over to Belmont Park one morning last week for a look at those who will carry the colors of the Wheatley Stable and those of Ogden Phipps and his son Ogden Mills Phipps. Ed Neloy, who trains them, has twenty-six, and if there is anything in breeding, conformation, and conditioning, they should earn their oats and hay (even at the current prices) and a carrot or two occasionally. The first of them to make his début, a day or two later, was Reviewer, a big, handsome bay colt by Bold Ruler out of Broadway, which makes him a full brother to Queen of the Stage. His mane and his tail were done up in ribbons for the occasion, and he won by lengths in fast time and with such consummate ease that the railbirds were in ecstasies over him. As you'd expect, a number of the establishment's other youngsters are also closely related to the stars of other years. The Heir is a full brother to Successor and Bold Lad; Navsup is a half sister to Buckpasser; Cutting is a full sister to Vitriolic; King Emperor is a full brother to Queen Empress, who was the best two-year-old filly in 1964; and Sir Valiant is a full brother to Stupendous. Those who caught my eye especially were Openly, a bay colt by Tatan out of Open Hearing; Favori, a bay colt by Herbager out of Striking; and, of course, Reviewer.

AT Bowie last weekend, In Reality, who set a track record in a tune-up for the race a week before, won the John B. Campbell Handicap comfortably from Barbs Delight, who was second in the Kentucky Derby a year ago, Peter Piper, and four others. The race wound up the track's most financially successful meeting. There will be a merry scramble for the same dates next year.

—AUDAX MINOR

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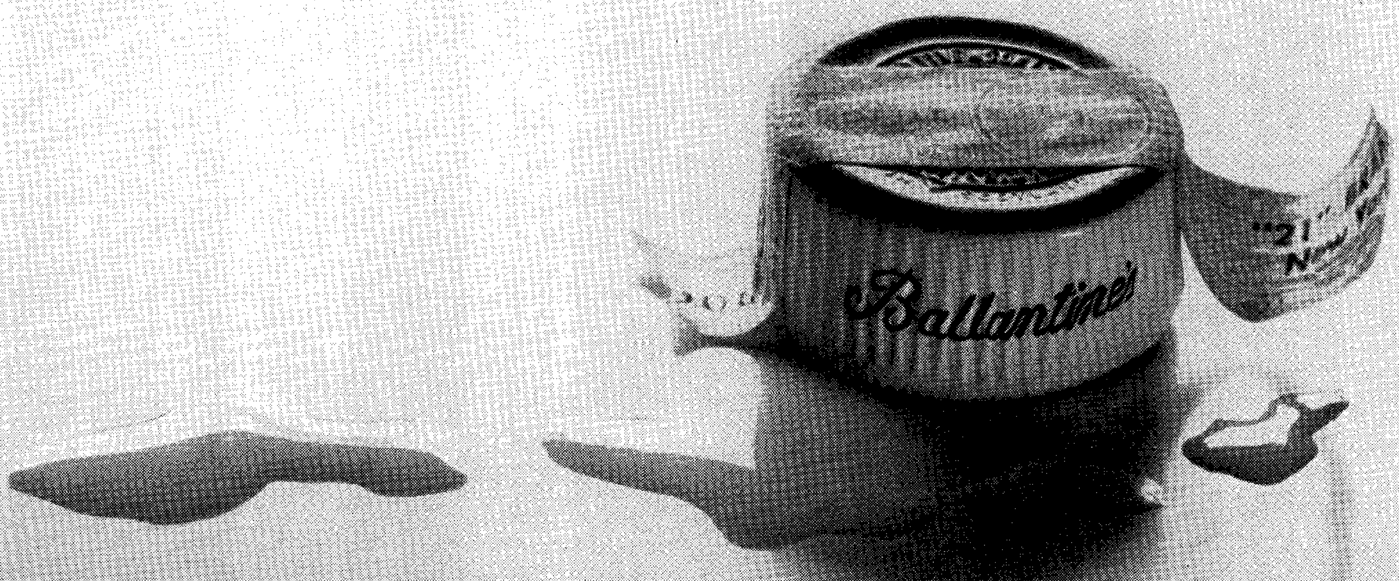

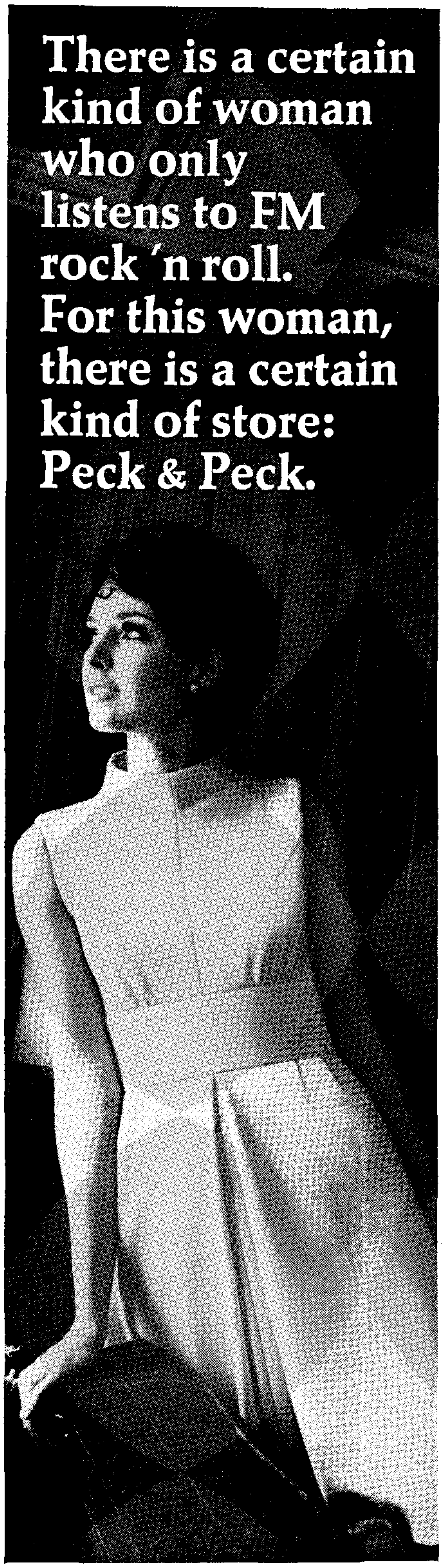

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Spectre of the Shrinking Brainpan

THERE sometimes seems to be a special sort of mindlessness clinging to earnest cinema. Aestheticians used to put it down to the dark, and teach that a form that caused audiences to be shut out of the daylight was analogous to dream; this apparently made the abandonment of thought consistent and so O.K. I'm not convinced by the bit about the dark. Scientists with their eyes clapped to microscopes keep their heads without any trouble, and common-or-garden people alone in the twilight with their television sets are always expressing opinion by throwing lamps at the screen. But there is a breakdown of plain sense that may be absolutely special to the creating and watching of seriously meant pictures. Something to do with lack of humor, I think. Into the upper reaches of dumbness where filming can take a man, film buffs cheerfully follow: I read a paean to a director the other day stating that he "expresses the dichotomy between man and woman in the images of the bra and Dachau." *What?* Oh, well. Two of the films new to the city last week are technically perfectly honorable, and they try all too energetically to be up-to-date, but they are awfully hampered by having heads the size of peas.

One of them, Michael Winner's "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," is about the swinging English, save our ancient souls. Whether or not swinging England has any reality is another matter. Existentially speaking, I think its only true being lies in the act of turning up the hem of a miniskirt. I have the impression that I have seen this picture, under different names, a lot of times before—every few months since the Beatles—and that I progressively submerge while it stays vivaciously unsinkable, but obviously this is as much of a delusion as the phantom I had last week of the cinema's brain receding fast into a very, very small speck, like the light at the far end of a tunnel. The recurring film that I seem to keep seeing is always edited in a prancing way, to reflect the spirit of mad, Mod London, and it is crammed to the gills with sex, repartee, tights, attacks of unplaced choler and pixie giggles, and admen or photographers who have sold out to the Devil. The drive of the picture is clearly scornful, but it's impossible to be caught up in the scorn, because no one ever opens his mouth on any intelligent judgments. The bottled crossness of the picture therefore expresses about as much polemic as a traffic jam does. The camera apparently gets furious mostly at things looked at; you are never in any doubt that the director is uncompromisingly critical of silver foil used on the walls of shops selling Mod gear in Chelsea, but his attitude toward the people in his film isn't very attentive or searching. The over-all impression is that devastating social protest is being levelled at the décor of boutiques. There will nearly always be a set piece about the young male upper class, with a mob of baying public-school men displaying the historic gift of their kind for arrogant survival in their new roles as tailors and restaurateurs, and there will absolutely always be a sentimental situation about pregnancy. The moral scheme of the plot is generally rather priggish and cruelly retributive, however much permissiveness seems to be being practiced. Rotters get their just deserts, and girls suffer no end.

In Michael Winner's picture, Oliver Reed plays a clever young adman called Andrew Quint. He opens the film by striding through London with an axe on the shoulder of his cool jacket to hack up his executive desk. He has a wife and two steady mistresses—Wendy Craig is genuinely interesting as the wife—but he is fed up with the lot of them. He is also fed up with his boss, a cheery degenerate played by Orson Welles, who calls him "my darling beamish boy" and disparages a packet of cereal in the middle of golf practice on the office terrace; "I thought it was supposed to make humorous little noises at us," he says, shaking the packet irritably. The young man tells him that his way of life is superficial and self-indulgent, which seems rather a lofty squelch to deliver from his own situation, and then quits. His idea of redeeming himself is to ditch his women and track backward to a literary magazine from his past. It stands in his muddled ethic for probity, but it turns out (plot mechanics) to be nothing better than a less successful emulator of the values of his London office, and it offers him yet another doomed girl to destroy in the editorial

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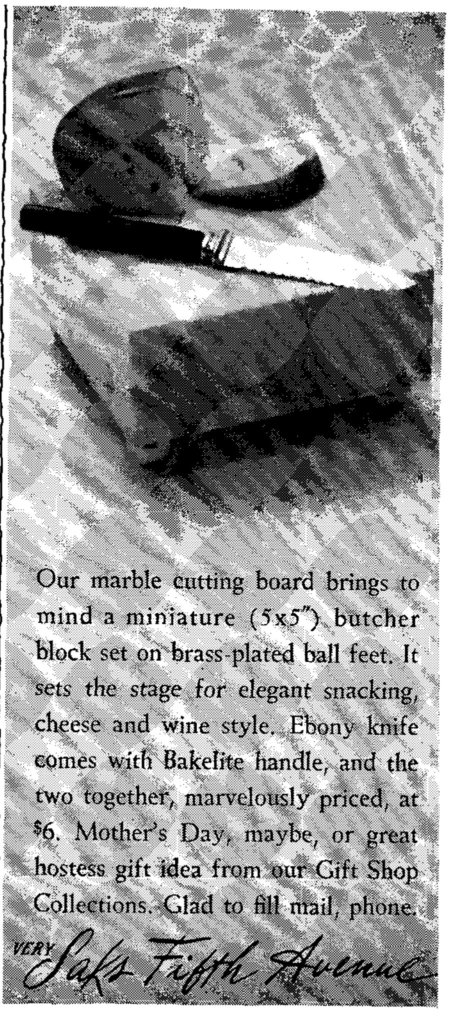
secretary, shyly played by Carol White. Stories about wheels turning full circle often have something irretrievably posturing about them. The world-weariness in this film strikes you as assumed, with a big element of show-off. It seems to express an adopted fatigue with life that really masks deficient curiosity. There is a montage at the end—a television commercial devised by the hero intercut in his own mind's eye with grovelling pieties about the mess he has made of other people's lives—in which he and the film have the gall to include newsreel shots of concentration camps in his dingy little personal vision of his mistakes. He even appropriates an image of the mushroom cloud to bemoan his moral blindness, which is a piece of egocentricity on quite a scale, as though some well-off woman were to summon up images of famine in India to give stature to her shame about having got too fat to fasten her Balmain.

Earlier in the film, some of Peter Draper's screenplay is fairly funny, if you can scrape the rest of the movie off the dialogue. Given a different context, I suppose the cockiness of the backchat could imply something unspoken and painful beneath. But the film is all surface; the direction and the editing elbow detail away, and there is time to watch nothing. The people in the story move around the screen with no more volition than extras, or goldfish. All they can do is demonstrate the film's simpleminded point about the decadence of swinging London, as if they were publicizing some generalized sales feature of the new England. For the film doesn't really hate the sophisticated boredom it depicts at all; it finds the atmosphere alluring, and takes the hero's melodramatic spasms of repentance seriously. No one who wasn't insulated by making a film could listen to such a man for a moment without recognizing that he was talking hogwash. The phenomenon of the vanishing head.

"LE DÉPART" was directed, in French, by the Polish-born Jerzy Skolimowski, who collaborated on the scripts for Polanski's "Knife in the Water" and Wajda's "Innocent Sorcerers." The film looks dazzlingly interesting, shot in grainy black-and-white, often with dark shapes against pale walls, like shadow play with hands for a child. It opens with what seems to be a drowning sweater struggling to semaphore, but a face eventually emerges from the woollen neck. The owner of the face is a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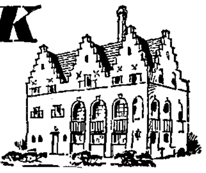
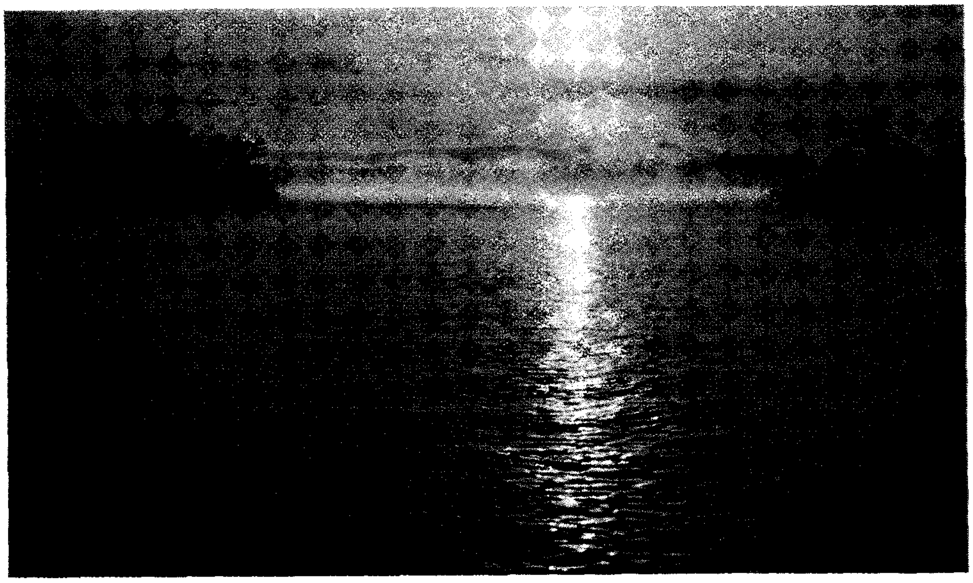
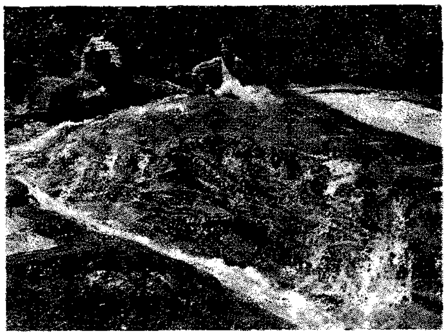


New Hampshire is all wet.

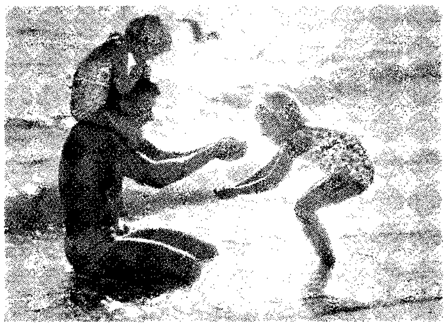


And on the rocks.



And in the woods.

And up the creek.



And on the beach.

And sky high.

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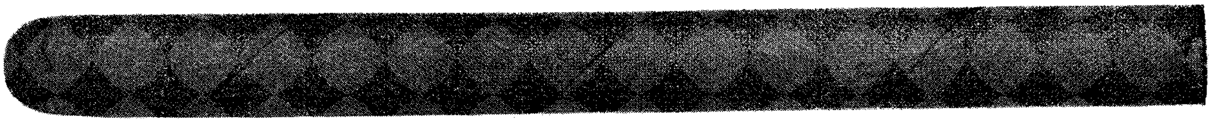

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nineteen-year-old hairdresser's assistant, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who made his shattering first appearance in Truffaut's "The 400 Blows." His face has thinned and grown a little older, but it is not much changed. He still looks like an evacuee, alert and isolated in very hostile territory. It is a rackingly modern face, moving, wary, expecting nothing. Léaud doesn't act, he behaves. One watches him from a distance as if he were a stranger in a newsreel, someone in the street caught up in a pressing event.

The hairdresser's assistant wants to be a racing driver. He has entered himself in a race as the owner of a Porsche that he means to swipe from his boss. He trains by night with a hairdresser friend and daily massages the scalps of rapacious chatterers who talk over him to one another between the washbasins and idly seduce him with promises of a car. The film has a peculiarly Polish monkey-on-a-stick humor, but something—exile?—has taken away its roots and made it seem only flip. The temperament of the film itself, with its shock farcical jumps and its cranky alarms, is very like the boy's own style of behavior when he suddenly shoves a safety pin up to the hilt in the muscle of his forearm or absently turns a hair-washing jet onto a grand client's false eyelashes because he is in a daydream about racing. Both the film and the character try a bit too hard to startle you, like a child jumping out from behind a curtain or putting his fingers to his eyes and mouth to stretch his face into an ogre's. The picture makes effects, and then stalls, because the hero never expands into anything more than what he literally is; he remains a boy who wants to be a racing driver, described in a not very fine-textured or detailed way. The film doesn't express whether anything more than random bravado stirs him. It reminded me a lot of advanced work at the Polish Film School, in Lodz. It seems a prodigious freewheeling exercise, bent on quixotry—in heroic recoil from the ensconced and the lip-serving, but at a cost.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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[*From Advertising & Sales Promotion*]

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2. Good morning, Mr. Jones.
3. Howdy.
4. Up and "atom."

[Editor's Note: Remaining forty-six ways omitted because of sudden attack of nausea.]

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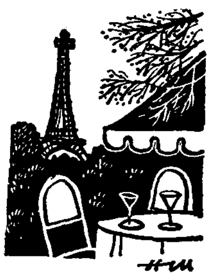
LETTER FROM PARIS

April 16

On Monday afternoon, the day before the funeral in Atlanta, a memorial service for Dr. Martin Luther King was held here in the little American Gothic-laced church on the Quai d'Orsay. He had spoken from its pulpit just after receiving the Nobel Prize. On Monday, the church, which was overcrowded by the presence of about a thousand Americans, Negro and white, served as a shelter for the specially troubled emotions that many of us here felt as Americans living outside our own land—our sense of loss and shock mixed with our sentiment of deep shame over the fact that once again our present history had been mutilated by an unforgettable assassination, which had made violent, tragic, American bad news all over Europe and around the world. There was also, of course, our common knowledge that, despite our government's promises, aid and generosity had not—as usual since the Civil War, certainly—been forthcoming in our wealthy cities, and that "the fire next time" had been kindled in Washington itself.



In addition to the addresses and prayers that constituted the memorial program, the choir vigorously sang the "Psalm of Penitence" from Arthur Honegger's "King David" and, as the final hymn, "We Shall Overcome." Besides all of us Americans present, the service was attended by fifteen invited ambassadors, including those from England, Canada, Sweden, Cambodia, and Austria, and several from black Africa. Present also were a dazzling monsignor in pink silk, representing the Cardinal of Paris, and three Knights of Malta, formally garbed in evening clothes and decorations beneath their picturesque scarlet capes, and wearing their great gold Maltese crosses from medieval Christian times. Two telegrams of condolence were read—one from Jacob Kaplan, the Chief Rabbi of Paris, and the other from Baron Alain de Rothschild, representing the Consistory of French Synagogues. Also present was one Black Muslim woman, wearing a white felt hat with the identifying scarlet and green crescents, and some Flower Children of more than adolescent age, one or two carrying wilted flowers as identification. It was a saddening, historic afternoon meeting in this liberal American church on French soil—a meeting to be long remembered, a meeting that was an epitaph.

For international aesthetes, the Continent's outstanding art show of this spring and early summer (until July) is "L'Europe Gothique," from its inception in the twelfth century through its final florescence in the fourteenth, when ecclesiastical fascination with the balanced, airy Gothic arch—that celestial new architectural invention in France—began to cede to the earthly square, princely palaces of the Renaissance, and from there went on into worldly baroque. This exhibition is another of the great postwar international art displays that owe their existence to the initiative of the Conseil de l'Europe. It is on view in the newly reconditioned rooms of the Louvre's recently liberated Pavillon de Flore, which few of us had ever set foot in before—that final riverside west wing, down by the Carrousel. Beginning with the disorders of the Commune in 1871, it was allocated to the Ministry of Finance, which avariciously held on to it, in our time coarsely using it as its National Lottery offices.

This is an art show for adepts and cultivated travellers, who are probably familiar with the famous geographical formula that if one takes a compass and pinpoints it on the Paris Sainte-Chapelle and then opens its other leg to take in a distance of about a hundred kilometres, one will have enclosed the mystically fertile Île-de-France, in which Europe's first and greatest Gothic cathedrals—in that brief temporal space between the years 1180 and 1380—sprang up like high-arching ferns of carved stone, accompanied by the corresponding new grace of humanistic thinking, in one of those simultaneous confluences of genius by which society is mysteriously transformed. Within that hundred-kilometre radius lie the abbey of St. Denis and the cathedrals of Chartres, Noyon, Soissons, Laon, Reims, Amiens, Beauvais, and Notre Dame de Paris itself. For those early, nameless architects and builders, Gothic was a successful, daring tentative of vertical balance in place of walled horizontal mass—a great, precocious modern flight of man's aspiring scientific imagination. Monasticism and feudalism were ended, and French thought was becoming urban, molded by European universities like the Sorbonne, which produced Abélard and Héloïse, and eventually produced us and our Western society of today.

The Pavillon de Flore exhibition illustrates itself by an inclusion of over five hundred religious Gothic art works—statues of the Virgin and Child naturally dominating, plus statues of apostles, annunciatory angels, knights, kings, and saints, and small stained-glass windows, still in perfect condition of color and glaze. There are also church treasures, such as jewelled crosiers and reliquaries, and quantities of sacred paintings, chosen from all over Europe. The Virgins with Child are, of course, the most frequent, and also the most varied, with often a touch of the beginning of realism giving them the true air of individual portraiture, as in the intense, beatified maternal face and the intimate handling of the Christ child, held against the breast, held on high like a little ruler, with the orb of the world in his hand, or posed on his mother's shoulder, in one instance with the child's hand fondling his mother's cheek. There is one hallucinatory statue of the Virgin, almost life-size, that is sheathed in gleaming, smooth silver except for the placid yellow-colored visage, carved from fruitwood. There is a laughing female head with well-curled hair that represents one of the Foolish Virgins who were asleep when the Bridegroom approached. There is one noble male angel wearing on his face what André Malraux, in his "The Voices of Silence," called "the brief and timid Gothic smile." These impressive statues taken from cathedral niches and portals, carved by great artists without signature, supply us at least with the artists' idea of what their Gothic contemporaries looked like, either in reality or as semi-deified into Christian symbols.

THE most interesting of the recently accumulating books, and the one that supplies the most stimulating and imaginative reading in full-fledged literary style, is "Vendredi, ou les Limbes du Pacifique"—"Friday, or the Pacific Limbo." It is the first published book of Michel Tournier, an editor in his early forties who works at Plon's publishing house and is the author of two earlier books, which he destroyed in manuscript because he did not like them. His "Friday" is his personal version of the famous, unique one-man English adventure story as lived by Defoe's Robinson Crusoe on his southern isle. It is enriched

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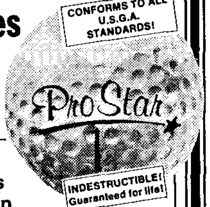

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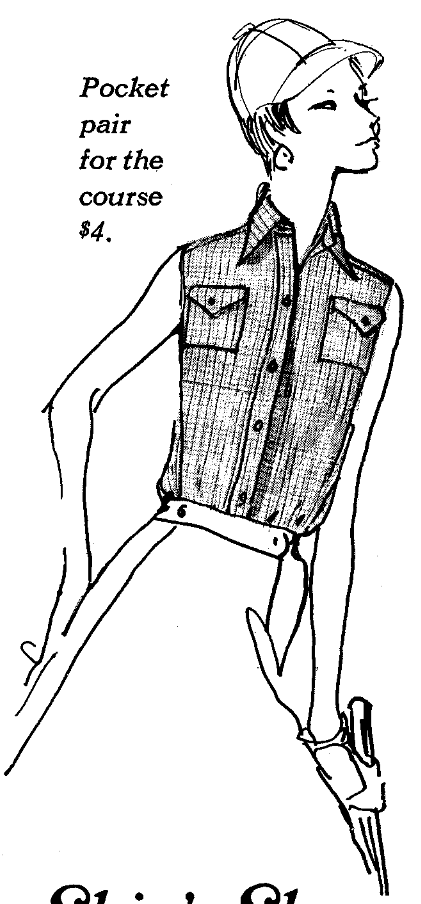
by Tournier's interpretive use of such modern influences as Freud, Lévi-Strauss, genetic botany, the collapse of imperialism as illustrated by the British Empire, and the rise of democratic, interracial individualism, after Friday's arrival; Crusoe's final triumph is the loss of his bigoted Protestantism through his emancipation into some sort of sun worship, with yogi-like exercises that restore his youth. This summary gives a notion of the book's intellectual ironies, humor, and political and philosophical anachronisms, its terrors and lonely tragedy. The opening of the tale, with the shipwreck on the reef and Crusoe's pillaging of the broken bark, is along the lines we have always known—the hauling onto land of the gunpowder, the Bible, the pistols, the telescope, and also the drowned captain's box of gold coins. In his first, frightening loneliness, Crusoe sleeps, as lunatics do, in his own filth, as instinctive proof he is alive. Then, as he organizes his domain, he passes a law against all abominable follies, with allotted punishments, though there is no one there to obey or to be punished. In the name of King George II, he appoints himself governor of the island, and calls his hut the Residence—though what he governs is a flock of wild goats. In his single-voiced society, he sets up a simulacrum of all he has previously known of British administration as a narrow, pious, provincial Protestant and sailor, whether at sea or at home on land. The awakening of his mind in lonely self-debates on the problems of truth, reality, and logic leads, step by step, to autodidacticism, without books but with increasing meditative enlightenment in his solitary self-study. He even becomes tender toward the beauties of nature in the lyrical Rousseau manner (with botanical names and details furnished by Tournier's careful documentation of island growths in that southern clime). He sets up administrative offices for weights and measures, and a chapel for worship, and from the wheat and barley he has taken from the ship he becomes a prosperous planter, raising more grain each year, like a good English subject, as if he had a growing British community to feed. The arrival, after years, of Friday, brought over from a distant island to be martyrized by Indian cannibals and accidentally saved by Crusoe, is the next step in his human growth. That the newcomer is colored perfectly fulfills Crusoe's conception of how the British Empire works, with an inferior dark native race ruled by the interloping white. "A



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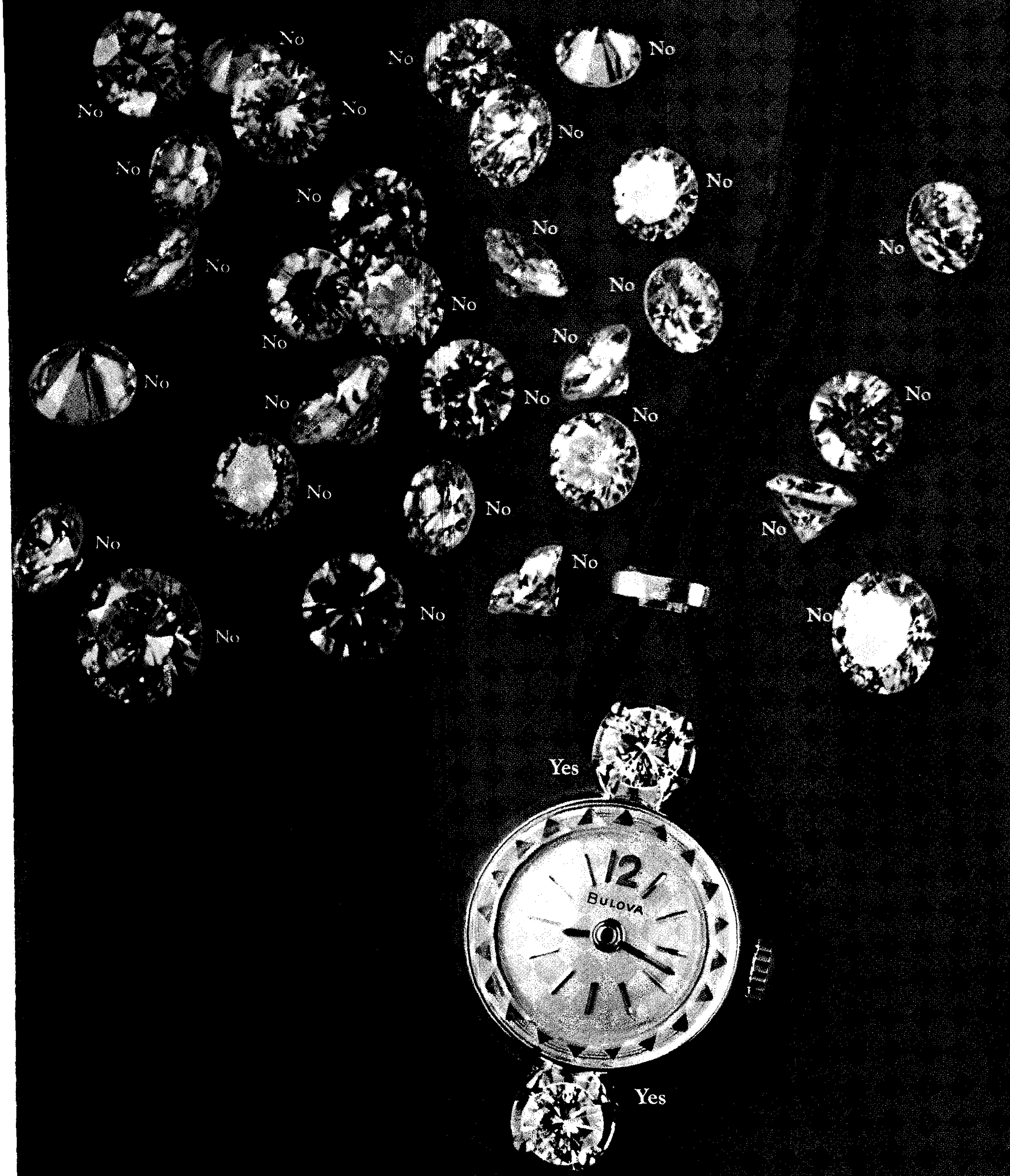

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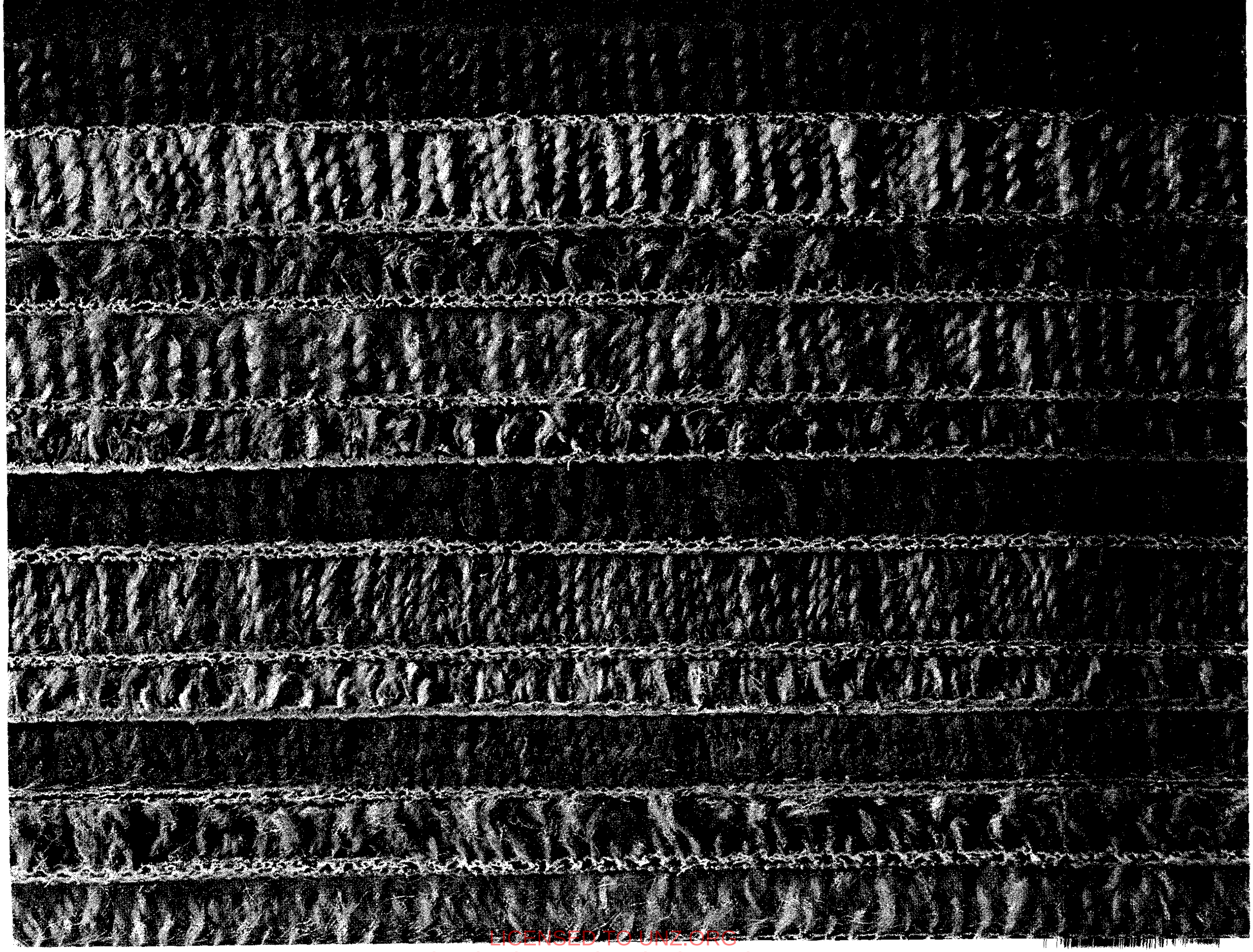

name had to be found for him," Tournier's Crusoe that night solemnly confides to his logbook. "I did not want to give him a Christian name before he had merited it. A savage is not entirely a complete human being." In a wonderful turnabout of expanding new values, it is Friday who becomes the island's master, through his innocent indifference to power, through his derisive disbelief that God is merciful and kind, and through his pantheistic incomprehension of Crusoe's ingrained capitalism and his own inability to take work seriously, despite the gold sovereign that Crusoe pays him weekly from the captain's cashbox—for why till the land, since it produces more than they can consume? Friday becomes the Apollonian hero—the artist who creates a wind harp in the trees, the expert hunter whose bow and arrow bring down brilliant-feathered birds for them to feast on. There is a marvellous fight with the king of the billy goats, whose skin Friday then turns into leather, using it to make a huge kite, which he employs as a kind of sailplane. When the unexpected British sailboat by chance finally moors at Crusoe's island and he takes a meal aboard with the men, he knows they have arrived thirty years too late for him. He will never go back to England. He has become a new, emancipated island man, and it is Friday who secretly sails off to London. This fascinating book includes the appearance at its end of a new companion, named Thursday. "Friday" is to be published in English this autumn in the United States.

THIS has been a recalcitrant spring of vigorous, sunny, inflexible weather, with a constant north wind keeping the sky clear of clouds, so there have been no rains and, in consequence, no fruit trees in bloom in suburban orchards. It has been all that the Tuileries chestnuts could do to burst into mere green leaf, without forming their floral candelabra. On Easter Sunday, the air was finally warmer, but Paris itself was as calm and uncrowded as if it were not the first great church fête and civil holiday of the new season. Midtown Parisians had already motored out of town for the long weekend, and what used to be the start of the foreign-tourist season lacked its impetus this year, owing to the money shift caused by the gold rush across the Channel and a decline in transatlantic affections. The English did not come to Paris for Easter because they could not afford to. The Americans did not come because they did not choose to. The new substitute tourist crowd was the young Germans, who were well dressed, well mannered, and well heeled. They came by bus by the thousand, the way New Yorkers and Californians used to come by plane.

—Genêt

• •

THE LOVERS

The lovers lie in the shelter of night, the lovers
lie in each other's arms in night's crux—
the clock stopped and stars still and the fire
unlit, in each other's arms lie the lovers.

Still clock and stopped stars are not true;
cold dust blows from stars, cold iron roars
through space, time ticks, trapped in the two
lovers' wrists. False, stopped clock and still stars.

On the cold hearth, to kindle the lovers' fire,
stuffed under logs lie inky rage and retribution;
on a nail in the wall, stretched hands and folded feet
hang and motionlessly reproduce an execution.

Here the stars make no sound, there is no wind, no clock.
Once an animal cried out in the tall cold meadow
grass; beyond the glass cried out, addressing owl or fox.
Who will stay the lovers in their single shadow?

The lovers lie in the shelter of their deaths.
Though they move now, to part, it is a feint at most;
who were two have died, and are safe in a single breath;
they are discovered. Found, with all the lost.

—Josephine Jacobsen

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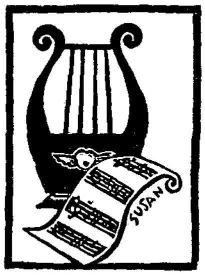

THE concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last week provided a conductor new to New York, a familiar but always welcome pianist, and a new look at the compositions for piano and orchestra of Sergei Rachmaninoff. I attended last Wednesday and Friday evenings, and I encountered a great deal that was worth hearing. The new conductor is also famous as a pianist; he is the Argentine-Israeli artist Daniel Barenboim. The soloist was the brilliant Russian pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy. The combination of the two had its own particular appeal. Both performers are men of small stature and unlimited energy, and they looked rather boyish as they went about their tasks, though there was nothing boyish about what they did. Barenboim is in his mid-twenties, and Ashkenazy is just thirty, which is young enough, and they were backed up by what we know to be a superb orchestra—an orchestra that is also rather young as orchestras go (I refer to the age of the individuals comprising it) but still a good deal older than the conductor and the soloist. Mr. Ashkenazy's piano playing is a known quantity. He is, as nearly every concertgoer is aware, a prodigious technician and a sensitive artist. In the two concertos I heard him in—the First and the Third—he was all dashing virtuosity, with breathtaking octave passages and a tremendous display of forceful tone. There were times when I could have wished for a more subjective and meditative reading of these particular concertos. But they were few. The First Concerto involved a bit of banging, but then it is a rather bangy work. I do not say this disparagingly. In some ways it is a more original work than the Third, yet it is a craggy, percussive affair nearly everywhere except in its slow movement. The Third Concerto, which is much more lyric, was played by Mr. Ashkenazy with beautiful tone, scintillating finger work, and a fine feeling for accent and other elements of phrasing.

The thing I was most curious about, however, was Mr. Barenboim's transformation from a virtuoso pianist into a conductor. He seems to have achieved it in the most natural way possible, and he was in perfect command of himself and his orchestra throughout both evenings. Of course, pianist conductors are nothing new. I daresay that most conductors of the present day, and throughout the history of the nineteenth century, started out as pianists, though not always pianists as accomplished as Mr. Barenboim. And it is interesting to recall that Rachmaninoff himself was a conductor of opera at the Imperial Theatre in Moscow at one point in his career. Mr. Barenboim showed himself to be an ideal accompanist in the concertos, and, moreover, a master of formal relationships who was capable of producing a veritable symphony out of the orchestral parts of both works. I am going to restrain myself, however, in commenting on Mr. Barenboim the conductor. He is, as I have remarked, quite young, and the obvious talents that he shows at the moment will probably grow into something much greater, given time and experience. He is not a conductor of the brilliant, theatrical, heaven-storming type, which is all to the good. There is very little exhibitionism in his podium manner. He shows, now and then, some of the characteristics that appear in his piano playing—artistic taste, a feeling for restraint and climax, and great thoughtfulness. He is a born conductor in the sense that his baton and left arm communicate instinctively and intimately with the players under him. He has complete poise and dignity. His right and left arms generally move independently of each other, conveying just about twice as much as unanimous arms do. Most important, he is able to impose a personal style on the orchestra that is working with him, and this style is fastidious, gentle, and warm. Like some conductors of the old Central European school, he makes frequent use of rubatos—small ones that increase the expressive content of a work without distorting it. At their best, his interpretations remind one slightly of Bruno Walter. There is the same delicacy of feeling, the same human touch, the same elasticity of tempo.

All these virtues showed on Wednesday night in his reading of Weber's "Oberon" Overture, and some of them showed in his interpretation of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. On the other hand, his performance of the "Eroica" was not truly heroic. It was beautifully thought out and conducted (as was ev-

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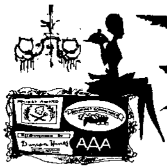

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erything else) from memory. But it was a shade too polite, and it lacked the monumentality of a truly memorable reading. On Friday night, Mr. Barenboim had to himself Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, K. 504, and Schoenberg's "Verklaerte Nacht." The symphony was not exactly a revelation, though it, too, was done thoughtfully and gracefully, with a sensitive use of slight rubatos here and there. In "Verklaerte Nacht" Mr. Barenboim seemed very much in his element, and Schoenberg's lengthy Wagnerian languors were presented with a superb grasp of form. At one point, Mr. Barenboim got excited and stamped his foot, à la Bernstein. But it was only once, and it did not threaten to become a habit. Altogether, I would say that Mr. Barenboim is the most promising conductor of his generation—a tremendously talented young man who has every one of the endowments that will someday, in all probability, make him a very distinguished maestro.

And how did Rachmaninoff come out? It is a long time since New Yorkers have had an opportunity to hear so much of his piano and orchestra music in so short a period. Judging by my two evenings (which did not include the Second Piano Concerto, the most lyric of them all), I shall have to take back my statement of a while ago that Rachmaninoff was not a particularly original composer. His work could not have been written by anyone else. It has an atmosphere that is all its own. He was one of the great piano composers descended from the tradition of Liszt—heroic in style, sometimes a little disappointing as a melodist, but masculine, incisive, and, above all, eminently pianistic. Today, in our musical wasteland, we should revere such composers. Rachmaninoff was a master of the Romantic display piece—a kind of music we would be much poorer without—and, beyond that, his music has a special quality of excitement and can elicit a genuine emotional response.

AT the beginning of last week, on Monday night, I attended the performances of two little Baroque operas done in Carnegie Hall by the Piccolo Teatro Musicale of the City of Rome and the Virtuosi di Roma, under the baton of the stocky, benign, and wholly engaging maestro Renato Fasano. A little folding stage made out of cloth, perhaps twenty-five feet wide, was set up under the Carnegie Hall proscenium to serve as the locus for the action, and the orchestra was placed at one side. The first item was a sort

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of one-man *opera buffa* called "Il Maestro di Cappella," by Domenico Cimarosa, in which the company's star, the bass-baritone Sesto Bruscantini, played the role of an aging veteran of the opera stage who objected violently to the way Mr. Fasano's orchestra was playing, because it did not conform to the traditions he remembered. Mr. Bruscantini, with his shrugs, admonitions, corrections, and gestures of utter despair, was extremely funny. The second item was Rossini's first opera, "La Cambiale di Matrimonio," a lively little romp about a marriage contract made by mail between a greedy English father and a pioneer Canadian. Of course, the daughter is in love with somebody else. The pioneer shows up in full Daniel Boone regalia, gets an idea of what is going on, turns magnanimous, gives the bill of sale to the young man the girl is in love with, and promises to make him his heir. The father is outraged and challenges the Canadian to a duel, but everything works out happily in the end. All this makes for the most delicious and sophisticated horseplay on the part of the cast, which consisted of Carlo Badioli, Margherita Guglielmi, Alvinio Misciano, Elena Zilio, Attilio Burchiellaro, and Mr. Bruscantini, in the role of the generous Canadian. These singers were excellent in every way, particularly in the intimate teamwork the production required. The Virtuosi di Roma played under Mr. Fasano with scrupulous taste, and I found the evening a complete delight. One point struck me forcefully: Rossini seems to have been born full-fledged. The score had all the urbanity, skill, inventiveness, and maturity of style that are to be found throughout the nearly forty operas that he wrote subsequently.

CORRECTION: The tenor who sang Canio in the New York City Opera's production of "Pagliacci" a fortnight ago was not Placido Domingo but Bernabé Martí. The two men look much alike, and I missed the announcement of a last-minute change in cast. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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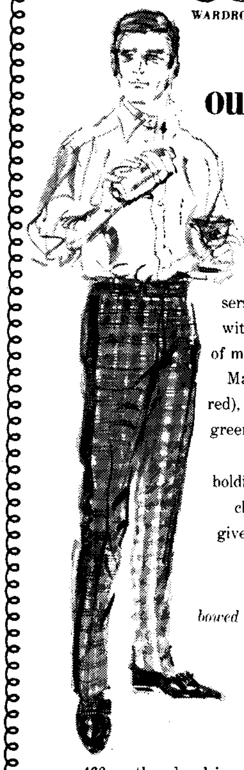
A WEEK or so ago, the late John Coltrane was fleetingly evoked at Carnegie Hall in a concert given by his widow, Alice (piano), Joe Henderson and Pharoah Sanders (tenor saxophones), Jimmy Garrison (bass), and Rashied Ali and Jack Dejohnette



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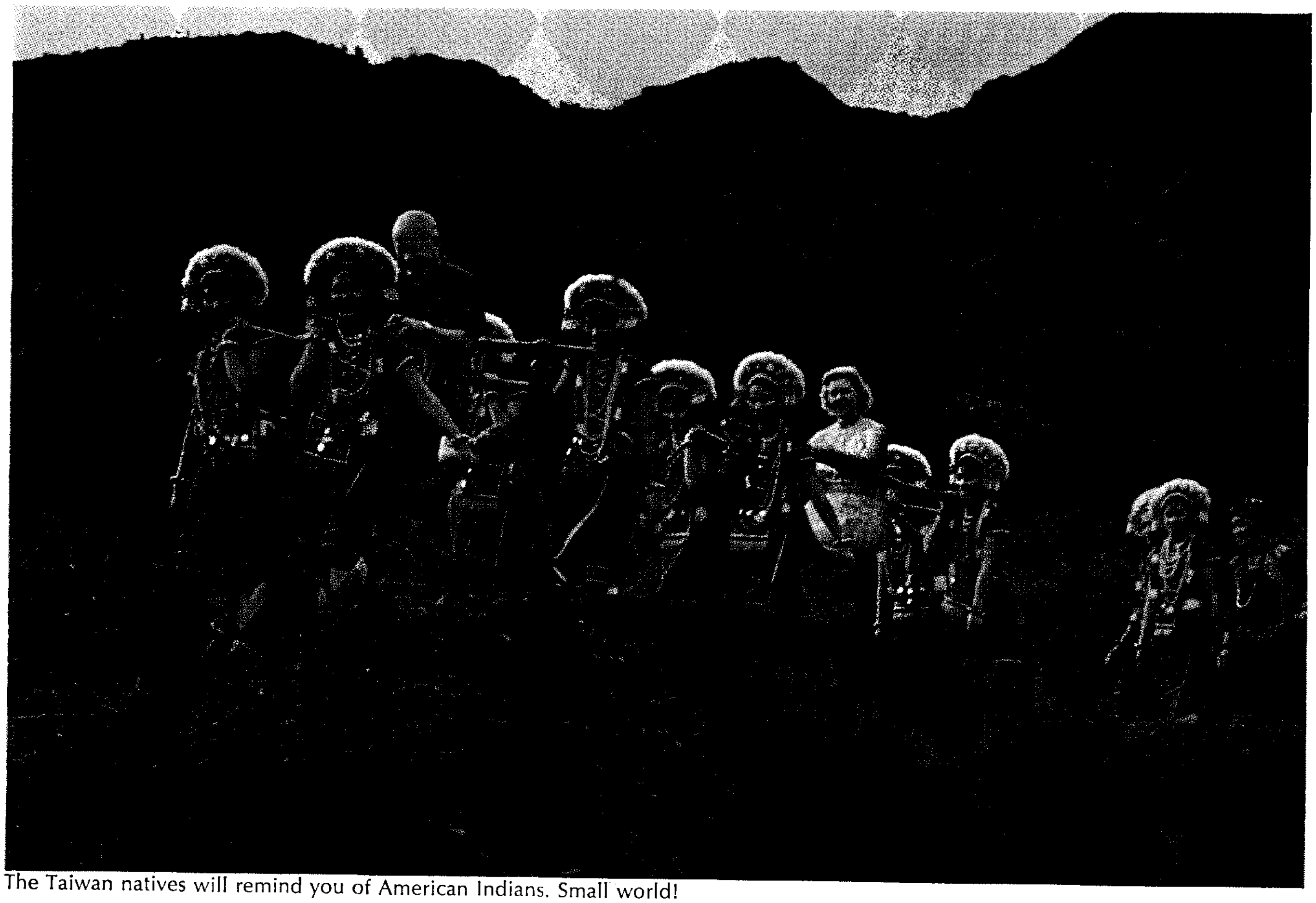

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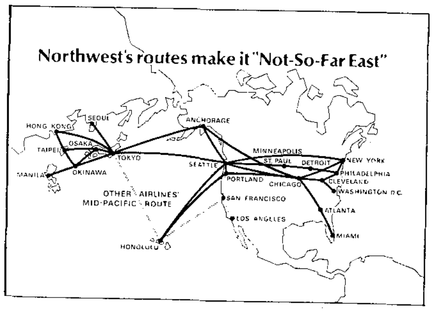
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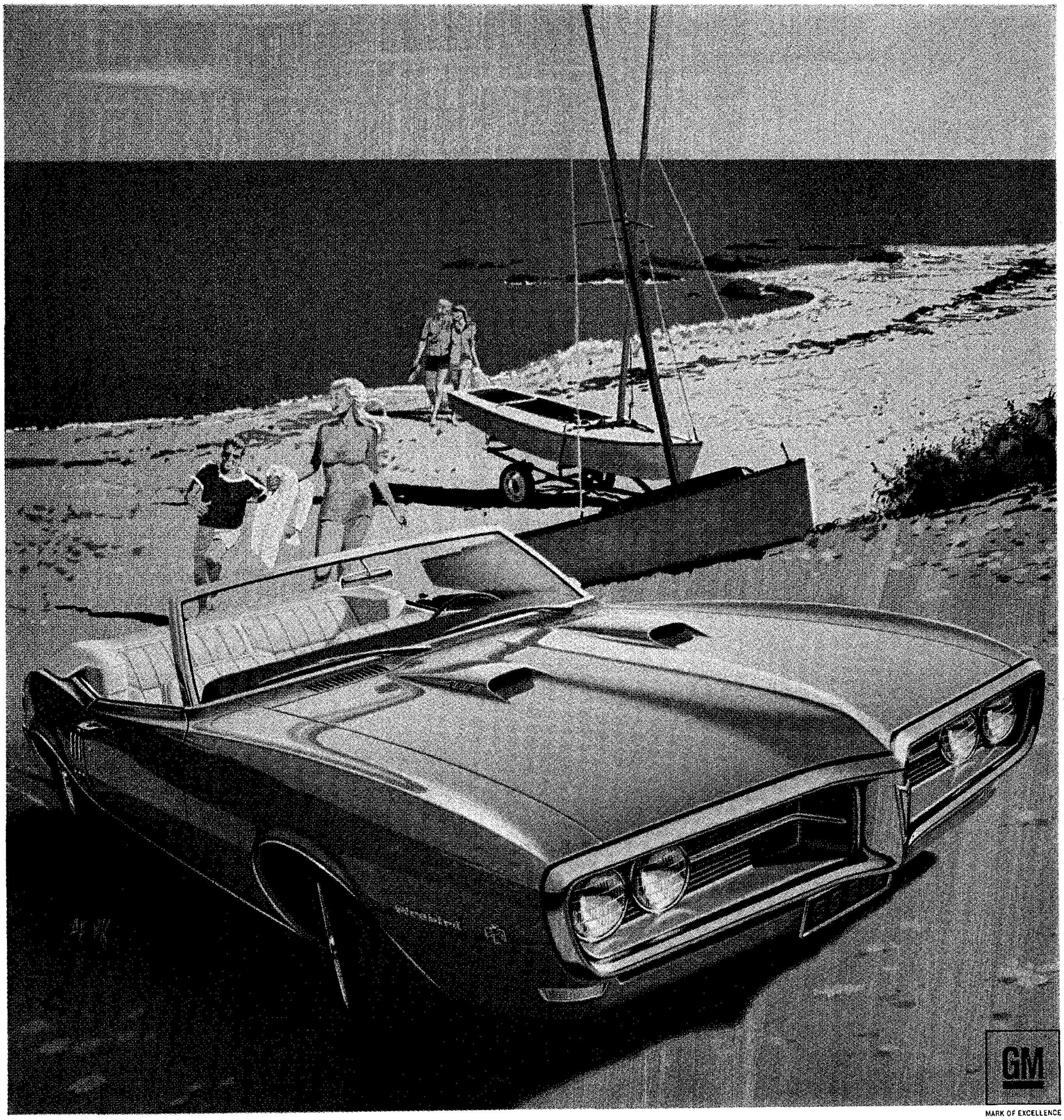

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(drums)—the group, except for Henderson and Dejohnette, he had when he died, last July. All the tools and plumbing of a typical Coltrane performance were on hand—the double drummers, providing endless concentric rhythms; the acrimonious, needling, ferreting saxophones; the long, long solos and long, long numbers; the foam and fury—but the Master himself was not. It was like watching his empty shoes thunder up and down the stage, or like hearing the disciples arguing among themselves six months after the Last Supper.

Coltrane had indeed become a messiah by the time of his death (he was just forty), in part because of the extraordinary adulation he received. No jazz musician has been worshipped more in his own lifetime. He won all the awards, popular *and* critical; he was even elected to the *Down Beat* Hall of Fame, an often posthumous gallery containing both peanuts and prophets. He recorded frequently and with apparent complete freedom, and he worked steadily. He was placed in the forefront of the avant-garde, and he was the cause of unbelievable amounts of disastrous eulogistic prose. He was copied slavishly by younger saxophonists. Yet his messiahship was partly his own doing, for in his last years his music became increasingly "religious." One album was called "A Love Supreme," the love being for God, and among the titles in another album, "Meditations," were "The Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost," "Compassion," "Love," "Consequences," and "Serenity." And he talked increasingly to his liner-note writers of uplifting people through his music, of inspiring them "to realize more and more of their capacities for living meaningful lives." But attempts to write program music succeed only in the mind of the composer or performer. One man's requiem is another man's sourdough.

Getting through the reverential cities of Troy that Coltrane vanished under is only the beginning of getting at Coltrane himself. He wasn't even easy to *listen* to. He had a blank, aggressive tone, and in his moments of frenzy, which were frequent, he repeated series of manic shrieks, wails, and screams that hurt the ear and stopped the mind. (His apologists were fond of pointing out that none of us really know what *music* should or should not sound like, but instinct, which can instantly isolate ugliness or beauty, knows better.) And he never stood still long enough to be heard properly. More and more, new-

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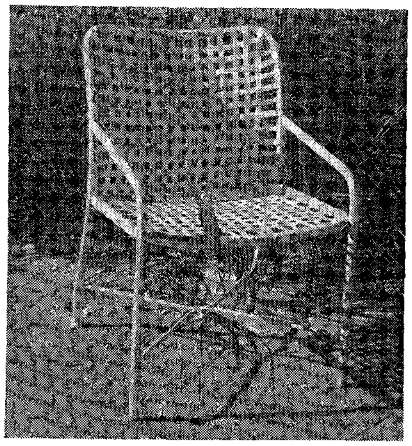

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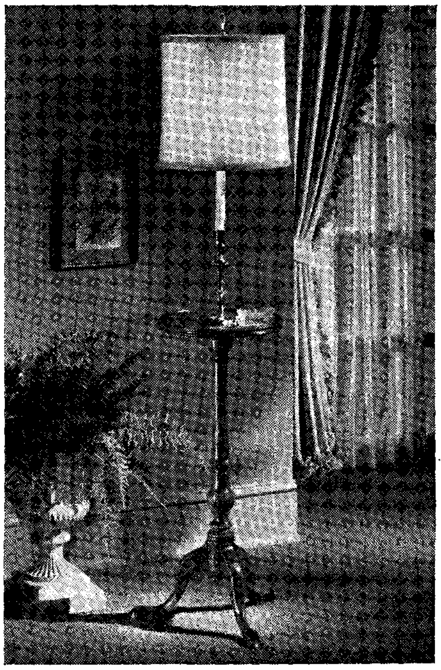

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ness for the sake of itself became his very art. In the late fifties, he ran the chords, playing endless thirty-second notes. (Until then, he had been a handy hard-bop saxophonist who had come up through rhythm-and-blues bands and groups led by Johnny Hodges and Dizzy Gillespie.) In the early sixties, he shifted to modal improvising, to the scalar intricacies of Ravi Shankar. Not even his instrument was sufficient, so he took up the soprano saxophone and the bass clarinet and the flute, and he experimented in his groups with odd instrumentations. In addition, he tampered with form and harmony and rhythm. In a recording called "Ascension," he brought together two trumpeters, five saxophonists, two bassists, a pianist, and a drummer, and they played a racking non-stop thirty-eight-minute piece that alternated between jittery solos and demonic free-form ensembles. Moreover, he believed that long-windedness is not the soul of boredom, for sometimes one number lasted an hour and sometimes his solos went on for forty-five minutes. But every once in a while his restlessness passed and he came to a halt, stopped preaching, stopped screeching, and played a straightforward slow ballad or medium-tempo blues, and one suddenly understood what Coltrane was—the essence of good, old-fashioned lyricism. Such statements can be found in his best recording, "Crescent," and they are magnificent, in the way of Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet and Charlie Parker at their lyrical best. These solos are, in the singular manner of all great jazz improvisers, more human than musical. His tone deepens and yields, and he uses long, heavy phrases pulled along by a questing vibrato. His rhythmic placements are surprising, and so are his notes. It is magniloquent, stately improvising, and at its most peaceful—the opening and closing statements of "The Drum Thing" in "Crescent"—it is imperishable. But born poets like Coltrane sometimes misjudge the size of their gifts, and in trying to further them, to ennoble them, they fall over into sentimentality or the maniacal. Coltrane did both, and it is ironic that these lapses, which were mistakenly considered to be musical reflections of our inchoate times, drew his heaviest acclaim. People said they heard the dark night of the Negro in Coltrane's wildest music, but what they really heard was a heroic and unique lyrical voice at the mercy of its own power.

It was interesting to see how small the audience was at Carnegie Hall the

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other night. Coltrane did not deserve to be the center of a cult, for cults are parasitic and ephemeral; they usually die with their host. It is also interesting to note who *was* at the concert—Ornette Coleman, a good friend to Coltrane and the true, patient leader for the past eight years of the very avant-garde that Coltrane found himself confusingly at the head of.

A COUPLE of nights before the Coltrane concert, Sun Ra and his Space Arkestra, an exotically dressed twenty-piece group that plays conventional instruments and doubles on ram's horn, amplified koto, Oriental lute, Chinese guitar, and African drums offered—also in Carnegie Hall—a Super-Happening that consisted not only of bursts of new-thing collective music of the sort made common by Archie Shepp and Roswell Rudd but of a troupe of dancers, a couple of singers, poetry readings (by Willis Conover), and an almost steady screening, on the backdrops and on the ceiling of the hall, of Surrealist films and still shots of women, Sun Ra, the moon's surface, and Saturn, as well as abstract images shot through overhead projectors in the balconies. Red and green lights flickered and flashed from time to time, and once a sizable part of the band marched into the audience and around the hall, playing at full tilt. When I left, after two non-stop hours, all hands had switched to drums, and Sun Ra, who refuses to reveal his true name, age, or birthplace and who had been absent or invisible in the prevailing darkness most of the evening, was floating back and forth across the stage in his robes. The show wasn't a good movie and it wasn't a good concert and it wasn't good Dadaism. It wasn't even ept put-on.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

JOY NEW ZEALAND STYLE

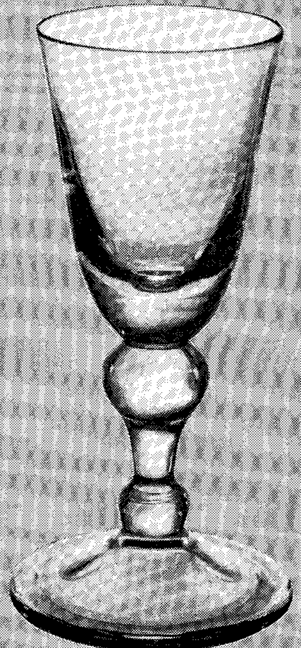
[*From the Philadelphia Bulletin*]

AUCKLAND, N. Z.—(UPI)—A conference of New Zealand Happiness Clubs—women's organizations devoted to bringing "joy to all"—yesterday adopted a resolution urging the government to reintroduce capital punishment by hanging.

•

Mating and reproduction, with attendant courtship activities, in the higher vertebrates (mammals and birds) must be regarded as a phenomenon which necessarily involves a system of communication between at least two members of a species.—*Letter in Science*.

If only a low whistle.



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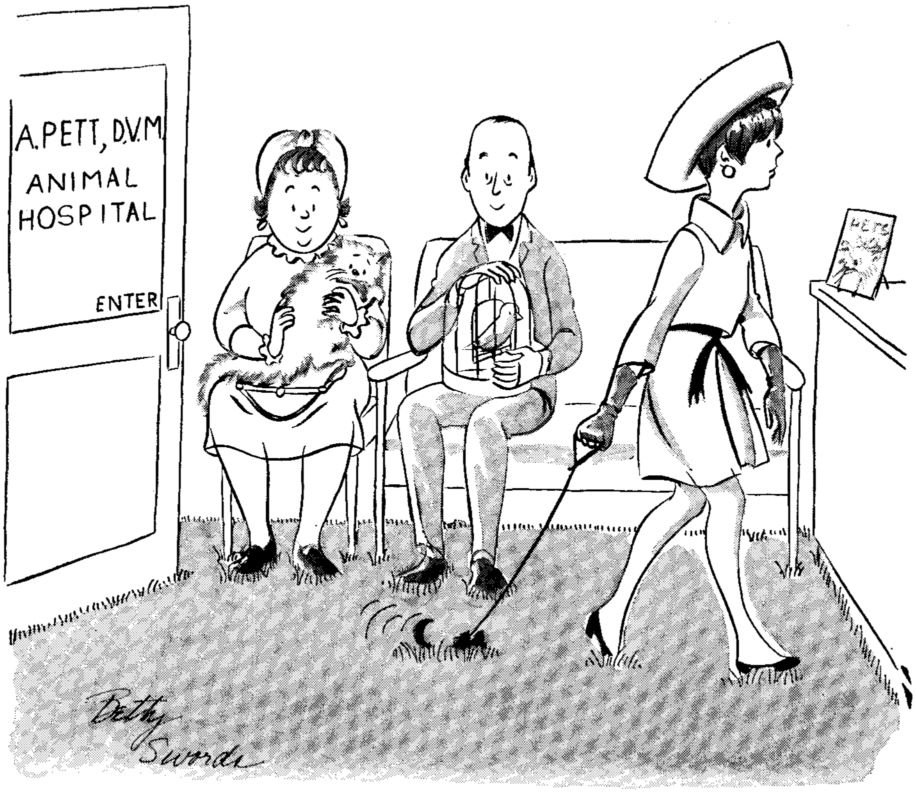

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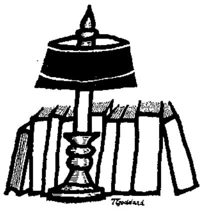
BOOKS

Of Nuance and Scruple

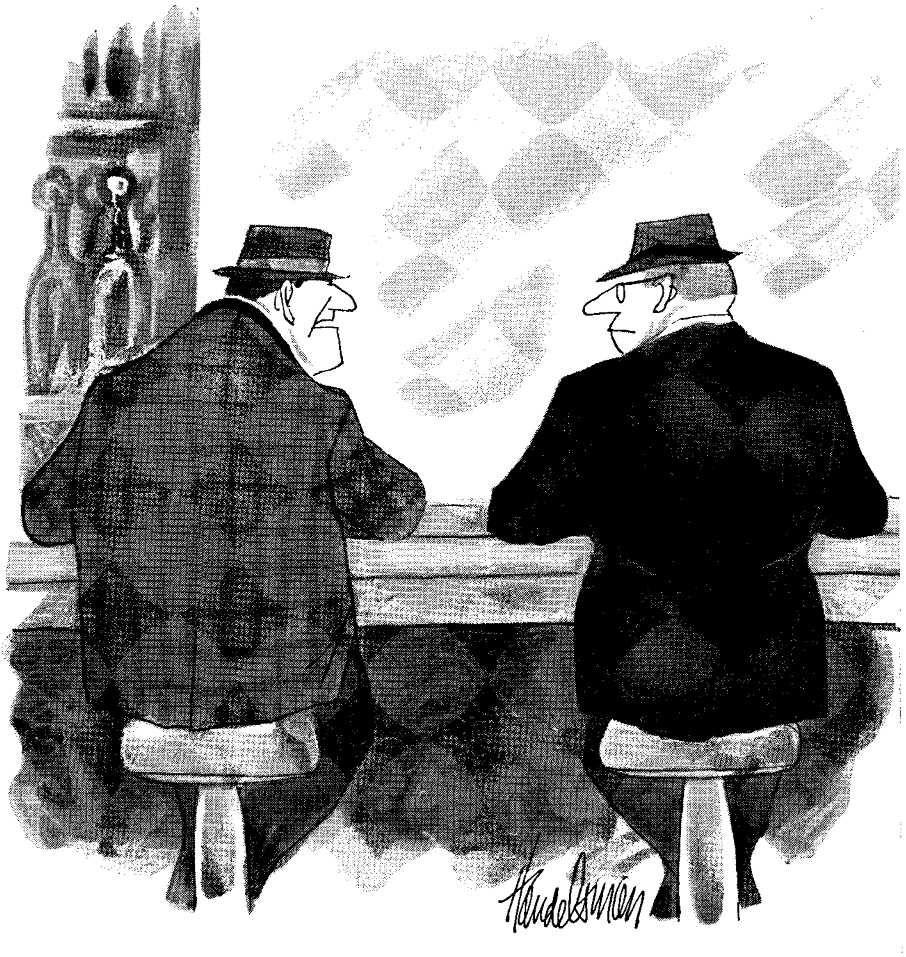


AT certain times in literature, a particular writer seems to embody the dignity and solitude of the entire profession. Henry James was "the Master" not only or even mainly by virtue of his gifts but because his manner of life, his style, even on trivial occasions, expressed the compulsive ministry of great art. Today there is reason to suppose that Samuel Beckett is the writer par excellence, that other playwrights and novelists find in him the concentrated shadow of their strivings and privations. Monsieur Beckett is—to the last fibre of his compact, elusive being—métier. There is no discernible waste motion, no public flourish, no concession—or none that is heralded—to the noise and imprecisions of life. Beckett's early years have an air of deliberate apprenticeship (he was at the age of twenty-one acting as secretary to Joyce). His first publications, the essay on "Dante . . . Bruno . . . Vico . . . Joyce" of 1929, the 1931 monograph on Proust, a collection of poems issued in 1935 by the Europa Press—a name symptomatic—are exact preliminaries. Beckett charts, in regard to his own needs, the proximate attractions of Joyce and Proust; he is most influenced by what he discards. In "More Pricks Than Kicks" (London, 1934), he strikes his own special note. War came as a banal interruption. It surrounded Beckett with a silence, a routine of lunacy and sorrow as tangible as that already guessed at in his art. With "Molloy" in 1951 and "Waiting for Godot," a year later, Beckett achieved that least interesting but most necessary of conditions—timeliness. Time had caught up; the major artist is, precisely, one who "dreams ahead."

Henry James was representative through the stately profusion of his work, through the conviction, manifest in all he wrote, that language, if pursued with enough fastidious energy, could be made to realize and convey the sum of worthwhile experience. Beckett's sparsity, his genius for saying less, is the antithesis. Beckett uses words as if each had to be extracted from a safe and smuggled into the light from a stock dangerously low. If the same word will do, use it many times over, until it is rubbed fine and anonymous. Breath is a legacy not to be squandered; monosyllables are enough for weekdays. Praised be the saints for full stops; they keep us prodigal babblers from penury. The notion that we can express to our deaf selves, let alone communicate to any other human beings, blind, deaf, insensate as they are, a complete truth, fact, sensation—a fifth, tenth, millionth of such aforesaid truth, fact, or sensation—is arrogant folly. James clearly believed the thing was feasible; so did Proust, and Joyce when, in a last, crazy fling, he spread a net of bright, sounding words over all of creation. Now the park gates are shut, top hats and rhetoric molder on empty benches. Saints above, sir, it's hard enough for a man to get up stairs, let alone *say* so:

> There were not many steps. I had counted them a thousand times, both going up and coming down, but the figure has gone from my mind. I have never known whether you should say one with your foot on the sidewalk, two with the following foot on the first step, and so on, or whether the sidewalk shouldn't count. At the top of the steps I fell foul of the same dilemma. In the other direction, I mean from top to bottom, it was the same, the word is not too strong. I did not know where to begin nor where to end, that's the truth of the matter. I arrived therefore at three totally different figures, without ever knowing which of them was right. And when I say that the figure has gone from my mind, I mean that none of the three figures is with me any more, in my mind.

Beckett's *reductio* of language—"Echo's Bones," the title of his early book of verse, is a perfect designation—relates to much that is distinctive of modern feeling. "It was the same, the word is not too strong" exhibits the tense playfulness of linguistic philosophy. There are passages in Beckett nearly interchangeable with the "language exercises" in Wittgenstein's "Investigations;" both stalk the vapid inflations and imprecisions of our common speech. "Act Without Words" (1957) is to drama what "Black on Black" is to painting, a display of final logic. Beckett's silences, his wry assumption that a rose may indeed be a rose but that only a fool would take so scandalous a proposition for granted or feel confident of translating it into art, are



"I'm entitled to my opinion, am I? What are you—some kind of liberal?"

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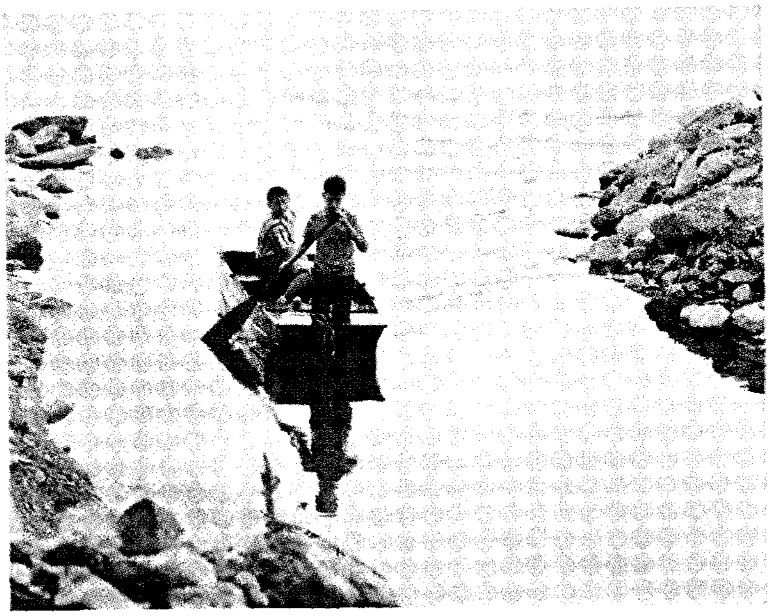

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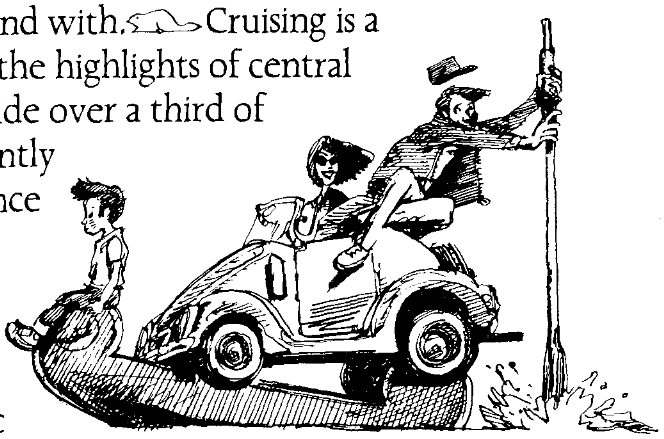

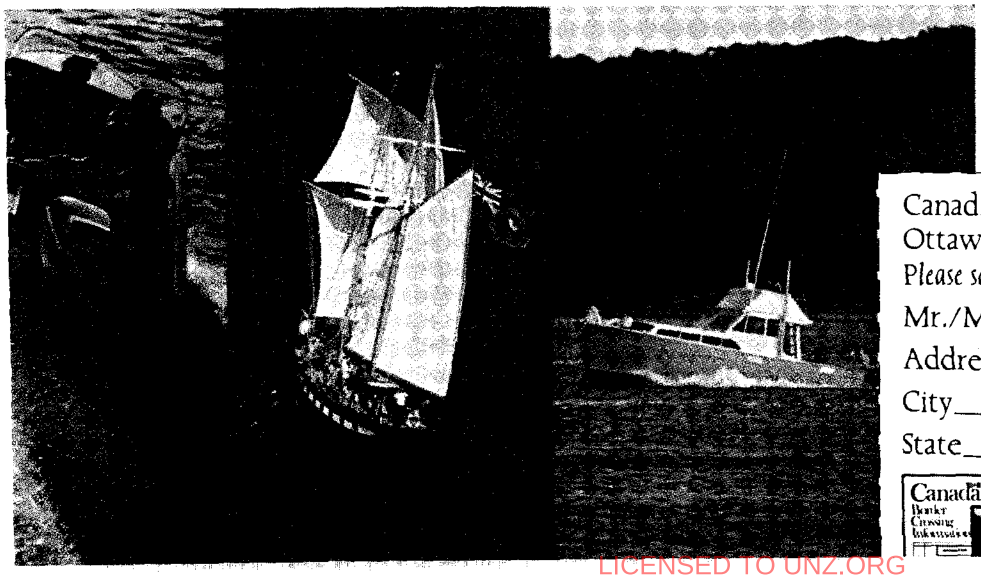

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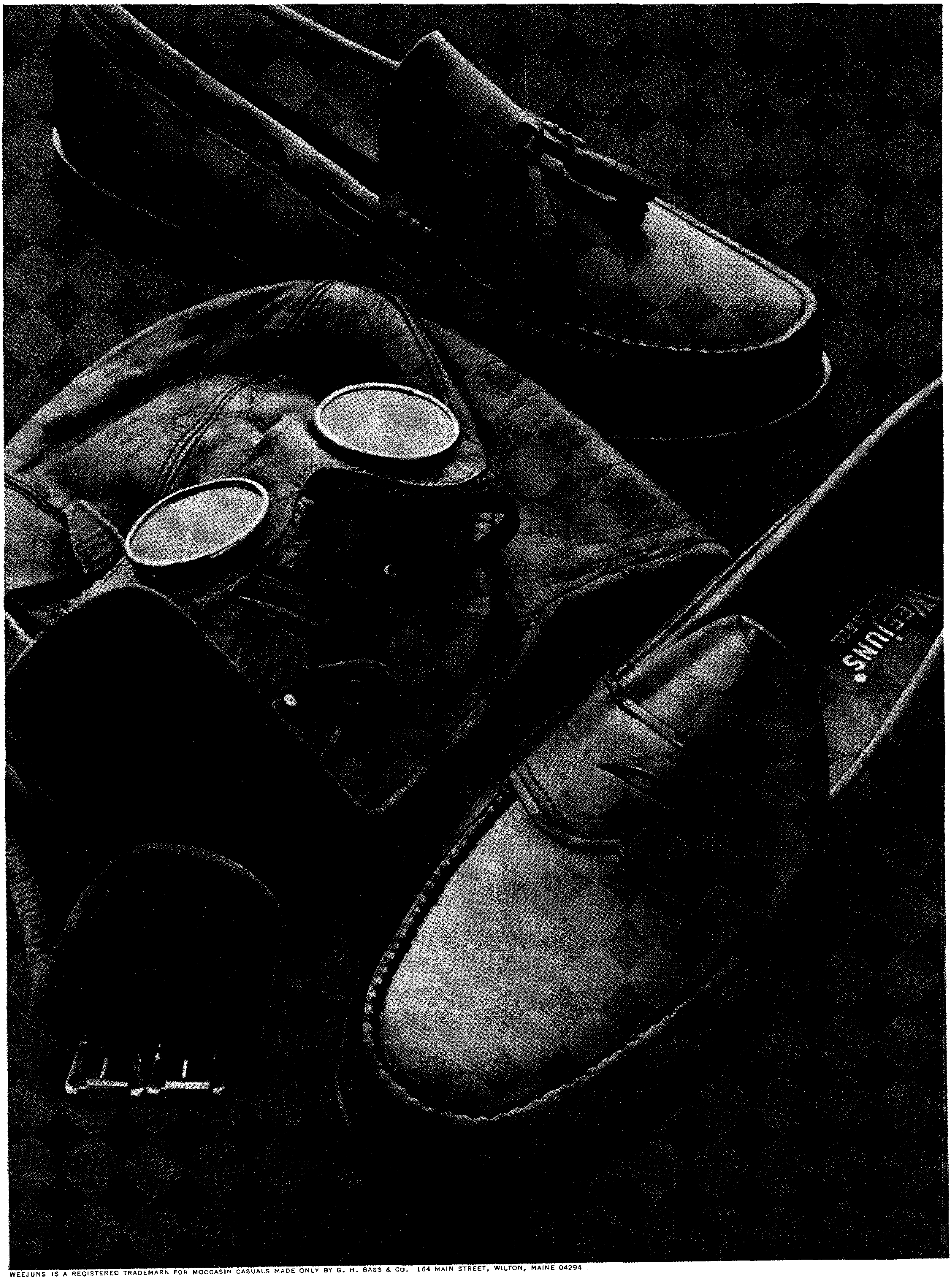

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akin to monochrome canvases, Warhol statics, and silent music.

But with a difference. There is in Beckett a formidable inverse eloquence. Words, hoarded and threadbare as they are, dance for him as they do for all Irish bards. Partly this is a matter of repetition made musical; partly it springs from a cunning delicacy of to and fro, a rhythm of exchange closely modelled on slapstick. Beckett has links with Gertrude Stein and Kafka. But it is from the Marx Brothers that Vladimir and Estragon or Hamm and Clov have learned most. There are fugues of dialogue in "Waiting for Godot"—although "dialogue," with its implication of efficient contact, is painfully the wrong word—that come nearest in current literature to pure rhetoric:

VLADIMIR: We have our reasons.
ESTRAGON: All the dead voices.
VLADIMIR: They make a noise like wings.
ESTRAGON: Like leaves.
VLADIMIR: Like sand.
ESTRAGON: Like leaves.
Silence
VLADIMIR: They all speak at once.
ESTRAGON: Each one to itself.
Silence
VLADIMIR: Rather they whisper.
ESTRAGON: They rustle.
VLADIMIR: They murmur.
ESTRAGON: They rustle.
Silence
VLADIMIR: What do they say?
ESTRAGON: They talk about their lives.
VLADIMIR: To have lived is not enough for them.
ESTRAGON: They have to talk about it.
VLADIMIR: To be dead is not enough for them.
ESTRAGON: It is not sufficient.
Silence
VLADIMIR: They make a noise like feathers.
ESTRAGON: Like leaves.
VLADIMIR: Like ashes.
ESTRAGON: Like leaves.
Long silence

A topic for future dissertations: Uses of silence in Webern and Beckett. In "Textes pour Rien" (1955), we learn that we simply cannot go on speaking of souls and bodies, of births, lives, and deaths; we must carry on without any of that as best we can. "All that is the death of words, all that is superfluity of words, they do not know how to say anything else, but will say it no more." I look, says Beckett, "for the voice of my silence." The silences that punctuate his discourse, whose differing lengths and intensities seem as carefully modelled as they are in music, are not empty. They have in them, almost audible, the echo of things unspoken. And of words said in another language.

Samuel Beckett is master of two languages. This is a new and deeply

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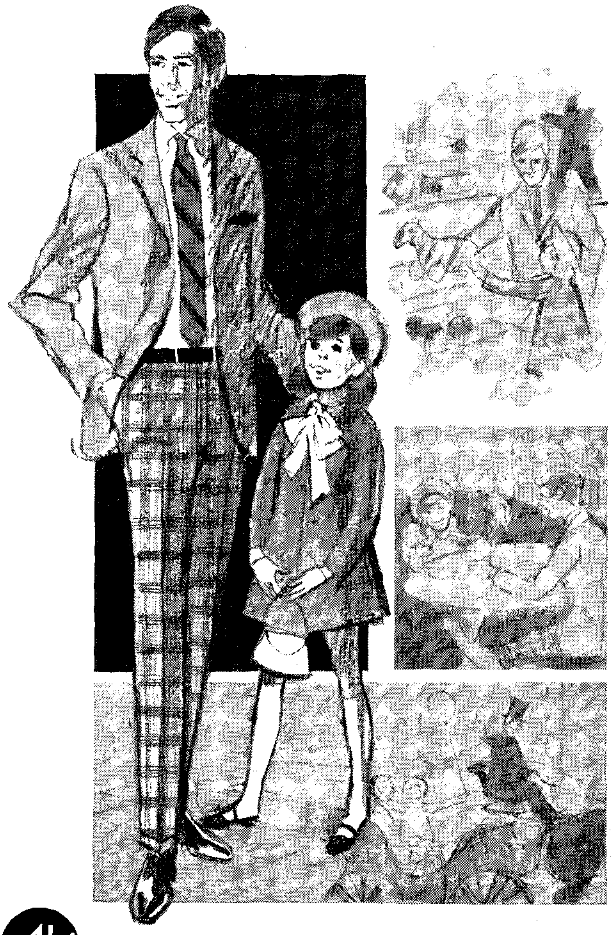

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suggestive phenomenon. Until very recently, a writer has been, almost by definition, a being rooted in his native idiom, a sensibility housed more closely, more inevitably than ordinary men and women in the shell of one language. To be a good writer signified a special intimacy with those rhythms of speech that lie deeper than formal syntax; it meant having an ear for those multitudinous connotations and buried echoes of an idiom no dictionary can convey. A poet or novelist whom political exile or private disaster had cut off from his native speech was a creature maimed.

Oscar Wilde was one of the first modern "dualists" (the qualification is necessary because bilingualism in Latin and one's own vulgate was, of course, a general condition of high culture in medieval and Renaissance Europe). Wilde wrote beautifully in French, but eccentrically, to display the rootless elegance and irony toward fixed counters that marked his work and career as a whole. Kafka experienced the simultaneous pressures and poetic temptations of three languages—Czech, German, and Yiddish. A number of his tales and parables can be read as symbolic confessions by a man not fully domiciled in the language in which he chose, or found himself compelled, to write. Kafka notes in his diary for 24th October, 1911:

> Yesterday it occurred to me that I did not always love my mother as she deserved and as I could, only because the German language prevented it. The Jewish mother is no "Mutter," to call her "Mutter" makes her a little comic.... For the Jew, "Mutter" is specifically German.... The Jewish woman who is called "Mutter" therefore becomes not only comic but strange.

But the writer as linguistic polymath, as actively at home in several languages, is something very new. That the three probable figures of genius in contemporary fiction—Nabokov, Borges, and Beckett—should each have a virtuoso fluency in several languages, that Nabokov and Beckett should have produced major works in two or more utterly different tongues, is a fact of enormous interest. Its implications so far as the new internationalism of culture goes have hardly been grasped. Their performance and, to a lesser degree, that of Ezra Pound—with its deliberate sandwiching of languages and alphabets—suggest that the modernist movement can be seen as a strategy of permanent exile. The artist and the writer are incessant tourists window-shopping over the entire compass of available forms. The conditions of linguistic stability, of local, national self-

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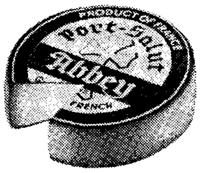

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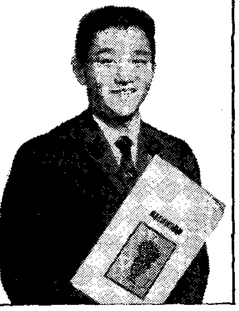

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consciousness in which literature flourished between the Renaissance and, say, the nineteen-fifties are now under extreme stress. Faulkner and Dylan Thomas might one day be seen as among the last major "homeowners" of literature. Joyce's employment at Berlitz and Nabokov's residence in a hotel may come to stand as signs for the age. Increasingly, every act of communication between human beings seems an act of translation.

In order to grasp Beckett's parallel, mutually informing virtuosity, two aids are necessary: the critical bibliography gathered by Raymond Federman and John Fletcher ("Samuel Beckett: His Works and His Critics," to be published later this year by the University of California Press) and the trilingual edition of Beckett's plays issued by Suhrkamp Verlag in Frankfurt in 1963-64. Roughly until 1945, Beckett wrote in English; after that, he composed mainly in French. But the situation is complicated by the fact that "Watt" (1953) has so far appeared only in English and by the constant possibility that work published in French was first written in English, and vice versa. "Waiting for Godot," "Endgame," "Molloy," "Malone Dies," "The Unnamable," and the recent "Têtes Mortes" first appeared in French. Most of these texts, but not all, have been translated by Beckett into English (were some of them conceived in English?), usually with alterations and excisions. Beckett's bibliography is as labyrinthine as Nabokov's or as some of the multilingual *œuvres* Borges lists in his "Fictions." The same book or fragment may lead several lives; pieces go underground and reappear much later, subtly transmuted. To study Beckett's genius seriously one must lay side by side the French and English versions of "Waiting for Godot" or "Malone Dies," in which the French version most probably has preceded the English, then do the same with "All That Fall" or "Happy Days," in which Beckett reverses himself and recasts his English text into French. After which, quite in the vein of a Borges fable, one ought to rotate the eight texts around a common center to follow the permutations of Beckett's wit and sensibility within the matrix of two great tongues. Only in this way can one make out to what degree Beckett's idiom—the laconic, arch, delicately paced inflections of his style—is a pas de deux of French and English, with a strong dose of Irish tomfoolery and arcane sadness added.

Such is Beckett's dual control that

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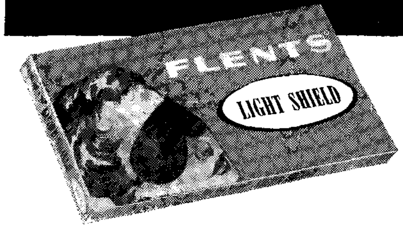

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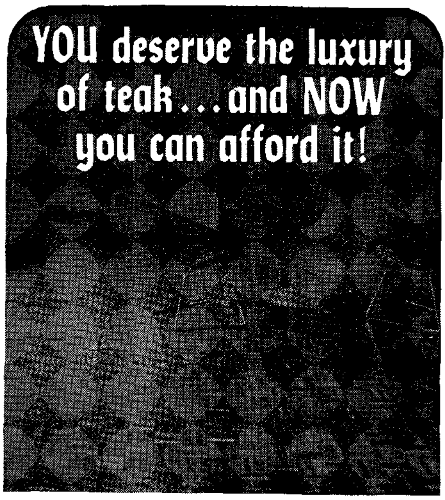

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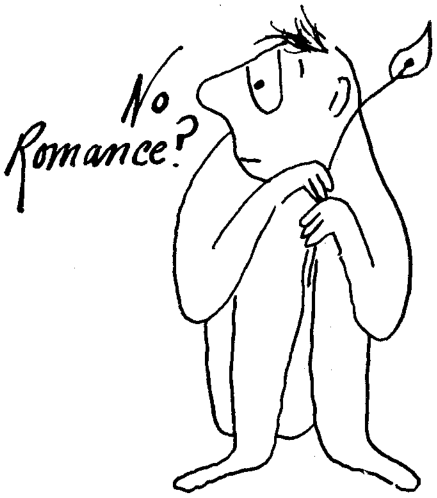
he translates his own jokes by altering them, by finding in his alternative language an exact counterpart to the undertones, idiomatic associations, or social context of the original. No outside translator would have chosen the equivalences found by Beckett for the famous crescendo of mutual flyting in Act II of "Waiting for Godot": "*Andouille! Tordu! Crétin! Curé! Dégueulasse! Micheton! Ordure! Archi . . . tecte!*" is not translated, in any ordinary sense, by "Moron! Vermin! Abortion! Morpion! Sewerrat! Curate! Cretin! Crritic!" "Morpion" is a subtle borrowing from the French, signifying both a kind of flea and a game analogous to Vladimir's and Estragon's alignment of insults, but a borrowing *not* from the French text initially provided by Beckett himself! The accelerando of outrage conveyed by the *cr*-sounds in the English version springs from the French not by translation but by intimate re-creation; Beckett seems capable of reliving in either French or English the poetic, associative processes that produced his initial text. Thus, to compare Lucky's crazed monologue in its French and English casts is to be given a memorable lesson in the singular genius of both languages as well as in their European interaction. A wealth of sly precision lies behind the "translation" of Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne into Feckham Peckham Fulham Clapham. The death of Voltaire becomes, appropriately yet with a distinct shift of stress, that of Dr. Johnson. Not even Connemara stays put; it suffers a sea change into "*Normandie on ne sait pourquoi.*"

"Stories and Texts for Nothing," recently published by Grove Press, is a case in point. This collection of three short fables and thirteen monologues is a cat's cradle. The stories seem to have been written in French in 1945 and are related to both "Molloy" and "Malone Dies." The monologues and stories appeared in Paris in 1955, but at least one had already been published in a magazine. The English edition of this book, under the title of "No's Knife, Collected Shorter Prose," includes four items not included by Grove Press, among them "Ping," a weird miniature interestingly dissected in the February issue of *Encounter*. The Grove edition is, as has been noted elsewhere, no compliment to Beckett's austere pedantry in matters of dating and bibliography. The few indications given are erroneous or incomplete. This is a fascinating but minor work. Slight if only because Beckett allows a number of influences or foreign bodies to ob-



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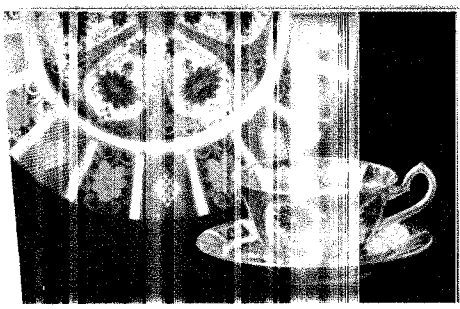

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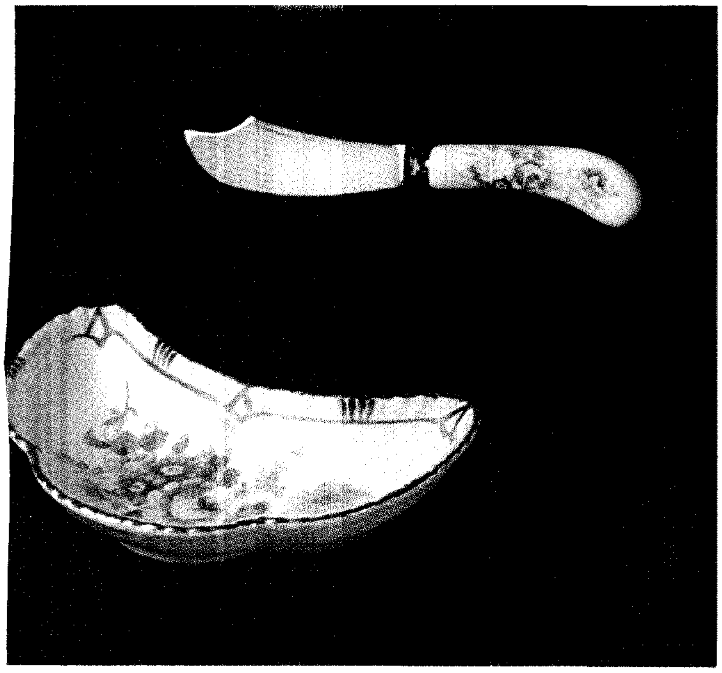

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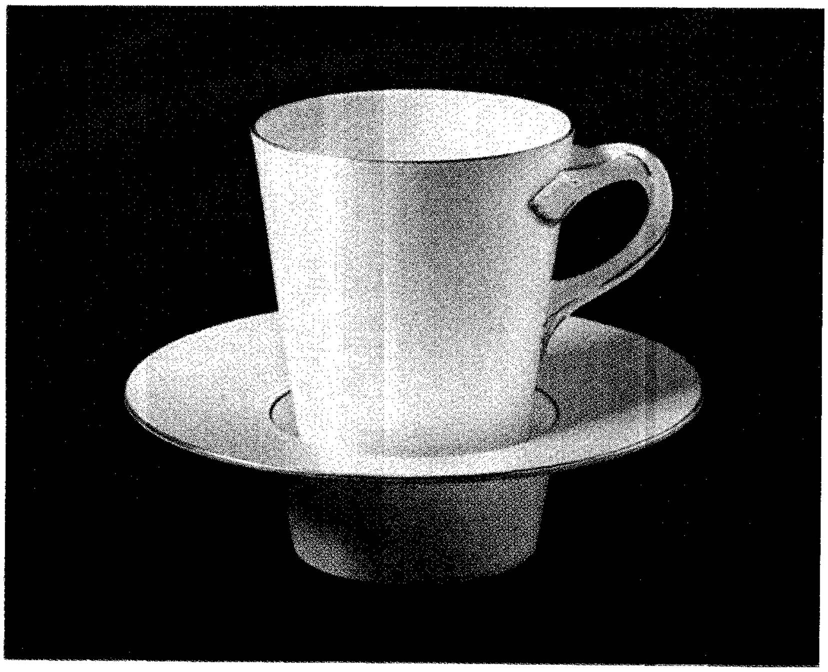

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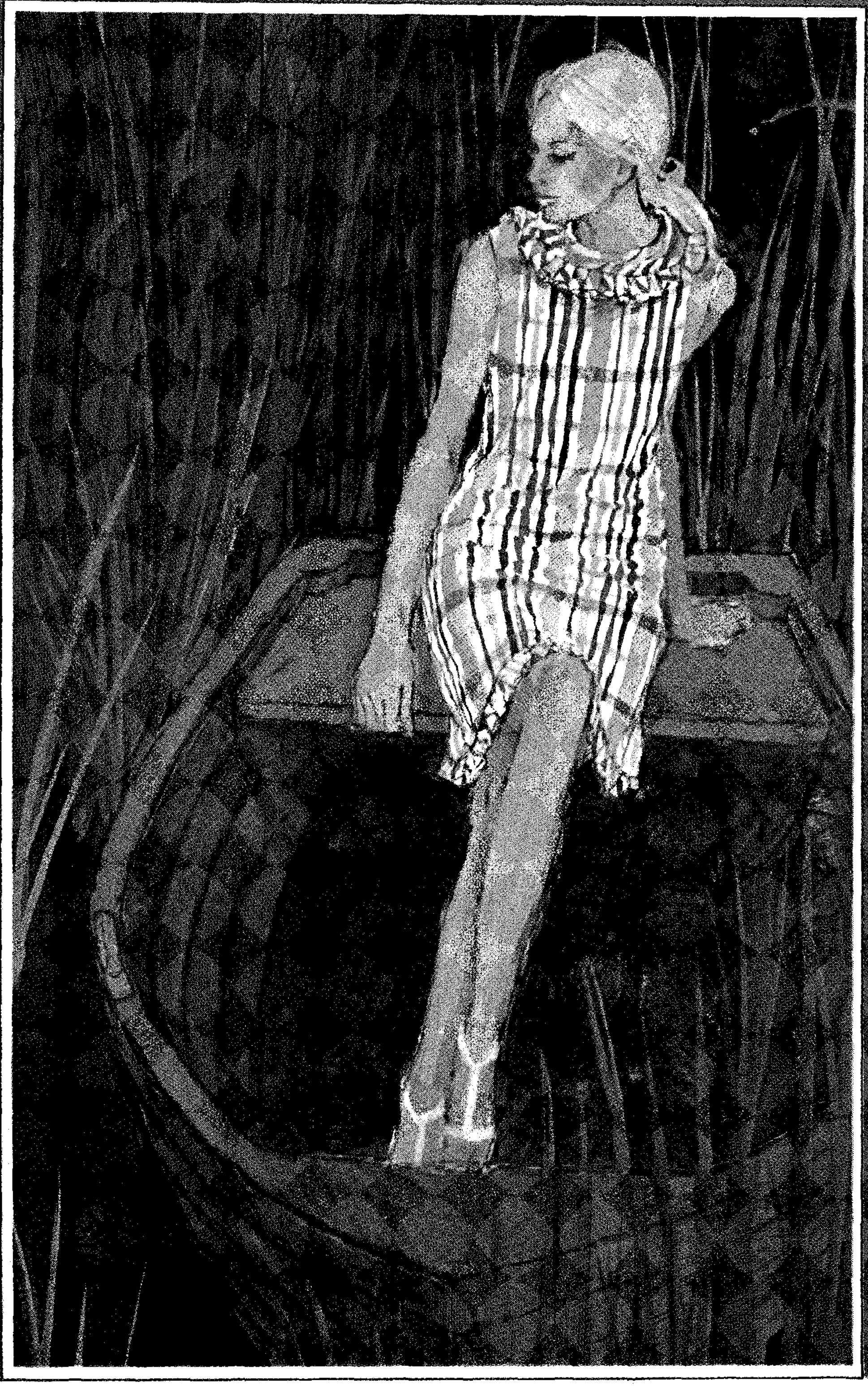

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trude. Jonathan Swift, always a ghostly precedent, looms large in the dirt and hallucinations of “The End.” There is more Kafka, or, rather, more undisguised Kafka, than Beckett usually allows one to detect: “That’s where the court sits this evening, in the depths of that vaulty night, that’s where I’m clerk and scribe, not understanding what I hear, not knowing what I write.” Joyce is very much with us, Irish ballad, end of winter’s day, horsecab and all, in “The Expelled.” We read in “The Calmative” that “there was never any city but the one” and are meant to grasp a twofold unity, Dublin-Paris, the venue of the great artificer and now of Beckett himself.

But although these are fragments, four-finger exercises, the essential motifs come through. The spirit shuffles like a ragpicker in quest of words that have not been chewed to the marrow, that have kept something of their secret life despite the mendacity of the age. The dandy as ascetic, the fastidious beggar—these are Beckett’s natural personae. The keynote is one of genuine yet faintly insolent amazement: “It’s enough to make you wonder sometimes if you are on the right planet. Even the words desert you, it’s as bad as that.” The apocalypse is a death of speech (which echoes the rhetorical but no less final desolation of “King Lear”):

> All the peoples of the earth would not suffice, at the end of the billions you’d need a god, unwitnessed witness of witnesses, what a blessing it’s all down the drain, nothing ever as much as begun, nothing ever but nothing and never, nothing ever but lifeless words.

Yet sometimes in this kingdom of ashcans and rain “words were coming back to me, and the way to make them sound.”

When that pentecostal dispensation lights, Beckett literally sings, in a low, penetrating voice, awesomely cunning in its cadence. Beckett’s style makes other contemporary prose seem flatulent:

> I know what I mean, or one-armed better still, no arms, no hands, better by far, as old as the world and no less hideous, amputated on all sides, erect on my trusty stumps, bursting with . . . old prayers, old lessons, soul, mind, and carcass finishing neck and neck, not to mention the gobchucks, too painful to mention, sobs made mucus, hawked up from the heart, now I have a heart, now I’m complete. . . . Evenings, evenings, what evenings they were then, made of what, and when was that, I don’t know, made of friendly shadows, friendly skies, of time cloyed, resting from devouring, until its midnight meats, I don’t know, any more

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than then, when I used to say, from within, or from without, from the coming night or from under the ground.

The laconic wit of "soul, mind, and carcass finishing neck and neck" would by itself signal the hand of a major poet. But the entirety of this eleventh monologue or murmuring meditation is high poetry, and seeks out Shakespeare with distant, teasing echo ("where I am, between two parting dreams, knowing none, known of none").

Beckett's landscape is a bleak monochrome. The matter of his singsong is ordure, solitude, and the ghostly self-sufficiency that comes after a long fast. Nevertheless, he is one of our indispensable recorders, and knows it, too: "Peekaboo here I come again, just when most needed, like the square root of minus one, having terminated my humanities." A dense, brilliantly apt phrase. The square root of minus one is imaginary, spectral, but mathematics cannot do without it. "Terminated" is a deliberate gallicism: it signifies that Beckett has mastered humane learning (these texts bristle with arcane allusions), that he has made an academic inventory of civilization before closing the lid and paring himself to the bone. But "terminated" also means finis, "Endgame," "Krapp's Last Tape." This is terminal art, making most criticism or commentary a superfluous vulgarity.

The vision that emerges from the sum of Beckett's writings is narrow and repetitive. It is also grimly hilarious. It may not be much, but, being so honest, it might well prove the best, most durable we have. Beckett's thinness, his refusal to see in language and literary form adequate realizations of human feeling or society, make him antithetical to Henry James. But he is as representative of our present diminished reach as James was representative of a lost spaciousness. Thus there applies to both the salutation spoken by W. H. Auden in Mount Auburn cemetery: "Master of nuance and scruple."

—GEORGE STEINER

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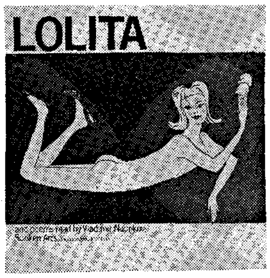

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lic a few years ago, and Washington reacts in predictably disproportionate and foolish ways. The book is a non-career diplomat's revenge on the State Department and the United States Foreign Service, but it is light-handed and lighthearted. Mr. Galbraith is no Flaubert, but he is at least as much of a novelist as he needs to be to hold our attention. The jokes are of almost invariably high quality. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

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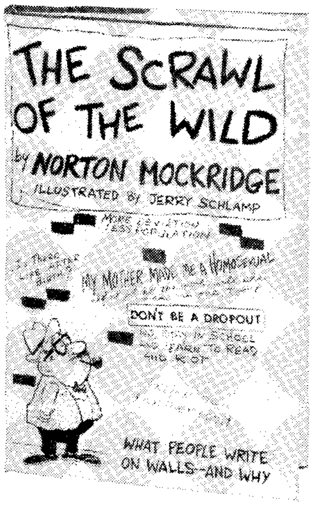
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that he was handicapped intellectually because he could not make discriminations, and because every abstraction and idea immediately dissolved into an image for him. It is all fascinating and delightful.

LAYARD OF NINEVEH, by Gordon Waterfield (Praeger). An entertaining biography of a quarrelsome genius. Henry Layard, a headstrong youth, broke with his uncle and benefactor in 1839, and left London to make his fortune in Ceylon. On the way (he was travelling overland), he noticed some interesting lumps on the ground. They turned out to have Assyria beneath them. Nobody at that time had any proper training in archeology, but Layard had a natural gift for it and uncovered this ancient civilization undamaged. His achievement made him a celebrity, and he entered Parliament. Soon he quarrelled with both parties. First he fought the Tories as reactionaries in domestic matters, and later savaged the Liberals for Gladstone's anti-Turkish foreign policy. Out of Parliament, Layard was a good ambassador to Constantinople, but in his own country, talking to Englishmen, he could only attack, never conciliate. An opinionated, eruptive, peppery, and diverting character. Ten dollars.

LETTERS OF NIKOLAI GOGOL, edited by Carl R. Proffer and translated by Carl R. Proffer and Vera Krivoshein (University of Michigan Press). Some two hundred letters—about a sixth of Gogol's total production—scrupulously edited and annotated. They are of extraordinary interest. Through a fog of hysterical Christianity, anti-Semitism, and paranoia one sees an important writer in his various roles: explaining and defending his work, advising women about the education of their children, battling what he called the "censor-Asians," rebuking a friend with a Russian proverb, stalling off an editor. One letter—an 1847 defense of religion to Belinsky, his great antithesis—is a priceless document, as though we had the correspondence between Christ and the Grand Inquisitor.

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A total of 205 entries were submitted. Under a new program, the 18 winners will not be announced the night of the awards, said Neill M. Toohy, general chairman.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

General chairman and original thinker.

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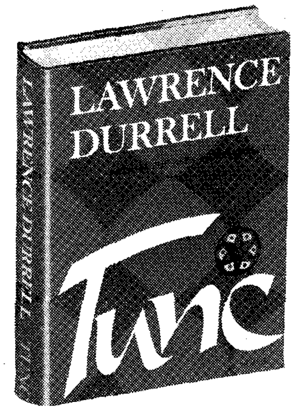

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